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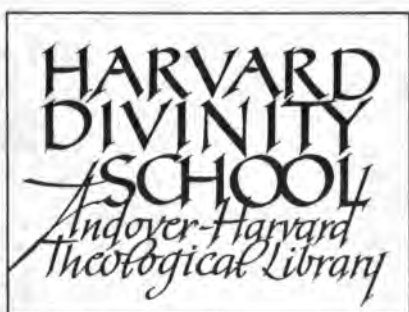
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CHURCH BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF

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**BY AUTHORITY OF THE
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BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT; SPEAKING TO YOURSELVE
IN PSALMS, AND HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, SINGING
AND MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEART TO THE LORD.

Ephesians 5: 18, 19.

H Y M N S.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

1 **PSALM 100.** **L. M.**

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
 And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy Love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719.
Revised by John Wesley, 1788.

2

PSALM 146.

L. P. M.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God, Who made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor;
 And none shall find His promise vain.
- 3 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;
 He sends the laboring conscience peace;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

*Isaac Watts. 1719.**Revised by John Wesley. 1736.*

3

PSALM 95.

S. M.

COME sound His praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing!
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.

- 2 He formed the deeps unknown;
 He gave the seas their bound;
 The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne ;
 Come, bow before the Lord.
 We are His work, and not our own,
 He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
 Nor dare provoke His rod ;
 Come, like the people of His choice,
 And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

4 PSALM 147. L. M

PRAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in His praise :
 His nature and His works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
 And gathers nations to His Name :
 His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
 And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 Great is our Lord, and great His might,
 And all His glories infinite ;
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
 And treads the wicked to the dust.

4 His saints are lovely in His sight ;
 He views His children with delight ;
 He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
 And finds and loves His image there.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

5 PSALM 145. C. M.

LONG as I live, I'll bless Thy Name,
 God of eternal love !
 My work and joy shall be the same,
 In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
 And let His praise be great ;

I'll sing the honors of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy Name,
And children learn Thy ways ;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.

4 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known :
Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shown.

5 The world is managed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love ;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

Isaac Watts. 1719. a.

6

PSALM 145.

L. M.

MY God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days :
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

3 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

7

Te Deum Laudamus.

L. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord !
We praise Thy Name with one accord.
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

- 2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high :
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng ;
The prophets swell the immortal song ;
Thy martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.
- 4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee !
Thy Name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore !
- 5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day ;
Have mercy, Lord ! we trust in Thee ;
Oh, let us ne'er confounded be !

*Tr. John Gambold. 1754.
Revised by Thomas Cotterill. 1815. a.*

8 *Gloria in Excelsis.* C. M.

- TO God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind good will !
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still :
- 2 And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light ;
O Lord, our heavenly King, the God
And Father of all might !
- 3 And Thou, begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun ;
O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God,
The Father's only Son :
- 4 Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins
Of all the world away !
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray !

5 O Thou, Who sitt'st at God's right hand,
 Upon the Father's throne,
 Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
 Who art the Holy One!

6 Thou only, with the Holy Ghost,
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
 In glory of the Father, art
 Most high for evermore.

Nahum Tate. 1708. a.

9 *Allein Gott in der Höh' sey Ehr.* Iambic. 8.7.8.8.7.

ALL glory be to God on high,
 A Who hath our race befriended!
 To us no harm shall now come nigh,
 The strife at last is ended;
 God showeth His good will to men,
 And peace shall reign on earth again;
 O thank Him for His goodness.

2 We praise, we worship Thee, we trust,
 And give Thee thanks for ever,
 O Father, that Thy rule is just,
 And wise, and changes never:
 Thy boundless power o'er all things reigns,
 Thou dost whate'er Thy will ordains;
 Well for us that Thou rulest!

3 O Jesus Christ our God and Lord,
 Son of Thy Heavenly Father,
 O Thou Who hast our peace restored
 And the lost sheep dost gather,
 Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high
 From out our depths we sinners cry,
 Have mercy on us, Jesus!

4 O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,
 Thou Comforter unfailing,
 O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift,
 And let Thy power availing

Avert our woes and calm our dread :
 For us the Saviour's Blood was shed ;
 We trust in Thee to save us !

*Nikolaus Decius (Von Hofe). 1528.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862. a.*

10 *Sey Lob und Ehr dem höchsten Gut. Iambic. 8.7.8.8.7.*

SING praise to God Who reigns above,
 The God of all creation,
 The God of power, the God of love,
 The God of our salvation.
 With healing balm my soul He fills,
 And every faithless murmur stills ;
 To God all praise and glory !

2 The angel host, O King of kings,
 Thy praise for ever telling,
 In earth and sky all living things,
 Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
 Adore the wisdom which could span,
 And power which formed Creation's plan ;
 To God all praise and glory !

3 I cried to God in my distress,
 His mercy heard me calling ;
 My Saviour saw my helplessness,
 And kept my feet from falling ;
 For this, Lord, praise and thanks to Thee !
 Praise God Most High, praise God with me !
 To God all praise and glory.

4 Thus all my gladsome way along,
 I'll sing aloud Thy praises,
 That men may hear the grateful song
 My voice unwearied raises :
 Be joyful in the Lord, my heart !
 Both soul and body, bear your part !
 To God all praise and glory !

*Johann Jacob Schuetz. 1673.
 Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1864. a.*

11 *Nun danket alle Gott.* 6.7.D.

NOW thank we all our God,
 With heart and hands and voices,
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom His earth rejoices;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us;
 And keep us in His grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills,
 In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given,
 The Son, and Him who reigns,
 With them in highest heaven;
 The One eternal God,
 Whom earth and heaven adore;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

*Martin Rinkart. 1630.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858. a.*

12 7s.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
 Be Thy glorious Name adored.
 Lord, Thy mercies never fail:
 Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear
 Deign our humble songs to hear.
 Purer praise we hope to bring,
 When around Thy throne we sing.

- 3 There no tongue shall silent be ;
 All shall join in harmony ;
 That through heaven's capacious round
 Praise to Thee may ever sound.
- 4 Lord, Thy mercies never fail :
 Hail celestial Goodness, hail !
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Be Thy glorious Name adored.

Benjamin Williams. 1778. a.

13

7s.

- SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 S Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When He spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;
 Songs of praise arose, when He
 Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away :
 Songs of praise shall crown that day :
 God will make new heavens and earth ;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
 Till that glorious kingdom come ?
 No ;—the Church delights to raise
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery. 1819.

14

8.7.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
 May a mortal lisp Thy Name?
 Lord of men, as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.

- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be Thy just and lawful praise.
- 3 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought;
- 4 For Thy Providence, that governs
 Through Thine empire's wide domain,
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
 Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.
- 5 But Thy rich, Thy free Redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along—
 Thought is poor, and poor expression:
 Who dare sing that awful song!
- 6 From the highest throne in glory
 To the Cross of deepest woe,
 All to ransom guilty captives,
 Flow, my praise, for ever flow.

Robert Robinson. 1774.

15

C. M.

WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all His gifts to me?
 Sing, heaven and earth, rejoice and praise
 His glorious majesty.

- 2 O let me praise Thee while I live,
 And praise Thee when I die,

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

And praise Thee when I rise again,
And to eternity.

- 3 Mysterious depths of endless love
Our admiration raise :
My God, Thy Name exalted is
Far above all our praise.

John Mason. 168

16

C. M

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy Love the powers of thought bestowed ;
To Thee my thoughts would soar.
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed :
That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling Hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy Love my thoughts shall fill :
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear :
That heart shall rest on Thee !

Helen Maria Williams.

17

C. M.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.

2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

4 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide Thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

5 Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 But oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison. 1712.

18

7s.

GLORY be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky:
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,
 Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
 Thee we now presume to sing;
 Glad Thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all Thy works adored!
 Hail, the everlasting Lord!
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.

- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son ;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man !
- 5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's Atonement Thou !
Jesus, in Thy Name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away !
- 6 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with Thy great Father One ;
One the Holy Ghost with Thee ;
One supreme, eternal Three.

Charles Wesley. 1739. a.

19

Cantemus Cuncti.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia.

- 2 To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing, Alleluia.
- 3 And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky, Alleluia.
- 4 They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright
home, Alleluia.
- 5 The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join, and say
Alleluia.
- 6 Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds, on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia.
- 7 Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,

- Ye days of cloudless beauty,
 Hoar frost and summer glow,
 Ye groves that wave in spring,
 And glorious forests, sing Alleluia.
- 8 First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
 Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
 Alleluia.
- 9 Then let the beasts of earth with varying strain,
 Join in Creation's Hymn, and cry again,
 Alleluia.
- 10 Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous,
 Alleluia.
 There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
 Alleluia.
- 11 Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry,
 Alleluia.
 Ye tracts of earth and continents reply,
 Alleluia.
- 12 To God, Who all creation made,
 The frequent hymn be duly paid :
 Alleluia.
- 13 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
 of all things loves : Alleluia.
 This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
 Himself approves : Alleluia.
- 14 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
 awaking, Alleluia.
 And children's voices echo, answer making,
 Alleluia.
- 15 Now from all men be outpoured
 Alleluia to the Lord ;
 With Alleluia evermore
 The Son and Spirit we adore.
- 16 Praise be done to the Three in One.
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Tr. John Mason Neale. 1854.

20

Alleluia, dulce Carmen.

8.7.4.7.

A LLELUIA! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Alleluia! thou repeatest,
Angel host, these notes of love.
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Alleluia! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Alleluia! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

3 Alleluia! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn:
Alleluia! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn:
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee:
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see!
Alleluia!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

*Hymn of 11th Century.
Tr. John Chandler. 1837.*

PETITION.

21

Splendor Paternæ Gloriæ.

L. M.

O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

- 2 Come, holy Son of heavenly love,
Send down Thy radiance from above;
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name:
His powerful succor we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.
- 4 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.
- 5 May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
The flesh subdue, the mind control:
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.
- 6 O hallowed thus be every day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 7 O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

Ambrose. d. 397.

Tr. John Chandler. 1837. a.

22

Zeige Dich uns ohne Hülle.

7s. D.

LORD, remove the veil away,
Let us see Thyself to-day!
Thou Who camest from on high,
For our sins to bleed and die,
Help us now to cast aside
All that would our hearts divide;
With the Father and the Son
Let Thy living Church be one.

2 O, from earthly cares set free,
 Let us find our rest in Thee!
 May our cares and conflicts cease
 In the calm of Sabbath peace,
 That Thy people here below
 Something of the bliss may know,
 Something of the rest and love,
 In the Sabbath home above!

3 Lord, Thy sinful child prepare
 For a place and portion there!
 Give my soul the spotless dress
 Of Thy perfect Righteousness:
 Then at length, a welcomed guest,
 I shall enter to the feast,
 Earthly cares and sorrows o'er,
 Joys to last for evermore.

*Friederich Gottlieb Klopstock. 1769.
 Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1862.*

23 *Sieh hier bin ich, Ehrenkönig.* 8.7.4.7.

HERE behold me, as I cast me
 'Neath Thy throne, O glorious King!
 Sorrows thronging, childlike longing,
 Son of Man, to Thee I bring.
 Let me find Thee!
 Me, a poor and worthless thing.

2 Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,
 Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine;
 Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me,
 Only Thee to know I pine,
 Let me find Thee!
 Take my heart, and own me Thine!

3 Naught I ask for, naught I strive for,
 But Thy grace so rich and free;
 That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,
 And who truly cleave to Thee.

Let me find Thee!
He hath all things who hath Thee.

- 4 Earthly treasure, mirth and pleasure,
Glorious name, or golden hoard,
Are but weary, void and dreary,
To the heart that longs for God.

Let me find Thee!
I am Thine, O mighty Lord!

*Joachim Neander. 1679.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858. a.*

24 *O Christe, Morgensterne.* C. M.

O CHRIST, Thou bright and morning Star,
Now shed Thy light abroad:
Shine on us from Thy throne afar
With Thy pure glorious Word.

- 2 O Jesus, Comfort of the poor,
I lift my heart to Thee:
I know Thy mercies still endure,
And Thou wilt pity me.
- 3 For Thou didst suffer for my soul,
Her burdens to remove:
O make me through Thy sorrows whole,
Refresh me with Thy love.
- 4 Then, Jesus, glory, honor, praise,
I'll ever sing to Thee:
And Thou at last my soul wilt raise
To endless joy with Thee.

*Unknown. 1579.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858. a.*

25 8.7.4.7.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear,
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear!

By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !

2 Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,
Boldly we draw nigh to God,
Only in Thy spotless merit,
Only through Thy precious Blood :
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !

3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !

4 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord !

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful Judgment Day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

John James Cummins. 1889.

26

7s. 6 lines.

HOLY Jesus, in Whose Name
 Thou hast bid Thy servants claim
 Of the Father's love to grant
 All the good they wish or want :
 Trusting in Thy Name alone,
 Draw we near Thy Father's throne.

2 Son of Man, to Whom is given,
 With the Majesty of Heaven,
 Partner Thou of man's estate,
 For mankind to mediate :
 Hear us, when with Thee we plead
 For Thy flock to intercede !

3 Saviour of the world, to Thee
 Ever bows the Church her knee :
 Thee, her only Advocate ;
 Thee, exalted to Thy state,
 With the Holy Ghost, most high
 In the Father's majesty.

Richard Mant. 1837.

27

C. M.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
 With reverence and with fear :
 Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
 We may, we must, draw near.

2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
 In weakness, want and woe,
 Fightings without and fears within,
 Lord, whither shall we go ?

3 God of all grace, we come to Thee
 With broken, contrite hearts ;
 Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

- 4 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong desire, with confidence,
To hear Thy voice and live :
- 5 Faith in the only Sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone :
- 6 Give these, and then Thy will be done.
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery. 1819.

28

C. M.

O THOU Who hast Thy servants taught,
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown :

- 2 While in Thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy Word.
- 3 Through all the dangerous paths of life,
Uphold us as we go ;
That with our lips, and in our lives,
Thy glory we may show.

Henry Alford. 1844.

29

7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer :
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King :
 Large petitions with thee bring ;
 For His grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin :
 Lord, remove this load of sin !
 Let Thy Blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest !
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer :
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew ;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die Thy people's death.

*John Newton. 1779.***30**

8.7.

- C**OME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious Blood.

- 4 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
- 5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart ; O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson. 1759. d.

31

8.7. D.

- L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart !
- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive ;
Graciously return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave !
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

- 4 Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be!
 Let us see Thy great salvation
 Perfectly restored in Thee!
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley. 1742. a.

32

Te læta, Mundi Conditor.

C. M.

- M**AKER of earth, to Thee alone
 Eternal rest belongs;
 And heavenly choirs around Thy throne
 Pour forth their endless songs.
- 2 But we—ah, holy now no more!—
 Are doomed to toil and pain;
 Yet, exiles on an alien shore
 May sing their country's strain.
- 3 Father, Whose promise binds Thee still
 To heal the suppliant throng,
 Grant us to mourn the deeds of ill
 That banish us so long!
- 4 And while we mourn, in faith to rest
 Upon Thy Love and care,
 Till Thou restore us, with the blest,
 The song of heaven to share!

Charles Coffin. 1736.

Tr. John Mason Neale. 1850. a.

THE LORD'S DAY.

33

7s. 6 lines.

- F**ATHER, Who the light this day
 Out of darkness didst create,
 Shine upon us now, we pray,
 While within Thy courts we wait.

Wean us from the works of night,
Make us children of the light.

- 2 Saviour, Who this day didst break
From the bondage of the tomb,
Bid our slumbering souls awake;
Shine through all their sin and gloom;
Let us, from our bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.
- 3 Blessed Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high;
Lord, on us Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All Thine influence shed abroad;
Lead us to the truth of God.

Julia Anne Elliott. 1835. a.

34

L. M.

THIS day the light, of heavenly birth,
First streamed upon the new-born earth:
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

- 2 This day the Saviour left the grave,
And rose, omnipotent to save:
O Jesus, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in Thee.
- 3 This day the Holy Spirit came,
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.
- 4 O day of Light, and Life, and Grace!
From earthly toils sweet resting-place!
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
We give again to God above.

William Walsham How. 1854. a.

35

C. M.

- B**LEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
 The first and best of days ;
 The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
 The day of prayer and praise !
- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
 His rising did thee raise ;
 This made thee heavenly and divine
 Beyond the common days.
- 3 The first fruits oft a blessing prove
 To all the sheaves behind ;
 And they that do a Sabbath love,
 A happy week shall find.
- 4 This day must I 'fore God appear,
 For, Lord, the day is Thine ;
 O let me spend it in Thy fear,
 Then shall the day be mine.

John Mason. 1683. a.

36

Licht vom Licht, erleuchte mich.

7.8.7.7.

- L**IGHT of light enlighten me,
 Now anew the day is dawning ;
 Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
 Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning.
 With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
 Happy is my day of rest !
- 2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
 To Thy living waters lead me ;
 Thou from earth my soul release,
 And with grace and mercy feed me.
 Bless Thy Word, that it may prove
 Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.
- 3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
 That upon my lips is lying ;
 Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,

No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

- 4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt a while from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste, inly given,
How they worship Thee in heaven.
- 5 Rest in me and I in Thee,
Build a paradise within me;
O reveal Thyself to me,
Blessed Love, Who diedst to win me:
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.
- 6 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

*Benjamin Schmolke. 1715.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.*

37

7s. 6 lines.

- S**AFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way:
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week, our praise demand;
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by Thy hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only *made* returns of sin.

- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
 Show Thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sins and shame :
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in Thee.
- 4 Here we're come, Thy Name to praise ;
 Let us feel Thy presence near :
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in Thy house appear :
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May the Gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints.
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the Church above.

John Newton. 1774. a.

38

L. M.

- A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun :
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, Whose love assigns
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
 Provides an antepast of heaven,
 And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
 As grateful incense to the skies ;
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
 Which none but he who feels it knows.
- 4 With joy God's wondrous works we view
In various scenes both old and new ;

With praise we think on mercies past,
 With hope we future pleasures taste.

- 5 In holy duties let the day,
 In holy pleasures pass away,
 How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

Joseph Stennett. 1732. a.

39

PSALM 118.

C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
 He calls the hours His own :
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell ;
 To-day the saints His triumph spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
 To David's holy Son ;
 Help us, O Lord : descend and bring
 Salvation from Thy throne.

- 4 Blest be the Lord, Who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who comes in God His Father's Name,
 To save our sinful race.

- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The Church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
 Shall give Him nobler praise. *Isaac Watts. 1719.*

40

7s. 6 lines.

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night :
 Dayspring from on high, be near ;
 Daystar, in my heart appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by Thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see :
 Till Thou inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine ;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, Radiancy divine ;
 Scatter all my unbelief :
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

41 *Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.* 7s. 6 lines.

- J**ESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
 Brightest beam of love divine,
 With the early morning rays
 Do Thou on our darkness shine,
 And dispel with purest light
 All our long and gloomy night !
- 2 Like the sun's reviving ray,
 May Thy Love, with tender glow,
 All our coldness melt away,
 Warm and cheer us forth to go,
 Gladly serve Thee and obey
 All our life's short earthly day !
- 3 Thou our only Hope and Guide ;
 Never leave us nor forsake :
 In Thy light may we abide
 Till the endless morning break ;
 Moving on to Zion's hill,
 Onward, upward, homeward still !
- 4 Lead us all our days and years
 In Thy straight and narrow way ;

Lead us through the vale of tears
 To the land of perfect day,
 Where Thy people, fully blest,
 Near Thy throne for ever rest.

*Christian Knorr von Rosenroth. 1684.
 Tr. June Borthwick. 1858. a.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

42

PSALM 132.

C. M.

- A**RISE, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to Thy rest ;
 Behold, Thy Church, with longing eyes,
 Waits to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and Thy Word ;
 All that the ark did once contain
 Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows ;
 Here let Thy praise be spread ;
 Bless the provisions of Thy house,
 And fill Thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,
 Let God's Anointed shine ;
 Justice and truth His court maintain,
 With love and power divine.

Isaac Watts. 1719. a.

43

PSALM 84.

H. M.

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy Love,
 Thine earthly temples are !

To Thine abode		With warm desires
My heart aspires,		To see my God.

- 2 O happy souls, that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men, that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise Thee still; | That love the way
 And happy they | To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.
 O glorious seat | Shall thither bring
 When God our King | Our willing feet!

Isaac Watts. 1719.

44

PSALM 84.

7s. D.

- PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love;
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 O, my spirit longs and fairs
 For the converse of Thy saints,
 For the brightness of Thy face,
 For Thy fulness, God of grace!
- 2 Happy souls! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe;
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies;
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach Thy throne at length,
 At Thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.
- 3 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
 Guide me through a world of sin;
 Keep me by Thy saving grace;
 Give me at Thy side a place.

Sun and Shield alike Thou art ;
 Guide and guard my erring heart.
 Grace and glory flow from Thee ;
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me !

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

45

PSALM 122.

C. M.

PEACE be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest ;
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blest !

- 2 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
 There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

46

PSALM 92.

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing ;
 To show Thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all Thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast.
 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless His works, and bless His Word.
- 3 And I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart ;
 When doubts and fears no more remain,
 To break my inward peace again.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desired or wished below ;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts. 1719. a.

47

L. M.

AWAY from every mortal care,
 Away from earth, our souls retreat ;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near Thy seat.

- 2 Lord, in the temples of Thy grace,
 We bow before Thee and adore :
 We view the glories of Thy face,
 And learn the wonders of Thy power.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
 United prayers ascend on high ;
 And faith expects a sure return
 Of blessings in variety.
- 4 Father ! my soul would here abide ;
 Or, if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep me, Father, near Thy side,
 Still keep Thy dwelling in my heart.

From Isaac Watts. 1709.

48

7s.

TO Thy temple I repair :
 Lord, I love to worship there ;
 When, within the veil, I meet
 Christ before the mercy-seat.

- 2 I through Him am reconciled,
 I through Him become Thy child :
 Abba, Father ! give me grace
 In Thy courts to seek Thy face.
- 3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue :
 That my joyful soul may bless
 Christ, the Lord my righteousness.
- 4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;

Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

- 5 While I hearken to Thy Law,
Fill my soul with humble awe ;
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 6 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 7 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
I have walked with God to-day.

James Montgomery. 1812. a.

49 *Herr Jesu Christ, Dich zu uns wend.* L. M.

- L**ORD Jesus Christ, be present now !
And let Thy Holy Spirit bow
All hearts in love and fear to-day,
To hear the truth and keep Thy way.
- 2 Open our lips to sing Thy praise,
Our hearts in true devotion raise,
Strengthen our faith, increase our light,
That we may know Thy Name aright :
 - 3 Until we join the host that cry
Holy art Thou, O Lord most High !
And 'mid the light of that blest place
Shall gaze upon Thee face to face.
 - 4 Glory to God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One !
To Thee, O blessed Trinity,
Be praise throughout eternity !

*Wilhelm August II., Duke of Saxe-Weimar. 1851.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.*

50 *Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier.* 7.8.8.8.

BLESSED Jesus, at Thy word
We are gathered all to hear Thee;
Let our hearts and souls be stirred
Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
By Thy teachings sweet and holy,
Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded.
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
Light of Light, from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading,
Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

*Tobias Clausnitzer. 1867.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.*

51 *Thut mir auf die schöne Pforte.* 8.7.7.7.

OPEN now thy gates of beauty,
Zion, let me enter there,
Where my soul, in joyful duty,
Waits for Him who answers prayer.
O how blessed is this place,
Filled with solace, light, and grace!

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me:
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart O enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
 Here Thy seed is duly sown :
 Let my soul, where it is planted,
 Bring forth precious sheaves alone.
 So that all I hear may be
 Fruitful unto life in me.

4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
 Let me keep Thy gift divine,
 Howsoe'er temptations thicken,
 May Thy Word still o'er me shine,
 As my pole-star through my life,
 As my comfort in my strife.

5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
 Let Thy will be done indeed ;
 May I undisturbed draw near Thee
 While Thou dost Thy people feed ;
 Here of life the fountain flows,
 Here is balm for all our woes.

*Benjamin Schmolck. 1734.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.*

52 *Angulare Fundamentum.* H. M.

CHRIST is our Corner-stone ;
 On Him alone we build ;
 With His true saints alone
 The courts of heaven are filled :
 On His great Love | Of present grace
 Our hopes we place, | And joys above.

2 O then, with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring !
 Our voices we will raise,
 The Three in One to sing ;
 And thus proclaim | Both loud and long,
 In joyful song, | That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
 For evermore draw nigh ;
 Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh :
 In copious shower, | Each holy day,
 On all who pray, | Thy blessing pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
 The grace which we implore,
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore.
 Until that day | To endless rest
 When all the blest | Are called away.

Tr. John Chandler. 1837.

53

C. M.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
 Of Thy salvation, Lord ;
 But still how weak my faith is found,
 And knowledge of Thy Word !
 2 My Hope, my Portion, and my God,
 How little art Thou known
 By all the judgments of Thy rod,
 And blessings of Thy throne !
 3 How cold and feeble is my love !
 How negligent my fear !
 How low my hope of joys above !
 How few affections there !
 4 Great God, Thy sovereign power impart
 To give Thy Word success ;
 Write Thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn Thy grace.
 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high ;
 There knowledge grows without decay
 And love shall never die.

Isaac Watts. 1709. a.

54

C. M.

FREQUENT the day of God returns,
 To shed its quickening beams;
 And yet how slow devotion burns!
 How languid are its flames!

- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive.
 We would be like Thy saints above,
 And praise Thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
 And fit us to ascend
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up.
 The Sabbath ne'er shall end;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
 With heavenly lustre shine;
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on Love divine.

Simon Browne. 1720. a.

55

L. M. 6 lines.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly:
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here:
 Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray:
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away!

- 2 Long have we roamed in want and pain;
 Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
 'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
 Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
 Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

Reginald Heber. 1821.

CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

56

C. M.

ALMIGHTY GOD! Thy Word is cast
 Like seed into the ground;
 Now let the dew of heaven descend,
 And righteous fruits abound.

- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
 This holy seed remove;
 But give it root in every heart,
 To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy;
 But let it yield a hundred-fold
 The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
 Thy quickening grace bestow,
 That all whose souls the truth receive,
 Its saving power may know.

From John Cawood. 1815.

57

H. M.

ON what has now been sown
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
 The power is Thine alone
 To make it spring and grow:
 Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,
 And Thou alone shalt have the praise.

- 2 To Thee our wants are known,
 From Thee are all our powers
 Accept what is Thine own,
 And pardon what is ours:
 Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
 And to Thy Word a blessing give.

- 3 O grant that each of us,
 Who meet before Thee here,
 May meet together thus
 When Thou and Thine appear,
 And follow Thee to heaven our home ;
 Even so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come!

John Newton. 1779.

58

8.7.4.7.

- L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace !
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.
 O refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound.
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May Thy presence
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we, ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day.

John Fawcett. 1774.

59

Ach bleib mit Deiner Gnade.

7.6.

- A**BIDE with us, our Saviour,
 Nor let Thy mercy cease ;
 From Satan's might defend us,
 And grant our souls release.
- 2 Abide with us, our Saviour,
 Sustain us by Thy Word ;
 That we with all Thy people
 To life may be restored.

- 3 Abide with us, our Saviour,
 Thou Light of endless light,
 Increase to us Thy blessings,
 And save us by Thy might

*Joshua Stegmann. 1828.
 Tr. Unknown. 1848.*

60

7s.

LORD, Thou art the Truth and Way :
 Guide us, lest we go astray.
 Lord, Thou art the Life: By Thee
 May we gain eternity.

- 2 In ourselves we cannot trust ;
 Lord, remember we are dust !
 Thou Who all our frailty know'st,
 Send Thou us Thy Holy Ghost !

*From the Danish.
 Tr. Unknown. 1850. a.*

61

8.7.

SAVIOUR! all my sins confessing,
 Gracious hear me when I cry ;
 Give, through faith, the promised blessing,
 Freely, fully *justify*.

- 2 By Thy Holy Spirit's leading,
 Bring me to Thy bosom nigh ;
 In Thy blessed footsteps treading,
 Soul and body *sanctify*.

- 3 So, the days of conflict ended,
 In the mansions of the sky,
 Whither, Lord, Thou art ascended,
 With Thyself, me *glorify*.

Thomas Haweis. 1808. a.

62

After Evening Service.

L. M.

O SAVIOUR! bless us ere we go,
 Thy Word into our mind instill ;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.

- 2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all;
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
- 4 Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
- 5 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled:
And care is light, for Thou hast cared:
Ah, never let our works be soiled
With self, or by deceit insnared.
- 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call:
O let Thy mercy make us glad!
Thou art our Jesus and our All.

*Frederick W. Faber. 1852. a.***63**

7s.

- N**OW may He Who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.
- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton. 1779.

64

8.7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless Love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton. 1779.

GOD.

65

C. M.

HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God in Persons Three ;
 Of Thee we make our joyful boast,
 Our songs we make of Thee.

- 2 Present alike in every place,
 Thy Godhead we adore :
 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 Thou dwell'st for evermore.
- 3 In wisdom infinite Thou art,
 Thine eye doth all things see ;
 And every thought of every heart
 Is fully known to Thee.
- 4 Whate'er Thou wilt, in earth below
 Thou dost, in heaven above ;
 But chiefly we rejoice to know
 The Almighty God is Love.
- 5 Thou lov'st whate'er Thy hands have made ;
 Thy goodness we rehearse,
 In shining characters displayed
 Throughout our universe.

- 6 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,
 O'er all Thy works doth reign :
 But mostly Thou delight'st to bless
 Thy favorite creature, man.
- 7 Wherefore let every creature give
 To Thee the praise designed ;
 But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
 The hearts of all mankind.

*Charles Wesley. 1763.***66**

C. M.

- B**LEST be our everlasting Lord,
 Our Father, God, and King !
 Thy sovereign greatness we record,
 Thy glorious power we sing.
- 2 By Thee the victory is given :
 The majesty divine,
 Wisdom and might, and earth and heaven,
 And all therein are Thine.
- 3 The kingdom, Lord, is Thine alone,
 Who dost Thy right maintain,
 And high on Thine eternal throne,
 O'er men and angels reign.
- 4 Riches, as seemeth good to Thee,
 Thou dost, and honor give ;
 And kings their power and dignity
 Out of Thy hand receive.
- 5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed,
 Thy greatness to proclaim ;
 And therefore now we thank our God,
 And praise Thy glorious Name.
- 6 Thy glorious Name, Thy nature's powers,
 Thou hast to man made known ;
 And all the Deity is ours,
 Through Thy incarnate Son.

Charles Wesley. 1762. a.

67

C. M.

THOUSANDS of thousands stand around
 Thy throne, O God most high ;
 Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
 Thy praise : but who am I ?

2 Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
 In flame it with love's fire ;
 So shall I sing and bear a part
 With that celestial choir.

3 How great a being, Lord, is Thine,
 Which doth all beings keep !
 Thy knowledge is the only line
 To sound so vast a deep.

4 Thou art a Sea without a shore,
 A Sun without a sphere ;
 Thy time is now and evermore,
 Thy place is everywhere.

5 How good art Thou, whose Goodness is
 Our parent, nurse and guide :
 Whose streams do water paradise,
 And all the earth beside !

6 Thy hidden wonders, God of grace !
 I humbly here adore ;
 Show me Thy glory and Thy face,
 That I may praise Thee more.

John Mason. 1683. a.

68

C. M.

GREAT GOD, how infinite art Thou !
 How frail and weak are we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere earth or heaven was made ;

Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

- 3 Nature and time all open lie
To Thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to Thy view.
To Thee there's nothing old appears ;
To Thee there's nothing new.
- 5 Great God, how infinite art Thou !
How frail and weak are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

Isaac Watts. 1707. a.

69

C. M.

HOLY and reverend is the Name
Of our eternal King.
Thrice holy, Lord ! the angels cry :
Thrice holy, let us sing.

- 2 Holy is He in all His works,
And saints are His delight ;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from His sight.
- 3 The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To His sublime abode.
- 4 Thou, righteous God ! preserve my soul
From all pollution free :
The pure in heart are Thy delight,
And they Thy face shall see.

John Needham. 1768. a.

70

PSALM 111.

C. M.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
 To my almighty God:
 He hath my heart, and He my tongue,
 To spread His Name abroad.

2 How great the works His Hand hath wrought!
 How glorious in our sight!
 And men in every age have sought
 His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
 How wise the eternal Mind!
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That His first thoughts designed.

4 When He redeemed the sons of men,
 He fixed His covenant sure:
 The orders that His lips pronounce
 To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time and earth and skies
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim;
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read Thy Name?

6 To fear Thy power, to trust Thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill;
 And he's the wisest of our race,
 Who best obeys Thy will.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

71

PSALM 139.

L. M.

LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through;
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 Within Thy circling power I stand,
 On every side I find Thy hand:

A wake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

- 3 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit Thy service and Thy love,
Where, Lord, could I Thy presence shun,
Or from Thy dreadful glory run ?
- 4 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from Thine all-searching eyes ;
Thy hand can seize Thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

72

PSALM 139.

C. M.

LORD, all I am is known to Thee !
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, or to flee
The notice of Thine eye.

- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

- 5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts. 1719. a.

73

PSALM 103.

S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His Name,
Whose favors are divine.

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins ;
'Tis He relieves thy pain ;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

- 4 He crowns thy life with Love,
When ransomed from the grave ;
He that redeemed my soul from death
Hath boundless power to save.

- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest :
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppress.

- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

Isaac Watts. 1719. a.

74

PSALM 103.

S. M.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

- 2 God will not always chide ;
And, when His wrath is felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins ;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

75

PSALM 145.

C. M.

SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King !
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
 His goodness to the skies;
 Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
 And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes, Thy creatures wait
 On Thee for daily food;
 Thy liberal Hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
 How slow Thine anger moves!
 But soon He sends His pardoning word,
 To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy power and praise proclaim;
 But saints, who taste Thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless Thy Name.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

76

C. M.

- Y**E humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise;
 For He is good, immensely good,
 And kind are all His ways.
- 2 All nature owns His guardian care;
 In Him we live and move:
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of His Love.
- 3 He gave His Son, His only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms.
 'Tis here He makes His goodness known
 In its divinest forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
 'Tis here our hope relies;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.

- 5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard
The souls that trust in Thee ;
Their humble hope Thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to Thy almighty Love
What honors shall we raise ?
Not all the raptured songs above
Can render equal praise.

Anne Steele. 1760.

77

C. M.

- THY ceaseless, unexhausted Love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
Thou dost with sinners bear ;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth, to me,
To every soul, abound ;
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move :
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And, while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

78

8. 7.

- G**OD is Love: His mercy brightens
 All the path in which we rove;
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
 Man decays, and ages move:
 But His mercy waneth never;
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.
- 3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth
 Will His changeless goodness prove;
 From the gloom His brightness streameth:
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
 Hope and comfort from above:
 Everywhere His glory shineth;
 God is Wisdom, God is Love.

Sir John Bowring. 1823. a.

WORKS OF GOD—CREATION.

79

PSALM 19.

L. M.

- T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty Hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
" The Hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison. 1712.

80 *Himmel, Erde, Luft, und Meer.* 7s.

- HEAVEN and earth, and sea and air,
All their Maker's praise declare :
Wake, my soul, awake and sing,
Now thy grateful praises bring.
- 2 See the glorious orb of day
Breaking through the clouds his way :
Moon and stars with silvery light
Praise Him through the silent night.
- 3 See how He hath everywhere
Made this earth so rich and fair ;
Hill and vale and fruitful land,
All things living, show His hand.
- 4 See how through the boundless sky
Fresh and free the birds do fly ;
Fire and wind and storm are still
Servants of His royal Will.
- 5 See the water's ceaseless flow,
Ever circling to and fro :
From the sources to the sea,
Still it rolls in praise to Thee.

- 6 Lord, great wonders workest Thou!
 To Thy sway all creatures bow ;
 Write Thou deeply in my heart
 What I am, and what Thou art !

*Joachim Neander. 1680.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1857. a.*

81

C. M. D.

- T**HOU wast, O God, and Thou wast blest
 Before the world begun ;
 Of Thine Eternity possessest
 Before Time's glass did run.
 Thou needest none Thy praise to sing
 As if Thy joy could fade :
 Couldst Thou have needed anything,
 Thou couldst have nothing made.
- 2 Great and good God, it pleasèd Thee
 Thy Godhead to declare ;
 And what Thy goodness did decree,
 Thy greatness did prepare.
 Thou spak'st, and heaven and earth appeared,
 And answered to Thy call ;
 As if their Maker's voice they heard,
 Which is the creature's all.
- 3 To whom, Lord, should I sing, but Thee,
 The Maker of my tongue ?
 Lo ! other lords would seize on me,
 But I to Thee belong.
 As waters haste unto their sea,
 And earth unto its earth,
 So let my soul return to Thee.
 From Whom it had its birth.
- 4 But ah ! I'm fallen on the night,
 And cannot come to Thee :
 Yet speak the word, " Let there be Light !"
It shall enlighten me.

And let Thy Word, most mighty Lord,
 Thy fallen creature raise ;
 O make me o'er again, and I
 Shall sing my Maker's praise.

John Mason. 1683.

PROVIDENCE.

82

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform :
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up His bright designs,
 And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace :
 Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour.
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His works in vain.
 God is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

William Cowper. 1773.

83

C. M.

THY way, O God, is in the sea ;
 Thy paths I cannot trace,
 Nor comprehend the mystery
 Of Thy unbounded grace.

2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
 My captive soul surround ;
 Mysterious deeps of Providence
 My wondering thoughts confound.

3 As through a glass, I dimly see
 The wonders of Thy Love ;
 How little do I know of Thee,
 Or of the joys above !

4 'Tis but in part I know Thy will :
 I bless Thee for the sight ;
 When will Thy Love the rest reveal,
 In glory's clearer light ?

5 With rapture shall I then survey
 Thy Providence and Grace,
 And spend an everlasting day
 In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett. 1782.

84

PSALM 23.

S. M.

THE Lord My Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied :
 Since He is mine, and I am His,
 What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in His own right way,
 For His most holy Name.
- 4 While He affords His aid,
 I cannot yield to fear :
 Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 The bounties of Thy love
 Shall crown my following days ;
 Nor from Thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Isaac Watts 1719.

85

PSALM 23.

L. M. 6 lines.

- T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noonday walks He shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps He leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And *streams* shall murmur all around.

- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison. 1712.

86

PSALM 34.

C. M.

- T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
 Till all that are distrest
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt His Name!
 When in distress on Him I called
 He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 Deliverance He affords to all
 Who on His succor trust.
- 5 O make but trial of His love:
 Experience will decide
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in His truth confide.
- 6 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you His service your delight,
 He'll make your wants His care.

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady. 1696. a.

87

C. M.

- H**OW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 From all my griefs and straits, O Lord!
 Thy mercy sets me free;
 While in the confidence of prayer
 My heart takes hold on Thee.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.
- 4 My life, while Thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And O, may death, when death shall come,
 Unite my soul to Thee!

Joseph Addison. 1712. c.

88

C. M.

- M**Y God, my only Help and Hope,
 My strong and sure Defence,
 For all my safety and my peace
 I bless Thy Providence.
- 2 The daily favors of my God
 I cannot sing at large:
 Yet let me make this holy boast,
 I am the Almighty's charge.
- 3 Lord, in the day Thou art about
 The paths wherein I tread;
 And in the night, when I lie down,
 Thou art about my bed.
- 4 Naked I came into the world,
 And nothing with me brought;
 And nothing have I here deserved,
 Yet have I lacked for naught.

- 5 I do not bless my laboring hand,
 My laboring head, or chance ;
 Thy Providence, most gracious God,
 Is mine inheritance. *John Mason. 1683.*

89

C. M.

- L**ORD, what is man, that child of pride,
 That boasts his high degree ?
 If one poor moment he be left,
 He sinks, and where is he ?
- 2 In Thee I live, and move, and am ;
 Thou deal'st me out my days ;
 As Thou renew'st my being, Lord,
 Let me renew Thy praise.
- 3 From Thee I am, through Thee I am,
 And for Thee I must be ;
 'Tis better for me not to live,
 Than not to live to Thee.
- 4 My God, Thou art my glorious Sun,
 By whose bright beams I shine :
 As Thou, Lord, ever art with me,
 Let me be ever Thine.
- 5 Thou art my living Fountain, Lord,
 Whose streams on me do flow ;
 Myself I render unto Thee,
 To Whom myself I owe.
- 6 As Thou, Lord, an immortal soul
 Hast breathèd into me ;
 So let my soul be breathing forth
 Immortal thanks to Thee.

John Mason. 1683.

90

C. M.

- S**HINE on our souls, eternal God !
 With rays of beauty shine ;
 O let Thy favor crown our days,
 And all their round be Thine.

- 2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain :
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy Love restrain.
- 3 With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this toilsome road,
Till all our labors cease ;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

91

C. M.

- O** GOD of Jacob, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led !
- 2 To Thee our humble vows we raise,
To Thee address our prayer ;
And in Thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease ;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 To Thee, as to our covenant God,
We'll our whole selves resign ;
And thankful own, that all we are,
And all we have, is Thine.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

92

C. M.

- A**ND art Thou with us, gracious Lord,
 To dissipate our fear?
 Dost Thou proclaim Thyself our God,
 Our God for ever near?
- 2 Doth Thy right hand, which formed the earth,
 And bears up all the skies,
 Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
 When dangers round us rise?
- 3 And wilt Thou lead our weary souls
 To that delightful scene,
 Where rivers of salvation flow
 Through pastures ever green?
- 4 On Thy support our souls shall lean,
 And banish every care;
 The gloomy vale of death shall smile,
 If God be with us there.
- 5 While we His gracious succor prove,
 'Midst all our various ways,
 The darkest shades through which we pass
 Shall echo with His praise.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

ANGELS.

93

Tibi, Christe, Splendor Patris.

8.7.7.7.

- J**ESUS, Brightness of the Father,
 Life and Strength of all who live!
 In the presence of the angels
 Glory to Thy Name we give:
 And Thy wondrous praise rehearse,
 Singing in harmonious verse.
- 2 Blessed Lord, by their protection,
 Shelter us from harm this day;

Keep us pure in flesh and spirit ;
 Save us from the enemy :
 And vouchsafe us, by Thy grace,
 In Thy paradise a place.

*Rabanus Maurus. d. 856.
 Tr. Edward Caswall. 1848. a.*

94

10s.

- S**TARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
 Filled with celestial resplendence and light,
 These that, where night never followeth day,
 Raise the "Thrice holy, Lord!" ever and aye :
- 2 These are Thy counsellors ; these dost Thou own,
 Lord God of Sabaoth ! nearest Thy throne.
 These are Thy ministers ; these dost Thou send,
 Help of the helpless ones ! man to defend.
- 3 Still let them succor us ; still let them fight,
 Lord of angelic hosts ! battling for right :
 Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
 We with the angels may bow and adore.

*Joseph the Hymnographer. ab. 850.
 Tr. John Mason Neale. 1862. a.*

REDEMPTION.

95

C. M.

- H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
 Unconscious of its load !
 The heart unchanged can never rise
 To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine
 The stubborn will subdue !
 'Tis Thine, Almighty Saviour, Thine
 To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
 And upwards bid them rise ;
 And make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darkened eyes.

- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live,
 A beam of heaven, a vital ray
 'Tis Thine alone to give.
- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine!
 Then shall our passions and our powers,
 Almighty Lord, be Thine.

Anne Steele. 1780.

96

S. M. D.

- O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 2 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a Life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;
 And all that Life is love.
 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath;
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death!
- 3 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that Death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from Thy face,
 And evermore undone!
 Here would we end our quest:
 Alone are found in Thee
 The Life of perfect love,—the Rest
 Of immortality.

James Montgomery. 1819.

97

L. M.

IN vain would boasting reason find
 The path to happiness and God ;
 Her weak directions leave the mind
 Bewildered in a doubtful road.

2 Jesus, Thy words alone impart
 Eternal life ; on these I live ;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the powers of nature give.

3 Here let my constant feet abide ;
 Thou art the true, the living Way :
 Let Thy good Spirit be my Guide
 To the bright realms of endless day.

4 The various forms that men devise,
 To shake my faith with treacherous art,
 I scorn as vanity and lies,
 And bind Thy Gospel to my heart.

From Anne Steele. 1760.

98

C. M.

IN vain we seek for peace with God
 By methods of our own :
 Jesus, there's nothing but Thy blood
 Can bring us near the throne.

2 'Tis Thy atoning Sacrifice
 Hath answered all demands ;
 And peace and pardon from the skies
 Are blessings from Thy hands.

3 'Tis by Thy death we live, O Lord ;
 'Tis on Thy Cross we rest :
 For ever be Thy Love adored,
 Thy Name for ever blest.

Isaac Watts. 1721.

99

C. M.

LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
 How great our guilt has been :
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
 For ever love His Name,
 Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
 Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
 Which our own hands have done ;
 But we are saved by sovereign grace
 Abounding through His Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin ;
 'Tis by the Water and the Blood
 Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of His Death
 Who hung upon the Tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On creatures such as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew ;
 And justified by grace,
 We shall appear in glory too,
 And see our Father's face.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

100

PSALM 136.

L. M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise !
 Mercy and truth are all His ways.
 Wonders of grace to God belong :
 Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown,

His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

- 3 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave.
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat.
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

101

C. M.

FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines !
How high Thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view Thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms ;
- 4 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe :
We love and we adore ;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.
- 5 When sinners break the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones ;
O, the dear mysteries of His cross !
The triumph of His groans !

Isaac Watts, 1705.

102

S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear!
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that Grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

103

C. M.

O THAT I had an angel's tongue,
 That I might loudly sing
 The wonders of Redeeming Love,
 To Thee, my God and King!

- 2 Let the redeemèd of the Lord
 Their thankful voices raise:
 Can we be dumb while angels sing
 Our great Redeemer's praise?
- 3 O sing aloud in boundless grace,
 Which thus hath set thee free;
 Extol with songs, my savèd soul,
 Thy Saviour's Love to thee.
- 4 Give endless thanks to God, and say,
 What Love was this in Thee,

That Thou hast not withheld Thy Son,
Thine only Son, from me!

- 5 Thy deep and glorious counsels, Lord,
With trembling I adore :
Blessèd, thrice blessèd be my God,
Blessèd for evermore.

John Mason. 1683. a.

104

C. M.

WHAT are the heavens, O God of heaven?
Thou art more bright, more high :
What the bright stars, and brighter saints,
To Thy bright majesty ?

- 2 Thou'rt far above the songs of heaven,
Sung by the holy ones ;
And dost Thou stoop and bow Thine ear
To a poor sinner's groans ?
- 3 My precious Saviour's guiltless Blood
First washed away my sin,
And Thine Eternal Spirit was
My Advocate within.
- 4 It could not be that Thou should'st hear
A mortal, sinful worm ;
But that my prayers presented are
In a most glorious form.
- 5 Thou heard'st my prayer for Jesus' sake,
Whom Thou dost hear always :
Lord, hear through that prevailing Name
My voice of joy and praise.

John Mason. 1683. a.

105

C. M.

ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own ;
All that I am, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

- 2 The evil of my former state
 Was mine, and only mine ;
 The good in which I now rejoice
 Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,
 The bondage, all was mine ;
 The light of life in which I walk,
 The liberty, is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
 It taught me to believe ;
 Then in believing, peace I found,
 And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am, even here on earth,
 All that I hope to be
 When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
 I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Horatius Bonar. 1853.

106

C. M. D.

- I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 Come unto me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast.
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He hath made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Behold, I freely give
 The living water, thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live.
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 I am this dark world's Light ;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright.
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him, my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk,
 Till traveling days are done.

Horatius Bonar. 1850.

107

S. M. D.

- I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold ;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home ;
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
 The Father sought His child ;
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild ;
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 'Twas He that washed me in His Blood,
 'Twas He that made me whole.
 'Twas He that sought the lost,
 That found the wandering sheep ;
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
 I would not be controlled ;
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
 I love, I love the fold !
 I was a wayward child,
 I once preferred to roam ;
 But now I love my Father's voice,
 I love, I love His home.

Horatius Bonar. 1845.

108

8.7. D.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
 For the bliss Thy love bestows,
 For the pardoning grace that saves me,
 And the peace that from it flows.
 Help, O God, my weak endeavor ;
 This dull soul to rapture raise :
 Thou must light the flame, or never
 Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
 Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
 From the paths of death away.
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
 And, the light of hope revealing,
 Bade the Blood-stained Cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
 Vainly would my lips express :
 Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
 Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
 Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
 Love's pure flame within me raise :
 And, since words can never measure,
 Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis Scott Key. 1824.

109 *Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.* L. M.

- L**ORD, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
For all Thou hast the ransom given,
Purchased for all, peace, life, and heaven.
- 2 Lord, I believe the price is paid
For every soul, the Atonement made;
And every soul Thy grace may prove,
Loved with an everlasting Love.
- 3 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all Thine hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.
- 4 Ah, give to all Thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak Thy quickening Word,
That sinners to Thy wounds may flee,
And find eternal life in Thee.
- 5 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove:
Now let Thy Word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

*Nikolaus Ludwig, Count Zinzendorf. 1739.
Tr. John Wesley. 1740?*

THE CHURCH YEAR—ADVENT.

110 *Instantis Adventum Dei.* S. M.

- T**HE Advent of our God
Our prayers must now employ,
And we must meet Him on His road
With hymns of holy joy.
- 2 The everlasting Son
Incarnate deigns to be:
Himself a servant's form puts on,
To set His people free.

- 3 Daughter of Zion, rise
 And greet thy lowly King,
 And do not wickedly despise
 The mercies He will bring.
- 4 As judge, in clouds of light,
 He will come down again,
 And all His scattered saints unite
 With Him in Heaven to reign.
- 5 Before that dreadful day
 May all our sins be gone ;
 May the old man be put away,
 And the new man put on !

Charles Coffin. 1736.

Tr. John Chandler. 1837.

111

Jordanis oras prævia.

L. M.

- ON Jordan's banks the Herald's cry
 Announces that the Lord is nigh :
 Come then and hearken, for he brings
 Glad tidings from the King of kings.
- 2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin,
 Make straight the way for God within,
 And let us all our hearts prepare
 For Christ to come and enter there.
- 3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
 Our Refuge and our great Reward.
 Without Thy grace our life must fade,
 And wither like a flower decayed.
- 4 Stretch forth Thy hand, to health restore,
 And make us rise, to fall no more :
 Once more upon Thy people shine,
 And fill the world with love divine.
- 5 To Him who left the throne of heaven
 To save mankind, all praise be given,
 Like praise be to the Father done,
 And Holy Spirit Three in One.

Charles Coffin. 1736.

Tr. John Chandler. 1837.

112

Veni, veni, Emmanuel.

L. M.

O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.

[Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!]

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save
And give them victory o'er the grave.

[Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!]

3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here:
And drive away the shades of night,
And pierce the clouds and bring us light!

[Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to Thee, O Israel!]

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home:
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

[Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!]

*Latin Antiphon 12th cent.
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1851.*

113

En clara vox redarguit.

8.7.

HARK! an awful voice is sounding:
"Christ is nigh!" it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

- 3 Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven.
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven.
- 4 So, when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

Tr. Edward Caswall. 1849. a.

114 *Wie soll ich Dich empfangen.* 7.6. D.

- O** HOW shall I receive Thee,
How greet Thee, Lord, aright?
All nations long to see Thee,
My Hope, my heart's delight!
O kindle, Lord most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast,
To do in spirit lowly
All that may please Thee best.
- 2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart, its powers renewing,
An anthem shall prepare.
My soul puts off her sadness
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness
She fain would serve Thy Name.
- 3 I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou comest to set me free!
I stood, my shame bemoaning,
Thou comest to honor me!
A glory Thou dost give me,
A treasure safe on high,
That will not fail nor leave me
As earthly riches fly.

- 4 Love caused Thy Incarnation,
 Love brought Thee down to me.
 Thy thirst for my salvation
 Procured my liberty.
 O Love beyond all telling,
 That led Thee to embrace,
 In love all love excelling,
 Our lost and fallen race !
- 5 Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted,
 Who sit in deepest gloom,
 Who mourn o'er joys departed,
 And tremble at your doom :
 He Who alone can cheer you
 Is standing at the door ;
 He brings His pity near you,
 And bids you weep no more.

Paul Gerhardt. 1653.

Tr. Arthur Tozer Russell. 1851.

Alt. in Mercer. 1859.

115

Auf, auf, ihr Reichsgenossen.

C. M.

- A**RISE, the kingdom is at hand,
 The King is drawing nigh ;
 Arise with joy, thou faithful band,
 To meet the Lord most high !
- 2 Look up, ye souls weighed down with care,
 The Sovereign is not far ;
 Look up, faint hearts, from your despair,
 Behold the Morning Star !
- 3 Look up, ye drooping hearts, to-day !
 The King is very near :
 O cast your griefs and fears away,
 For lo, your Help is here !
- 4 Hope, O ye broken hearts, at last !
 The King comes on in might ;
 He loved us in the ages past,
 When we lay wrapt in night.

- 5 Now fear and wrath to joy give place,
 Now are our sorrows o'er,
 Since God hath made us in His grace
 His children evermore.
- 6 O rich the gifts Thou bringest us,
 Thyself made poor and weak ;
 O Love beyond compare that thus
 Can foes and sinners seek !
- 7 For this we raise a gladsome voice
 On high to Thee alone,
 And evermore with thanks rejoice
 Before Thy glorious throne.

Johann Rist. 1651.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.

116

Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen.

7.6. D.

- R**EJOICE, all ye believers,
 And let your lights appear !
 The evening is advancing,
 And darker night is near.
 The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon he draweth nigh.
 Up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle—
 At midnight comes the cry !
- 2 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near ;
 Go meet Him as He cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear.
 The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand ;
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory ;
 The Bridegroom is at hand !
- 3 Ye saints, who here in patience
 Your cross and sufferings bore,

Shall live and reign for ever,
 When sorrow is no more.
 Around the throne of glory
 The Lamb ye shall behold,
 In triumph cast before Him
 Your diadems of gold !

- 4 Our Hope and Expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear ;
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere !
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That brings us unto Thee !

*Laurentius Laurenti. 1700.
 Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1853.*

117

Macht hoch die Thür.

8.6.6.

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates !
 Behold the King of glory waits ;
 The King of kings is drawing near,
 The Saviour of the world is here ;
 Life and salvation He doth bring,
 Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing :
 We praise Thee, Father, now,
 Creator, wise art Thou !

- 2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried,
 Mercy is ever at His side ;
 His kingly crown is holiness,
 His sceptre, pity in distress,
 The end of all our woe He brings ;
 Wherefore the earth is glad and sings :
 We praise Thee, Saviour, now,
 Mighty in deed art Thou !

- 3 O blest the land, the city blest,
 Where Christ the Ruler is confest !
 O happy hearts and happy homes
 To whom this King in triumph comes !
 The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
 Who bringeth pure delight and bliss :
 O Comforter Divine,
 What boundless grace is Thine !
- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart ;
 Make it a temple, set apart
 From earthly use for heaven's employ,
 Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy ;
 So shall your Sovereign enter in,
 And new and nobler life begin :
 To Thee, O God, be praise,
 For word and deed and grace !
- 5 Redeemer, come ! I open wide
 My heart to Thee ; here, Lord, abide !
 Let me Thy inner presence know,
 Thy grace and love on me bestow ;
 Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
 Until our glorious goal be won !
 Eternal praise and fame
 We offer to Thy Name.

Georg Weissel. 1633.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855. a.

118

Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland.

7a.

- COME, Thou Saviour of our race,
 O Choicest Gift of heavenly grace !
 O Thou blessed Virgin's Son,
 Be Thy race on earth begun.
- 2 Not of mortal blood or birth,
 He descends from heaven to earth :
 By the Holy Ghost conceived,
 Truly man to be believed.

- 3 Wondrous birth ! O wondrous Child !
 Of the Virgin, undefiled !
 Though by all the world disowned,
 Still to be in heaven enthroned.
- 4 From the Father forth He came,
 And returneth to the same ;
 Captive leading death and hell,—
 High the song of triumph swell.
- 5 Equal to the Father now,
 Though to dust Thou once didst bow ;
 Boundless shall Thy kingdom be ;
 When shall we its glories see ?
- 6 Brightly doth Thy manger shine !
 Glorious is its light divine :
 Let not sin o'ercloud this light,
 Ever be our faith thus bright.

*Ambrose, d. 397. Luther. 1524.
 Tr. William M. Reynolds. 1850.*

119 *Tröstet, tröstet Meine Lieben.* 8.7.7.7.8.8.

COMFORT, comfort ye my people,
 Speak ye peace, thus saith our God ;
 Comfort those who sit in darkness,
 Mourning 'neath their sorrows' load ;
 Speak ye to Jerusalem
 Of the peace that waits for them ;
 Tell her that her sins I cover,
 And her warfare now is over.

- 2 For the Herald's voice is crying
 In the desert far and near,
 Bidding all men to repentance,
 Since the kingdom now is here.
 O, that warning cry obey !
 Now prepare for God a way !
 Let the valleys rise to meet Him,
 And the hills bow down to greet Him.

- 3 Make ye straight what long was crooked,
 Make the rougher places plain :
 Let your hearts be true and humble,
 As befits His holy reign ;
 For the glory of the Lord
 Now o'er earth is shed abroad,
 And all flesh shall see the token
 That His Word is never broken.

*Johann Oleartus (Oelschlaeger). 1671.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.*

120

Gott sey Dank durch alle Welt.

7s.

LET the earth now praise the Lord,
 Who hath truly kept His word,
 And the sinner's Help and Friend
 Now at last to us doth send.

- 2 What the fathers most desired,
 What the prophets' heart inspired,
 What they longed for many a year,
 Stands fulfilled in glory here.
- 3 Abram's promised great reward,
 Zion's Helper, Jacob's Lord,
 Him of twofold race behold,
 Truly come, as long foretold.
- 4 Welcome, O my Saviour, now !
 Hail! my Portion, Lord, art Thou !
 Here too in my heart, I pray,—
 O prepare Thyself a way.
- 5 And when Thou dost come again,
 As a glorious King to reign,
 I with joy may see Thy face,
 Freely ransomed by Thy grace.

*Heinrich Held, d. 1659.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.*

121 *Gottes Sohn ist kommen.* Trochaic. 6s.

ONCE He came in blessing,
All our ills redressing,
Came in likeness lowly,
Son of God most holy;
Bore the Cross to save us,
Hope and freedom gave us.

2 Still He comes within us,
Still His voice would win us
From the sins that hurt us;
Would to Truth convert us
From our foolish errors,
Ere He comes in terrors.

3 Thus if thou hast known Him,
Not ashamed to own Him,
Nor dost love Him coldly,
But will trust Him boldly,
He will now receive thee,
Heal thee, and forgive thee.

4 He who well endureth,
Bright reward secureth;
Come then, O Lord Jesus,
From our sins release us;
Let us here confess Thee,
Till in heaven we bless Thee.

Johann Horn. 1544.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862. a.

122 PSALM 72. 7.6. D.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!

He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing ;
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemned and dying,
 Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth.
 Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His Name shall stand for ever ;
 That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery. 1821.

123

C. M.

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long !
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

- 2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts His sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held :
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace !
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

Philip Doddridge. 1735.

124

C. M.

- O** VERY God of very God,
And very Light of Light,
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,
That so it might be bright :
- 2 Our hopes are weak, our foes are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes ;
Cold is the night, and O, we long
That Thou, our Sun, wouldst rise !
- 3 And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect Day
That never shall be past

- 4 O guide us till our path be done,
 And we have reached the shore
 Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
 Art shining evermore !
- 5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
 To where the daylight springs,
 Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
 With healing on Thy wings.

John Mason Neale. 1846.

125

8.7.

- L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by Thy Love's revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.
- 2 Thou, new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise ;
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring daylight on our eyes.
- 3 Still we wait for Thine appearing ;
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor, benighted heart.
- 4 Come, and manifest the favor
 God hath for our ransomed race ;
 Come, Thou mighty Prince and Saviour,
 Come, and bring the Gospel grace.
- 5 By Thine all-restoring merit,
 Every burdened soul release ;
 Every weary, wandering spirit
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley. 1746. a.

126

8.7. D.

- C**OME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set Thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee.
 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art ;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.
 2 Born Thy people to deliver ;
 Born a Child, and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By Thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley. 1744.

CHRISTMAS.

127

8.7.

- H**ARK ! what mean those holy voices
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy :
 " Glory in the highest, glory !
 Glory be to God most high !
 3 " Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found ;
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven ;
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
 Heaven and earth, His praises sing!
 O receive Whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
 Learn His Name, and taste His joy;
 Till in Heaven ye sing before Him,
 Glory be to God most high!"
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our great Redeemer's birth;
 Spread the brightness of His glory,
 Till it cover a'l the earth.

John Cawood. 1814. a.

128

7s.

- H**ARK! the herald-angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King;
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!"
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Universal Nature, say,
 Christ the Lord is born to-day!
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord:
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb!
- 4 Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see,
 Hail the incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as Man with men to appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel, here!
- 5 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.

6 Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born to give them second birth.

7 Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home;
 O, to all Thyself impart,
 Formed in each believing heart!

Charles Wesley. 1739. a.

129

Adeste Fideles.

11a.

COME hither, ye faithful, triumphantly sing:
 Come see in the manger the angels' dread King!
 To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
 O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;
 To be born of a Virgin He does not despise:
 To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
 O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

3 Hark, hark to the angels, all singing in heaven,
 "To God in the highest all glory be given!"
 To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
 O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
 Be glory and honor through heaven and earth.
 True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Word!
 O come, let us hasten to worship the Lord!

Tr. Edward Caswell. 1849. a

130

7.6.

A GREAT and mighty wonder
 Our Christmas Festal brings;
 On earth, a lowly Infant,
 Behold the King of kings!

- 2 The Word is made incarnate,
 Descending from on high ;
 And cherubim sing anthems
 To shepherds, from the sky.
- 3 And we with them triumphant,
 Repeat the hymn again :
 " To God on high be glory,
 And peace on earth to men ! "
- 4 Since all He comes to ransom,
 By all be He adored,
 The Infant born in Bethlehem,
 The Saviour and the Lord !
- 5 And idol forms shall perish,
 And error shall decay,
 And Christ shall wield his sceptre,
 Our Lord and God for aye.

Anatolius. ab. 450.

Tr. John Mason Neale. 1862. a.

131 *Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her.* L. M.

- G**OOD news from heaven the angels bring,
 Glad tidings to the earth they sing :
 To us this day a Child is given,
 To crown us with the joy of heaven.
- 2 This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
 Who in all need shall aid afford ;
 He will Himself our Saviour be,
 From all our sins to set us free.
- 3 To us that blessedness He brings,
 Which from the Father's bounty springs :
 That in the heavenly realm we may
 With Him enjoy eternal day.
- 4 All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
 Whose Love did not the sinner scorn :

In my distress Thou comest to me ;
What thanks shall I return to Thee ?

5 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

6 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

7 Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son :
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest New Year of mercy sing.

*Martin Luther. 1535.
Tr. Arthur Tozer Russell. 1848.
And Catherine Winkworth. 1855.*

132 *Freut euch, ihr lieben Christen.* 7.6.D.

REJOICE, rejoice, ye Christians,
With all your hearts, this morn !
O hear the blessed tidings,
"The Lord, the Christ, is born,"
Now brought us by the angels
That stand about God's throne ;
O lovely are the voices
That make such tidings known !

2 O hearken to their singing !
This Child shall be your Friend ;
The Father so hath willed it,
That thus your woes should end.
The Son is freely given,
That in Him ye may have
The Father's grace and blessing,
And know He loves to save.

- 3 Nor deem the form too lowly
 That clothes Him at this hour;
 For know ye what it hideth?
 'Tis God's almighty power.
 Though now within the manger
 So poor and weak He lies,
 He is the Lord of all things,
 He reigns above the skies.
- 4 Sin, death, and hell, and Satan
 Have lost the victory;
 This Child shall overthrow them;
 As ye shall surely see.
 Their wrath shall naught avail them;
 Fear not, their reign is o'er;
 This Child shall overthrow them,—
 O hear, and doubt no more!

Unknown. 1540.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.

133

Wir singen Dir, Immanuel.

L. M.

- E**MMANUEL! we sing Thy praise,
 Thou Prince of Life! Thou Fount of Grace!
 With all Thy saints, Thee, Lord, we sing;
 Praise, honor, thanks, to Thee we bring!
- 2 E'er since the world began to be,
 How many a heart hath longed for Thee!
 And Thou, O long-expected Guest,
 Hast come at last to make us blest!
- 3 Now art Thou here: we know Thee now;
 In lowly manger liest Thou:
 A Child, yet makest all things great;
 Poor, yet is earth Thy robe of state.
- 4 Now fearless I can look on Thee:
 From sin and grief Thou set'st me free:
 Thou bearest wrath, Thou conquerest death,
 Fear turns to joy Thy glance beneath.

- 5 Thou art my Head, my Lord divine:
 I am Thy member, wholly Thine;
 And in Thy Spirit's strength would still
 Serve Thee according to Thy will.
- 6 Thus will I sing Thy praises here,
 With joyful spirit year by year:
 And they shall sound before Thy throne,
 Where time nor number more is known.

Paul Gerhardt. 1653.

From Catherine Winkworth. Tr. 1855.

134

PSALM 98.

C. M.

- J**OY to the world ; the Lord is come !
 Let earth receive her King.
 Let every heart prepare Him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ; the Saviour reigns !
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground.
 He comes to make His blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of His Righteousness,
 And wonders of His Love.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

135

Du wesentlichen Wort.

S. M.

O SAVIOUR of our race,
 Welcome indeed Thou art,
 Blessèd Redeemer, Fount of grace,
 To this my longing heart !

- 2 Light of the world, abide
 Through faith within my heart ;
 Leave me to seek no other guide,
 Nor e'er from Thee depart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, O Lord !
 Sole Light of life Thou art !
 Let not Thy glorious rays be poured
 In vain on my dark heart.
- 4 Star of the East, arise !
 Drive all my clouds away ;
 Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies
 Into the perfect day.

Laurentius Laurenti. 1700.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.

NEW YEAR.

136

Our Lord's Circumcision.

S. M.

- THE year begins with Thee,
 And 'Thou begin'st with woe,
 To let the world of sinners see
 That blood for sin must flow.
- 2 Am I a child of tears,
 Cradled in care and woe ?
 And seems it hard my vernal years
 Few vernal joys can show ?
- 3 I look, and hold my peace :
 The Giver of all good
 E'en from the womb takes no release
 From suffering, tears, and blood.
- 4 That I may reap in love,
 Help me to sow in fear :
 So life a winter's morn may prove
 To a bright endless Year.

John Keble. 1827. a.

137

L. M.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty Hand,
 By which supported still we stand:
 The opening year Thy mercy shows;
 Let mercy crown it, till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God;
 By His incessant bounty fed,
 By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to Thy guardian care commit,
 And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
 Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,
 Our Helper God, in Whom we trust,
 In better worlds our souls shall boast.

Philip Doddridge. 1753

138

7s.

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
 Faithful through another year,
 Hear our song of thankfulness;
 Father and Redeemer, hear.

- 2 In our weakness and distress,
 Rock of strength! be Thou our Stay:
 In the pathless wilderness
 Be our true and living Way.

- 3 Who of us death's lonely road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying head.
- 4 Keep us faithful; keep us pure:
Keep us evermore Thine own:
Help, O help us to endure:
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Henry Downton. 1843.

139

7s. D.

- W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily, the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.

Bless Thy Word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

John Newton. 1774.

EPIPHANY.

140

7s. 6 lines.

AS with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold ;
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright :
 So, most gracious God, may we
 Evermore be led by Thee.

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
 To that lowly manger-bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Him Whom heaven and earth adore ;
 So may we, with willing feet,
 Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare ;
 So may we, with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy Jesus ! every day
 Keep us in the narrow way ;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

- 5 In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light:
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun which goes not down;
 There for ever may we sing
 Hallelujahs to our King.

William Chatterton Diz. 1860.

141

7s.

- S**ONS of men, behold from afar,
 Hail the long-expected star!
 Jacob's star that gilds the night,
 Guides bewildered nature right.
- 2 Fear not hence that ill should flow,
 Wars or pestilence below;
 Wars it bids and tumult cease,
 Ushering in the Prince of Peace.
- 3 Mild He shines on all beneath,
 Piercing through the shade of death;
 Scattering error's widespread night,
 Kindling darkness into light.
- 4 Nations all, far off and near,
 Haste to see your God appear!
 Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
 Meet Him manifested there.
- 5 Here behold the Dayspring rise,
 Pouring daylight on your eyes:
 God in His own light survey,
 Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye morning stars, again!
 God descends on earth to reign;
 Deigns for man His life to employ:
 Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

142

8.7. D.

HAIL, Thou Source of every blessing,
 Sovereign Father of mankind !
 Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
 In Thy courts admission find.
 Grateful now we fall before Thee,
 In Thy Church obtain a place ;
 Now by faith behold Thy glory,
 Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

2 Once far off, but now invited,
 We approach Thy sacred throne ;
 In Thy covenant united,
 Reconciled, redeemed, made one.
 Now revealed to Eastern sages,
 See the star of mercy shine ;
 Mystery hid in former ages,
 Mystery great of love divine.

3 Hail, Thou all-inviting Saviour !
 Gentiles now their offerings bring ;
 In Thy temple seek Thy favor,
 Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
 May we, body, soul and spirit,
 Live devoted to Thy praise,
 Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
 Grateful anthems ever raise.

Basil Woodd. 1794.

143

Werde Licht, du Stadt der Heiden.

7.8.7.7.

RISE, O Salem, rise and shine ;
 Lo ! the Gentiles hail thy waking ;
 Herald of a morn divine,
 See the Dayspring o'er us breaking,
 Telling God hath called to mind
 Those who long in darkness pined.

- 2 Ah, how blindly did we stray,
 Ere this Sun our earth had brightened;
 Heaven we sought not, for no ray
 Had our wildered eyes enlightened;
 All our looks were earthward bent,
 All our strength on earth was spent.
- 3 But the Dayspring from on high
 Hath arisen with beams unclouded,
 And we see before it fly
 All the heavy gloom that shrouded
 This sad earth, where sin and woe
 Seemed to reign o'er all below.
- 4 Thy appearing, Lord, shall fill
 All my thoughts in sorrow's hour;
 Thy appearing, Lord, shall still
 All my dread of death's dark power;
 Whether joy or tears be mine,
 Through them still Thy light shall shine.
- 5 Let me, when my course is run,
 Calmly leave a world of sadness
 For the place that needs no sun,
 For Thou art its light and gladness;
 For the mansions fair and bright,
 Where Thy saints are crowned with light.

*Johann Rist. 1655.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.*

- 144** *Herr Jesu, Licht der Heiden.* 7.6. D.
LIGHT of the Gentile nations,
 Thy people's joy and love!
 Drawn by Thy Spirit hither,
 We gladly come to prove
 Thy presence in Thy temple,
 And wait with earnest mind,
 As Simeon once had waited
 His Saviour God to find.

- 2 Yes, Lord, Thy servants meet Thee,
Even now, in every place
Where Thy true Word hath promised
That they shall see Thy face.
Thou yet wilt gently grant us,
Who gather round Thee here,
In faith's strong arms to bear Thee,
As once that aged seer.
- 3 Be Thou our Joy, our Brightness,
That shines 'mid pain and loss,
Our Sun in times of terror,
The glory round our cross :
A glow in sinking spirits,
A sunbeam in distress,
Physician, Friend in sickness,
In death our happiness.
- 4 Let us, O Lord, be faithful
With Simeon to the end,
That so his dying song may
From all our hearts ascend :
" O Lord, let now Thy servant
Depart in peace for aye,
Since I have seen my Saviour,
Have here beheld His day."¹
- 5 My Saviour, I behold Thee
Now with the eye of Faith ;
No foe of Thee can rob me,
Though bitter words he saith.
Within Thy heart abiding,
As Thou dost dwell in me,
No pain, no death hath terrors
To part my soul from Thee !

Johann Franck. 1674.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.

145

O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht.

L. M.

O CHRIST, our true and only Light,
 Illumine those who sit in night;
 Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
 And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

- 2 Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
 The souls now lost in error's maze,
 And all, O Lord, whose secret minds
 Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.
- 3 And all who else have strayed from Thee,
 O gently seek! Thy healing be
 To every wounded conscience given,
 And let them also share Thy heaven.
- 4 O make the deaf to hear Thy Word,
 And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
 Who dare not yet the faith avow,
 Though secretly they hold it now.
- 5 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
 Recall the wanderers to Thy fold,
 Unite those now who walk apart,
 Confirm the weak and doubting heart.
- 6 So they with us may evermore
 Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
 And endless praise to Thee be given,
 By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

*Johann Heermann. 1630.**Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858. a.*

146

H. M.

GREAT Father of mankind,
 We bless that wondrous grace
 Which could for Gentiles find
 Within Thy courts a place.
 How kind the care | For us to raise
Our God displays, | A house of prayer!

2 Though once estrangèd far,
 We now approach the throne;
 For Jesus brings us near,
 And makes our cause His own:
 Strangers no more, | And find our home,
 To Thee we come, | And rest secure.

3 To Thee our souls we join,
 And love Thy sacred Name;
 No more our own, but Thine,
 We triumph in Thy claim.
 Our Father-King, | Our souls embrace,
 Thy covenant grace | Thy titles sing.

4 May all the nations throng
 To worship in Thy house;
 And Thou attend the song,
 And smile upon their vows;
 Indulgent still, | To join the choir
 Till earth conspire | On Zion's hill.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

147

H. M.

ARISE, O God, and shine
 In all Thy saving might,
 And prosper each design
 To spread Thy glorious light:
 Let healing streams of mercy flow,
 That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 Bring distant nations near,
 To sing Thy glorious praise;
 Let every people hear
 And learn Thy holy ways!
 Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
 And govern by Thy righteous laws!

3 Put forth Thy glorious power,
That Gentiles all may see,
And earth present her store
In converts born to Thee:
God, our own God, His Church will bless,
And fill the world with righteousness.

4 To God the only wise,
The one immortal King,
Let hallelujahs rise
From every living thing:
Let all that breathe, on every coast,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

William Hurn. 1813. a.

148

Lux alma Jesu.

S. M.

LIGHT of the anxious heart,
Jesus! Thy suppliants cheer;
Bid Thou the gloom of guilt depart,
And shed Thy sweetness here.

2 O happy he whose breast
Thou makest Thine abode;
Sweet Light that with the pure wilt rest,
For they shall see their God.

3 Brightness of God above,
Unfathomable grace,
Within our hearts implant Thy Love,
And fix Thy dwelling-place.

4 To lowly minds revealed,
Our Saviour we adore;
Like tribute to the Father yield
And Spirit, evermore.

*Bernard of Clairvaux. d. 1153.
Tr. John Henry Newman. 1836.*

149 *The Presentation in the Temple.* 8.7. 6 lines.

IN His Temple now behold Him,
 See the long-expected Lord ;
 Ancient prophets had foretold Him,
 God has now fulfilled His Word.
 Now to praise Him, His redeemèd
 Shall break forth with one accord.

2 In the arms of her who bore Him,
 Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
 While His aged saints adore Him,
 Ere in perfect faith they die.
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Lo, the Incarnate God most high !

3 Jesus, by Thy Presentation,
 Thou Who didst for us endure,
 Make us see our great salvation,
 Seal us with Thy promise sure ;
 And present us, in Thy glory,
 To Thy Father, cleansed and pure.

Henry John Pye. 1851.

EXAMPLE AND TEACHING OF CHRIST.

150 L. M.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord !
 I read my duty in Thy Word :
 But in Thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
 Such deference to Thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.

- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer :
 The desert Thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern : make me bear
 More of Thy gracious image here.
 Then God the Judge shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

151

C. M.

- B**EHOLD, where in a mortal form
 Appears each grace divine !
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was His divine employ.
- 3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
 Patient and meek He stood.
 His foes, ungrateful, sought His life ;
 He labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,
 Before His Father's throne,
 With soul resigned He bowed, and said,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done !"
- 5 Be Christ our Pattern and our Guide !
 His image may we bear !
 O may we tread His holy steps,
 His joys and glory share !

William Enfield. 1797 a.

152

C. M.

IN duties and in sufferings too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
As Thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on Thy grace.

2 With earnest zeal, 'twas Thy delight
To do Thy Father's will;
O may that zeal my love excite
Thy precepts to fulfill!

3 Unsullied meekness, truth, and love
Through all Thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

Benjamin Beddome. 1769. a.

153

C. M.

O SAVIOUR, Whom that holy morn
Gave to our world below,
To mortal want and labor born,
And more than mortal woe!

2 Incarnate Word, by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us, died!

3 If gayly clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of Thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

4 If pressed by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
O may Thy Spirit whisper near,
How poor a lot was Thine!

- 5 Through fickle fortune's various scene,
 From sin preserve us free ;
 Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
 May we rejoice with Thee.

Reginald Heber. 1811. a.

154

C. M.

- JESUS! exalted far on high,
 To whom a name is given—
 A Name surpassing every name,
 That's known in earth or heaven !
- 2 Before Whose throne shall every knee
 Bow down with one accord ;
 Before Whose throne shall every tongue
 Confess that Thou art Lord :
- 3 Jesus, Who in the form of God,
 Didst equal honor claim ;
 Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
 Didst stoop to death and shame !
- 4 O may that mind in us be formed
 Which shone so bright in Thee ;
 An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
 From pride and envy free !
- 5 May we to others stoop, and learn
 To emulate Thy Love ;
 So shall we bear Thine image here,
 And share Thy throne above.

Thomas Cotterill. 1819.

155

S. M.

- BEHOLD, the Prince of Peace,
 The chosen of the Lord,
 God's well-beloved Son, fulfills
 The sure prophetic Word.

- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of righteousness:
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose His princely dress.
- 3 Jesus, Thou Light of men!
Thy doctrine life imparts.
O may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts!
- 4 Cheered by Thy beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way.
The path which Thou hast marked and trod
Shall lead to endless day.

John Needham. 1768. a.

156

78

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead Thy child to Thee?

- 2 Blessèd Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent Thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.
- 3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on Him;
From His precepts wisdom draw,
Make His life my solemn law.
- 4 Thus in deed, in thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die.

William H. Furness. 1844.

THE PASSION.

157

8.7.

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the Cross forsake me;
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the Cross the radiance streaming
 Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the Cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

Str John Bowring. 1825.

158

S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our stains away;
 A Sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of Thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burden Thou didst bear,

When hanging on the curs'd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding Love.

Isaac Watts. 1709. α.

159

C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away !
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming Love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me !

- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
 And formed by power divine
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but Thine.

William Cowper. 1779. a.

160

7s. 6 lines.

- DUST and ashes, sin and guilt,—
 Christ, for me Thy Blood was spilt ;
 Cleanse Thou me from guilt and sin,
 Make me pure without, within ;
 Soul and body, at Thy word,
 Be to saving health restored.
- 2 Flesh and blood, this mortal frame,
 Thou wert pleased to wear the same :
 Though Thy nature was divine,
 Thou didst condescend to mine :
 Let me for Thy mercy's sake,
 Thy Divinity partake.
- 3 From the ruins of the Fall,
 Me to grace and glory call :
 Me, O Lord my Righteousness !
 With Thine image re-impress :
 Thou didst stoop to earth for me :
 Raise me up to heaven with Thee.

James Montgomery. 1853

161

Gesù sommo conforto.

8.7. D.

- JESUS, Refuge of the weary,
 Object of the spirit's love,
 Fountain in life's desert dreary,
 Saviour from the world above :
 O how oft Thine eyes, offended,
 Gaze upon the sinner's fall !
 Yet upon the Cross extended,
 Thou didst bear the pain of all.
- 2 Do we pass that Cross unheeding,
 Breathing no repentant vow,

Though we see Thee wounded, bleeding,
 See Thy thorn-encircled brow ?
 Yet Thy sinless death hath brought us
 Life eternal, peace and rest ;
 Only what Thy grace hath taught us
 Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

- 3 Jesus, may our hearts be burning,
 With more fervent love for Thee ;
 May our eyes be ever turning
 To Thy Cross of agony ;
 Till in glory, parted never
 From the blessed Saviour's side,
 Graven in our hearts for ever,
 Dwell the Cross, the Crucified.

*Jerome Savonarola. d. 1498.
 Tr. Unknown.*

162

Ira justa Conditoris.

8.7.7.7.

HE who once, in righteous vengeance,
 Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
 Once again in mercy cleansed it
 With the stream of His own Blood,
 Coming from His throne on high
 On the painful Cross to die.

- 2 O the wisdom of th' Eternal !
 O its depth, and height divine !
 O the sweetness of that mercy
 Which in Jesus Christ doth shine !
 We were sinners doomed to die ;
 Jesus paid the penalty.
- 3 When before the Judge we tremble,
 Conscious of His broken laws.
 May the blood of His Atonement
 Cry aloud and plead our cause,
 Bid our guilty terrors cease,
 Be our pardon and our peace.

- 4 Prince and Author of salvation !
 Lord of majesty supreme !
 Jesus ! praise to Thee be given
 By the world Thou didst redeem :
 Glory to the Father be,
 And the Spirit, One with Thee.

Rom. Brev. 1827.

Tr. Edward Caswall. 1848. a.

163

Viva, viva, Gesu.

6.5.

- GLORY be to Jesus,
 Who, in bitter pains,
 Poured for me the life-blood
 From His sacred veins !
- 2 Grace and life eternal
 In that Blood I find ;
 Blest be His compassion,
 Infinitely kind !
- 3 Blest through endless ages
 Be the precious stream,
 Which from endless torments
 Did the world redeem !
- 4 Abel's blood for vengeance
 Pleaded to the skies :
 But the Blood of Jesus
 For our pardon cries !
- 5 Oft as earth exulting
 Wafts its praise on high,
 Angel hosts rejoicing
 Make their glad reply.
- 6 Lift we then our voices,
 Swell the mighty flood ;
 Louder still, and louder
 Praise the precious Blood !

*From the Italian of xviii. century.
 Tr. Edward Caswall. 1858.*

164

C. M.

- COME let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne.
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus."
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 For He was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 And speak Thine endless praise!
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred Name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

165

C. M.

- NOW to the Lamb that once was slain
 Be endless blessings paid;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on Thy head!
- 2 Thou hast redeemed our souls with Blood,
 Hast set the prisoners free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with Thee.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

166

S. M.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with His Blood!

- 2 To Christ the anointed King
Be endless blessings given!
Let the whole earth His glory sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

HOLY WEEK.

167

C. M.

O THOU Who through this holy week
Didst suffer for us all;
The sick to cure, the lost to seek,
To raise up them that fall:

- 2 We cannot understand the woe
Thy Love was pleased to bear:
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there!
- 3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod;
Thy hand the victory won;
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

John Mason Neale. 1844.

168

Palm Sunday.

L. M.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die !
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman. 1827. a.

169

ISAIAH 53.

C. M.

- T**HE Saviour comes ! no outward pomp
Bespeaks His presence nigh ;
No earthly beauty shines in Him
To draw the carnal eye.
- 2 Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a Man of woe !
And grief His close companion still
Through all His life below !
 - 3 Yet all the griefs He felt were ours,
Ours were the woes He bore :
Pangs, not His own, His spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.
 - 4 We held Him as condemned of Heaven,
An outcast from His God ;
While for our sins He groaned, He bled,
Beneath His Father's rod.
 - 5 His sacred Blood hath washed our souls
From sin's polluting stain ;
His stripes have healed us, and His Death
Revived our souls again.
 - 6 We all, like sheep, have gone astray
In ruin's fatal road :
On Him were our transgressions laid ;
He bore the mighty load.

- 7 He died to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiven :
He lives to bless them and defend,
And plead their cause in heaven.

William Robertson. d. 1743. 2.

170

8.7. D.

- H**AIL, Thou once despisèd Jesus !
Hail, Thou Galilean King !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By Thy merits we find favor ;
Life is given through Thy Name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid ;
By almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full Atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy Blood :
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide !
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side :
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,

Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

*John Bakewell. 1757.
Madan's Coll. 1760.
Toptady. 1776.*

171

8.7.

- S**UFFERING Son of man, be near me,
In my sufferings to sustain;
By Thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By Thy more than mortal pain.
- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In Thy days of flesh below,
When Thy troubled soul did languish
Under a whole world of woe.
- 3 By Thy most severe temptation
In that dark Satanic hour;
By Thy last mysterious Passion,
Screen me from the adverse power.
- 4 By Thy fainting in the garden,
By Thy dreadful Death, I pray,
Write upon my heart Thy pardon;
Take my sins and fears away.
- 5 By the travail of Thy spirit,
By Thine outcry on the tree,
By Thine agonizing merit,
Gracious Lord, remember me!

Charles Wesley. 1767. a.

172

7s. D.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness;
 By the dread mysterious hour
 Of the insulting tempter's power;
 Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
 Hear our solemn Litany!
- 3 By Thine hour of dire despair,
 By Thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn Litany!
- 4 By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sad sepulchral stone;
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God;
 O, from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, reascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn Litany!

Sir Robert Grant. 1815.

173

7s. 6 lines.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power:
 Your Redeemer's conflict see;
 Watch with Him one bitter hour;
 Turn not from His griefs away;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
 View the Lord of life arraigned:

O the wormwood and the gall !
 O the pangs His soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb :
 There, adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own Sacrifice complete :
 "It is finished," hear Him cry :
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid His breathless clay ;
 All is solitude and gloom ;
 Who hath taken Him away ?
 Christ is risen !—He meets our eyes :
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery. 1825.

GOOD FRIDAY.

174

Opprobriis, Jesu, satur.

Iambic. 8.7.

HIS trial o'er, and now beneath
 His own Cross faintly bending,
 Jesus the fatal hill of death
 Is wearily ascending.

2 And now, His hands and feet pierced through,
 Upon the Cross they raise Him :
 Where even now, in distant view,
 The eye of faith surveys Him.

3 O wondrous Love, which God most high
 Toward man was pleased to cherish !
 His sinless Son He gave to die,
 That sinners might not perish.

- 4 Yes, 'tis the Cross that breaks the rod
 And chain of condemnation,
 And makes a league 'twixt man and God
 For our entire salvation.
- 5 O praise the Father, praise the Son,
 The Lamb for sinners given,
 And Holy Ghost, by whom alone
 Our hearts are raised to heaven.

Charles Coffin. 1736.

Tr. John Chandler. 1837.

175 *Prome vocem, mens, canoram.* 8.7.4.7.

- N**OW, my soul, thy voice upraising,
 Sing aloud in mournful strain,
 Of the sorrows most amazing,
 And the agonizing pain,
 Which our Saviour
 Sinless bore, for sinners slain.
- 2 He the ruthless scourge enduring,
 Ransom for our sins to pay,
 Sinners by His own stripes curing,
 Raising those who wounded lay,
 Bore our sorrows,
 And removed our pains away.
- 3 He to liberty restored us
 By the very bonds He bare;
 And His nail-pierced limbs afford us
 Each a stream of mercy rare:
 Lo! He draws us
 To the Cross, and keeps us there.
- 4 When His painful life was ended,
 Then the spear transfix'd His side:
 Blood and water thence descended;
 Pouring forth a double tide:
 This to cleanse us,
 That to heal us is applied.

- 5 Jesus! may Thy promised blessing
 Comfort to our souls afford ;
 May we, now Thy Love possessing,
 And at length our full reward,
 Ever praise Thee,
 As our ever-glorious Lord!

*Santolius Maglortanus. ab. 1650.
 Tr. John Chandler. 1837. a.*

176 *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.* 7.6. D.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down,
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, Thy only crown!
 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss, till now, was Thine!
 Yet, though despised and gory,
 I joy to call Thee mine.

- 2 How art Thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn!
 How does that visage languish,
 Which once was bright as morn!
 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
 Was all for sinners' gain;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.

- 3 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
 'Tis I deserve Thy place!
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
 Receive me, my Redeemer;
 My Shepherd, make me Thine!
 Of every good the Fountain,
 Thou art the Spring of mine!

- 4 What language shall I borrow
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end!
 O make me Thine forever,
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee.
- 5 Forbid that I should leave Thee;
 O Jesus, leave not me;
 In faith may I receive Thee,
 When death shall set me free.
 When strength and comfort languish,
 And I must hence depart,
 Release me then from anguish
 By Thine own wounded heart.

Bernard of Clairvaux. d. 1153.

Paul Gerhardt. 1653.

Tr. James Waddell Alexander. 1830. a.

177

Jesu, Deine tiefen Wunden.

7s. D.

- L**ORD, Thy Death and Passion give
 Strength and comfort at my need.
 Every hour while here I live
 On Thy Love my soul shall feed.
 Thou didst once for me endure,
 And I fly all thoughts impure;
 Thinking on Thy bitter pains,
 Hushed in prayer my heart remains.
- 2 Yes, Thy Cross hath power to heal
 All the wounds of sin and strife.
 Lost in Thee, my heart doth feel
 Sudden warmth and nobler life.
 In my saddest, darkest grief,
 Let Thy sweetness bring relief,
 Thou Who camest but to save,
 Thou Who fearest not the grave!

8 Lord, in Thee I place my trust,
 Thou art my Defence and Tower ;
 Death Thou treadest in the dust,
 O'er my soul he hath no power.
 That I may have part in Thee,
 Help and save and comfort me ;
 Give me of Thy grace and might,
 Resurrection, life, and light !

4 Fount of good, within me dwell !
 For the peace Thy presence sheds
 Keeps us safe in conflict fell,
 Charms the pain from dying beds.
 Hide me safe within Thine arm,
 Where no foe can hurt or harm ;
 Whoso, Lord, in 'Thee doth rest,
 He hath conquered, he is blest

*Johann Heermann. 1644.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.*

178 *Jesu, meines Lebens Leben.* 8.7.7.7.

CHRIST the Life of all the living,
 Christ the Death of death our foe,
 Who Thyself for us once giving
 To the darkest depths of woe,
 Patiently didst yield Thy breath
 But to save my soul from death ;
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Blessed Jesus, unto 'Thee.

2 Thou, ah Thou, hast taken on Thee
 Bitter strokes, a cruel rod ;
 Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
 O Thou sinless Son of God.
 Only thus for me to win
 Rescue from the bonds of sin ;
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Blessed Jesus, unto Thee.

- 3 Thou didst bear the smiting only
 That it might not fall on me;
 Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,
 That I might be safe and free;
 Comfortless that I might know
 Comfort from Thy boundless woe,
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
 Blessed Jesus, unto Thee.
- 4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,
 For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
 For Thine anguish in the garden,
 I will thank Thee evermore;
 Thank Thee with my latest breath
 For Thy sad and cruel death,
 For that last and bitter cry:
 Praise Thee evermore on high.

*Ernst Christoph Homburg. 1659.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862. a.*

179

C. M.

- B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nailed to the shameful tree!
 How vast the love that Him inclined
 To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how He groans! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend!
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done; the precious ransom's paid:
 "Receive my soul!" He cries:
 See where He bows His sacred head!
 He bows His head and dies.
- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain
 And in full glory shine.
 O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like Thine?

Samuel Wesley, Sr. 1700

180

S. M.

BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony!

- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did He feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?
- 3 For love of us He bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas Love that bowed His fainting head,
And oped His gushing side.
- 4 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the world combine
With cheerful ardor to confess
The energy divine.
- 5 In Thee our hearts unite,
Nor share Thy griefs alone,
But from Thy Cross pursue their flight
To Thy triumphant throne.

Philip Doddridge. 1737.

181

C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred Head
For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And Love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin !

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe.
Here, Lord, I give myself away :
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts. 1707-8.

182

8.7.

STRICKEN, smitten, and afflicted,
See Him dying on the tree !
'Tis the Christ by man rejected ;
Yes, my soul, 'tis He ! 'tis He !

2 Mark the Sacrifice appointed !
See who bears the awful load ;
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of man, and Son of God.

3 Here we have a firm foundation ;
Here the refuge of the lost ;
Christ's the Rock of our salvation :
His the Name of which we boast.

4 Lamb of God for sinners wounded !
Sacrifice to cancel guilt !
None shall ever be confounded
Who on Thee their hope have built.

Thomas Kelly. 1804.

183

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a tribute far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all,

Isaac Watts. 1709. a.

184

7s. 6 lines.

WEARY sinner, keep thine eyes
 On the atoning Sacrifice :
 There the Incarnate Deity
 Numbered with transgressors see :
 There His Father's absence mourns,
 Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

2 Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne ;
 Weeping soul, no longer mourn :
 View Him bleeding on the tree,
 Pouring out His life for thee :
 There thy every sin He bore ;
 Weeping soul, lament no more.

- 3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem :
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away :
Now, by faith, the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.
- 4 Lord, Thy arm must be revealed,
Ere I can by faith be healed :
Since I scarce can look to Thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me :
At Thy feet myself I lay :
Shine, O shine my fears away !

Augustus M. Toplady. 1759.

EASTER EVE.

185

8.7.7.7.

- A**LL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and Satan's spite ;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night ;
Yet once more, to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.
- 2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder Cross He bore ;
How did soul and body languish
Till the toil of death was o'er !
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.
- 3 Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies :
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes ;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

- 4 We this night with plaintive voicing
 Chant His requiem soft and low ;
 Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
 From to-morrow's harp shall flow :
 Death and hell at length are slain,
 Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign.

John Moultrie. 1888. a.

186

So ruhest Du.

6.6.11.

- R**EST of the weary ! Thou
 Thyself art resting now,
 Where lowly in Thy sepulchre Thou liest ;
 From out her deathly sleep
 My soul doth start, to weep
 So sad a wonder, that Thou, Saviour, diest !
- 2 Thy bitter anguish o'er,
 To this dark tomb they bore
 Thee, Life of life—Thee, Lord of all creation !
 The hollow rocky cave
 Must serve Thee for a grave,
 Who wast Thyself the Rock of our salvation !
- 3 O Prince of Life ! I know
 That when I too lie low,
 Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken :
 Wherefore I will not shrink
 From the grave's awful brink ;
 The heart that trusts in Thee shall ne'er be shaken.
- 4 To me the darksome tomb
 Is but a narrow room,
 Where I may rest in peace, from sorrow free.
 Thy Death shall give me power
 To cry in that dark hour,
 O Death ! O Grave ! where is your victory ?

- 5 The grave can naught destroy ;
 Only the flesh can die,
 And e'en the body triumphs o'er decay :
 Clothed by Thy wondrous might
 In robes of dazzling light,
 This flesh shall burst the grave at that Last Day.
- 6 My Jesus, day by day,
 Help me to watch and pray,
 Beside the tomb where in my heart Thou'rt laid.
 Thy bitter Death shall be
 My constant memory,
 My guide at last into death's awful shade.

*Salomo Franck. 1685.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.*

187

C. M.

JESUS, Thy soul, for ever blest,
 Hath gone among the dead,
 And to his peaceful place of rest
 The dying thief hath led.

- 2 And all for us ; that when, ere long,
 We shall resign our breath,
 We may not fear to go among
 The unseen shades of death.
- 3 In death's dark vale I soon must be,
 But I will nothing fear ;
 Thy rod and staff will comfort me ;
 Thou hast Thyself been there.

Isaac Williams. 1842. a.

188

Der Du, Herr Jesu, Ruh und Rast. L. M.

LORD Jesus, Who, our souls to save,
 Didst rest and slumber in the grave,
 Now grant us all in Thee to rest,
 And here to live as seems Thee best.

- 5 Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
 But the gate of Life immortal ;
 This shall calm my trembling breath,
 When I pass its gloomy portal.
 Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
 " Lord, Thou art my Confidence ! "

*Christian F. Gellert. 1757.
 Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841-64.*

197 *Willkommen, Held im Streite.* C. M.

WELCOME, Thou Victor in the strife,
 Welcome from out the cave !
 To day we triumph in Thy life
 Around Thine empty grave.

- 2 Our enemy is put to shame,
 His short-lived triumph o'er ;
 Our God is with us, we exclaim,
 We fear our foe no more.
- 3 The dwellings of the just resound
 With songs of victory ;
 For in their midst Thou, Lord, art found,
 And bringest peace with Thee.
- 4 O let Thy conquering banner wave
 O'er hearts Thou makest free ;
 And point the path that from the grave
 Leads heavenward up to Thee.
- 5 We bury all our sin and crime
 Deep in our Saviour's tomb,
 And seek the treasure there, that time
 Nor change can e'er consume.
- 6 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
 And sleep the night away,
 If Thou art there to break the gloom,
 And call us back to day.

- 7 Death hurts us not : his power is gone,
 And pointless all his darts :
 God's favor now on us hath shone,
 Joy filleth all our hearts.

*Benjamin Schmolck. 1712.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.*

198

C. M.

- F**ATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
 My Saviour, and my Head,
 I trust in Thee, Whose powerful word
 Hath raised Him from the dead.
- 2 Thou knowest for my offence He died,
 And rose again for me;
 Fully and freely justified,
 That I might live to Thee.
- 3 Eternal life to all mankind
 Thou hast in Jesus given ;
 And all who seek, in Him, shall find
 The happiness of Heaven.
- 4 Obedient faith, that waits on Thee,
 Thou never wilt reprove ;
 But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,
 And perfect me in love.
- 5 To Thee the glory of Thy power
 And faithfulness I give.
 I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
 And Christ in me shall live.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

ASCENSION.

199

PSALM 24.

L. M.

- O**UR Lord is risen from the dead ;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high :
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.

- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene :
He claims these mansions as His right ;
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord, that all His foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

*Charles Wesley. 1741.***200**

7s.

- H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious, to His native skies !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends His native heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Wide unfold the radiant scene ;
Take the King of Glory in !
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
- 4 See, He lifts His hands above !
See, He shows the prints of love !
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below !
- 5 Still for us His death He pleads ;
Prevalent, He intercedes :
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

- 6 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign ;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

Charles Wesley. 1739. a.

201 *Hymnum canamus gloriæ.* L. M.

A HYMN of glory let us sing ;
New hymns throughout the world shall ring ;
By a new way none ever trod,
Christ mounteth to the throne of God.

- 2 May our affections thither tend,
And thither constantly ascend,
Where, seated on the Father's throne,
Thee reigning in the heavens we own !

- 3 Be Thou our present Joy, O Lord,
Who wilt be ever our Reward :
And as the countless ages flee,
May all our glory be in Thee !

*Venerable Bede. d. 735.
Tr. Elizabeth Rundell Charles. 1858.*

202 *Jesu, nostra Redemptio.* C. M.

O CHRIST, our Hope, our heart's Desire,
Redemption's only Spring !
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

- 2 How vast the mercy and the Love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free !

- 3 But now the bands of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid ;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

- 4 O may Thy mighty Love prevail
 Our sinful souls to spare !
 O may we come before Thy throne,
 And find acceptance there !
- 5 O Christ, be Thou our present Joy,
 Our future great Reward ;
 Our only glory may it be
 To glory in the Lord !

*Before 900.
 Tr. John Chandler. 1837.*

203

Zeuch uns nach Dir.

7.6.

- D**RAW us to Thee, Lord Jesus,
 And we will hasten on ;
 For strong desire doth seize us
 To go where Thou art gone.
- 2 Draw us to Thee ; enlighten
 These hearts to find Thy way,
 That else the tempests frighten,
 Or pleasures lure astray.
- 3 Draw us to Thee ; and teach us
 Even now that rest to find,
 Where turmoils cannot reach us,
 Nor cares weigh down the mind.
- 4 Draw us to Thee ; nor leave us
 Till all our path is trod,
 Then in Thine arms receive us,
 And bear us home to God.

*Friederich Fabricius. 1668.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.*

204

C. M.

- O** THOU, Who thus exalted art,
 On Whom our souls rely,
 Grant to us now, in mind and heart,
 To dwell with Thee on high !

- 2 And when at length redeemed by Thee,
 The just from sleep shall rise,
 With theirs our happy portion be,
 A home beyond the skies.

B. J. W. 1832.

KINGDOM AND GLORY OF CHRIST.

205

C. M.

- T**HE Head that once was crowned with thorns
 Is crowned with glory now ;
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
 Is His by sovereign right :
 The King of kings and Lord of lords,
 And heaven's eternal Light.
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below,
 To whom He manifests His Love,
 And grants His Name to know.
- 4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace, is given ;
 Their name an everlasting name,
 Their joy the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with Him above ;
 Their profit and their joy to know
 The mystery of His Love.
- 6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
 Though shame and death to Him :
 His people's hope, His people's wealth,
 Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly. 1820. a.

206

8.7.7.7.

HARK ! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above !
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love.
 See, He sits on yonder throne ;
 Jesus rules the world alone.

- 2 Jesus, hail ! Whose glory brightens
 All above, and makes it fair :
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms Thy people here.
 When we think of Love like Thine,
 Lord, we own it Love divine.
- 3 King of glory, reign for ever ;
 Thine an everlasting crown :
 Nothing from Thy Love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own ;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.
- 4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing ;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away.
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King."

Thomas Kelly. 1806. a.

207

H. M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King !
 Your Lord and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore ;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, for evermore, rejoice.

- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains
He took His seat above :
Lift up your heart, etc.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven :
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.
Lift up your heart, etc.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart, etc.
- 5 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy ;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy :
Lift up your heart, etc.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope ;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

Charles Wesley. 1746.

208

Siegesfürste, Ehrenkönig.

8.7.7.7.

CONQUERING Prince and Lord of glory,
Majesty enthroned in light !
All the heavens are bowed before Thee,
Far beyond them spreads Thy might.
Shall I fall not at Thy feet,
And my heart with rapture beat,

Now Thy glory is displayed,
Thine ere yet the worlds were made?

- 2 As I watch Thee far ascending
To the right hand of the throne,
See the host before Thee bending,
Praising Thee in sweetest tone,
Shall not I too at Thy feet
Here the angels' strain repeat,
And rejoice that heaven doth ring,
With the triumph of my King?
- 3 Power and Spirit are o'erflowing ;
On me also be they poured :
Every hindrance overthrowing,
Make Thy foes Thy footstool, Lord.
Yea, let earth's remotest end
To Thy righteous sceptre bend ;
Make Thy way before Thee plain,
O'er all hearts and spirits reign.
- 4 Lo, Thy presence now is filling
All Thy Church in every place,
Fill my heart too, make me willing
In this season of Thy grace.
Come, Thou King of glory, come,
Deign to make my heart Thy home,
There abide and rule alone,
As upon Thy heavenly throne.
- 5 Thou art leaving me, yet bringing
God and heaven most inly near :
From this earthly life upspringing,
As though still I saw Thee here.
Let my heart, transplanted hence,
Strange to earth, and time, and sense,
Dwell with Thee in heaven e'en now,
Where our only joy art Thou !

Gerhard Tersteegen. 1781.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1861.

209

L. M.

- I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives !
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
He lives, He lives, Who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with His Love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.
- 5 He lives, and grants me daily breath ;
He lives, and I shall conquer death ;
He lives, my mansion to prepare ;
He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 6 He lives, all glory to His Name !
He lives, my Jesus, still the same ;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives !

From Samuel Medley. 1775.

210

H. M.

JESUS, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died ;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful Blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

2 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set ;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

3 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high ;
The Father bows His ears,
And lays His thunder by.
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn His heart, His love away.

4 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

211

H. M.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming Love,
His precious Blood to plead ;
His Blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me;
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

4 The Father hears Him pray,
 His dear anointed One;
 He cannot turn away
 The Presence of His Son;
 His Spirit answers to the Blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear:
 He owns me for His child,
 I can no longer fear;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba Father! cry.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

212

L. M. 6 lines.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do;
 Still He, Who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,

Still He, Who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers what was once a friend,
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while ;
 Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
 For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O, when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed, for Thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant. 1806.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

213

Gloriosi Salvatoris.

8.7. 6 lines.

TO the Name of our salvation
 Honor, worship, thanks, we pay ;
 Which, for many a generation,
 Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
 But with holy exultation
 We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure,
 Name beyond what worlds can tell ;
 Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
 Ear and heart delighting well ;
 Name of sweetness, passing measure,
 Saving us from sin and hell.

- 3 'Tis the Name for adoration ;
 'Tis the Name of Victory ;
 'Tis the Name for meditation
 In this vale of misery ;
 'Tis the Name for veneration
 By the citizens on high.
- 4 Jesus is the Name exalted
 Over every other name ;
 In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
 We can put our foes to shame ;
 Strength to them who else had halted,
 Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.
- 5 Jesus, we, Thy Name adoring,
 Long to see Thee as Thou art ;
 Of Thy clemency imploring
 So to write it in our heart,
 That hereafter, upward soaring,
 We with angels may have part.

From John Mason Neale. 1851.

For Palm Sunday.

214

Gloria, laus, et honor.

7.6.

- A**LL glory, praise, and honor
 To Thee, Redeemer King ;
 To Whom the lips of children
 Made sweet hosannas ring.
- 2 Thou art the King of Israel,
 Thou David's royal Son,
 Who in the Lord's Name comest,
 The King, the Blessed One !
- 3 The company of angels
 Are praising Thee on high,
 And mortal men, and all things
 Created, make reply.

- 4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went ;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
- 5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise ;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
- 6 Thou didst accept their praises ;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King !

*Theodulph of Orleans. d. 821.
Tr. John Mason Neale. 1858. a.*

215

C. M.

- A**LL hail the power of Jesus' Name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
 - 3 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call ;
The God incarnate, Man divine :
And crown Him Lord of all.
 - 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all.
 - 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall ;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

From Edward Perronet. 1780. a.

216

C. M.

- H**AIL, holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Let powers immortal sing,
 Adore the co-eternal Word,
 Rejoice, the Lord is King !
- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
 Thy Name hosannas ring ;
 Around Thy throne their myriads crowd,
 And shout, The Lord is King !
- 3 Hail Him, they cry, ye sons of light,
 Of joy the eternal Spring ;
 Praise Him Who formed you by His might,
 Rejoice, the Lord is King !
- 4 Hail Him, ye saints, Whose love for you
 Has drawn the monster's sting ;
 O render to the Lord His due ;
 Rejoice, the Lord is King !
- 5 Cry out and shout, fair Zion's land !
 Ye priests, your offerings bring ;
 Watchmen, that on her ramparts stand,
 O shout, the Lord is King !
- 6 Let worlds above and worlds below,
 In songs united sing ;
 And, while eternal ages flow,
 Rejoice, the Lord is King !

Edward Perronet. 1785. a.

217

C. M.

- O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace !

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honors of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
 He sets the prisoner free ;
 His Blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His Blood avails for me.
- 5 Look unto Him, ye nations ; own
 Your God, ye fallen race ;
 Look, and be saved through faith alone,
 Be justified by grace.
- 6 See all your sins on Jesus laid ;
 The Lamb of God was slain :
 His soul was once an offering made
 For every soul of man.
- 7 Glory to God, and praise, and love,
 Be ever, ever given ;
 By saints below and saints above,
 The Church in earth and heaven.

Charles Wesley. 1740. a.

218

H. M.

LET earth and heaven combine,
 Angels and men agree,
 To praise in songs divine
 The incarnate Deity :
 To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
 And bless the sound of Jesus' Name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
 The Joy of earth and heaven;
 No other help is found,
 No other name is given,
 By which we can salvation have;
 But Jesus came the world to save.

3 For me and all mankind
 The Lamb of God was slain:
 My Lord His life resigned
 For every soul of man:
 Loving to all, He none passed by,
 He would not have one sinner die.

4 O unexampled Love!
 O all-redeeming Grace!
 How swiftly didst Thou move
 To save a fallen race!
 What shall I do to make it known,
 What Thou for all mankind hast done?

Charles Wesley. 1744.

219

H. M.

JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore:
 All are too mean to speak His worth;
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But O, what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach His heavenly grace!
 Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love He bears for me.

3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
 He like an angel stands;
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in His hands:
 Commissioned from His Father's throne,
 To make His grace to mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue would bless Thy Name;
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came;
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

5 Be Thou my Counsellor,
 My Pattern and my Guide;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near Thy side;
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way!

Isaac Watts. 1709.

220

8.7.7.7.

ONE there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend:
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end:
 They who once His kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting Love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God:
 This was boundless Love indeed:
 Jesus is a Friend in need.

- 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
 Friend of sinners was His name :
 Now, above all glory raisèd,
 He rejoices in the same :
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love.
 We, alas ! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above :
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love Thee as we ought.

John Newton. 1779

221

C. M.

- H**OW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the Rock on which I build,
 My Shield and Hiding-place ;
 My never-failing Treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled :
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am owned a child.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

- 6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of Thy Name
 Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton. 1779.

222

7s.

- S**WEETER sounds than music knows
 Charm me in Emmanuel's Name;
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To His birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When He came, the angels sung,
 "Glory be to God on high;"
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
 Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
 That He might the law fulfill,
 Bleed and suffer in my room,
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No; I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are, and weak;
 For, should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 6 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother, Lord, and Friend—
 Every precious name in one!
 I will love Thee without end.

John Newton. 1779. a.

223

7s.

- J**ESUS! Name of wondrous love
 Name all other names above!
 Name at which must every knee
 Bow in deep humility.

- 2 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
“Jesus shall His people save.”
- 3 Jesus! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.
- 4 Jesus! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 5 Jesus! Name of wondrous Love!
Human Name of Him above!
Pleading only this, we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

William Walsham How. 1854. a.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

224

Jesu dulcis Memoria.

C. M.

- J**ESUS! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find ? ah, this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
 The Love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou !
 As Thou our Prize wilt be ;
 Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
 And through eternity !

*Bernard of Clairvaux. d. 1153.
 Tr. Edward Caswall. 1849.*

225

Jesus Rex admirabilis.

C. M.

O JESUS! King most wonderful,
 Thou Conqueror renowned ;
 Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
 In Whom all joys are found !

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine :
 Then earthly vanities depart,
 Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below !
 Thou Fount of life and fire !
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 All that we can desire,—

4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
 And ever Thee adore ;
 And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;
 Thee may we love alone ;
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine own.

*Bernard of Clairvaux. d. 1153.
 Tr. Edward Caswall. 1849.*

226

7s. 6 lines.

- L**ORD, and whither shall we go?
 Thou alone hast words of life!
 In our stormy griefs below,
 Who, but Thou, can heal the strife
 Sin and sorrow round us bring,
 In life's vale while wandering?
- 2 Blessed Christ! embodied Word!
 Thou alone art Life and Light:
 Saints who have Thy truth preferred
 Walk in peace, and worship right:
 Thou alone to sin canst say,
 "I am Love, the Living Way."
- 3 Sun of Grace, O ever shine,
 Round our paths, where'er they lead!
 Midnight feels a ray divine
 Breaking through the darkest need,
 If we hear, when most dismayed,
 "It is I, be not afraid!"
- 4 Pardon, peace, and purity,
 Gifts without, and grace within,
 Love and light which set us free
 From the curse and chain of sin—
 These, Emmanuel, Thou canst give,
 While upon Thy words we live.
- 5 Not a want Thou canst not fill;
 Not a fear Thou wilt not tame;
 If, indeed, repentance will
 Rest upon Thy glorious Name,
 High o'er every guilt and grave
 Shall Redemption's banner wave!
- 6 Saviour, by our Polar Star,
 Shaded by no sinful night;

Shed upon us from afar
 Living beams of holy light :
 When we reach our radiant home,
 We shall know the Way we come.

Robert Montgomery. 1843.

227

C. M.

LORD, should we leave Thy hallowed feet,
 To whom should we repair ?
 Where else such holy comforts meet,
 As spring eternal there ?

2 Earth has no fount of true delight,
 No pure perennial stream ;
 And sorrow's storm, and death's long night,
 Obscure life's brightest beam.

3 Unmingled joys 'tis Thine to give,
 And undecaying peace ;
 For Thou canst teach us so to live,
 That life shall never cease.

4 Thou only canst the cheering words
 Of endless life supply ;
 Anointed of the Lord of lords,
 The Son of God most high !

George Washington Doane. 1824. a.

228

C. M.

THOU art the Way : to Thee alone
 From sin and death we flee :
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth : Thy Word alone
 Sound wisdom can impart :
 Thou only canst inform the mind,
 And purify the heart.

- 3 Thou art the Life : the rending tomb
 Proclaims Thy conquering arm :
 And those who put their trust in Thee,
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life :
 Grant us that Way to know,
 That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.

George Washington Doane. 1824.

229

7s.

- H**OLY Jesus, Saviour blest,
 When by passion strong possest,
 Through this world of sin we stray,
 Thou to guide us art the Way.
- 2 Holy Lord, when error's night
 Dims and blinds our clouded sight,
 Through the mists of sin to shine,
 Thou dost rise, the Truth divine.
- 3 Holy Jesus, when our power
 Fails us in temptation's hour,
 All unequal to the strife,
 Thou to aid us art the Life.
- 4 Who would reach the heavenly home,
 Who would to the Father come,
 Who the Father's presence see,
 Jesus, he must come by Thee.
- 5 Channel of the Father's grace,
 Image of the Father's face,
 Saviour blest, incarnate Son,
 With the Father Thou art One.

Richard Mant. 1887. a.

230

Guter Hirte, willst Du nicht.

7.8.7.7.

WILT Thou not, my Shepherd true,
 Spare Thy sheep, in mercy spare me?
 Wilt Thou not, as shepherds do,
 In Thine arms rejoicing bear me,
 Bear me where all troubles cease,
 Home to folds of joy and peace?

- 2 See, on earth's wide desert way,
 How my truant steps mislead me;
 Bring me back, no more to stray,
 In Thine own green pastures feed me;
 Gather me within the fold,
 Where Thy lambs Thy light behold.
- 3 With Thy flock I long to be,
 With the flock to whom 'tis given
 Safe to feed, and, praising Thee,
 Roam the happy plains of heaven:
 Free from fear of sinful stain,
 They can never stray again.
- 4 Lord, I here am sore beset,
 Fears at every step confound me;
 Lo! my foes have spread their net,
 And with craft and might surround me;
 Such their snares on every side,
 Safe Thy sheep can ne'er abide.
- 5 Jesus, Lord! my Shepherd true,
 O from wolves Thy sheep deliver;
 Help, as shepherds wont to do,
 From their jaws preserve me ever.
 Bid Thy trembling wanderer come
 To his everlasting home.

*Johann Scheffler. 1657.**Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841-54.*

231

7a. D.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O receive my soul at last!

- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring:
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy Name;
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee:
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

232

7s. 6 lines.

- SON of God, to Thee I cry !
 By the holy mystery
 Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
 By Thy pure and holy birth,—
 Lord, Thy presence let me see,
 Manifest Thyself to me !
- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry !
 By Thy bitter agony,
 By Thy pangs to us unknown,
 By Thy spirit's parting groan,
 Lord, Thy presence let me see,
 Manifest Thyself to me !
- 3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry !
 By Thy glorious majesty,
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
 Meek to suffer, strong to save,
 Lord, Thy presence let me see,
 Manifest Thyself to me !
- 4 Lord of glory, God most high,
 Man exalted to the sky !
 With Thy love my bosom fill ;
 Prompt me to perform Thy will :
 Then Thy glory I shall see,
 Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

From Richard Mant. 1828.

233

The Image of the Earthly.

C. M.

- O MEAN may seem this house of clay,
 Yet 'twas the Lord's abode ;
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
 Yet here Emmanuel trod.
- 2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear ;
 This watch the Lord did keep ;
 These burdens sore the Lord did bear ;
 These tears the Lord did weep !

- 3 This world the Master overcame ;
 This death the Lord did die :
 O vanquished world ! O glorious shame !
 O hallowed agony !
- 4 O vale of tears, no longer sad,
 Wherein the Lord did dwell !
 O holy robe of flesh that clad
 Our own Emmanuel !
- 5 Our very frailty brings us near
 Unto the Lord of heaven ;
 To every grief, to every tear,
 Such glory strange is given.

Thomas H. Gill. 1850.

234

The Image of the Heavenly.

C. M.

- 'TIS not this fleshly robe alone
 Shall link us, Lord, to Thee ;
 Not always in the tear and groan
 Shall the dear kindred be.
- 2 Thou to our woe Who down didst come,|
 Who one with us wouldst be,
 Wilt lift us to Thy heavenly home,
 Wilt make us one with Thee.
- 3 Our earthly garments Thou hast worn,
 And we Thy robes shall wear ;
 Our mortal burdens Thou hast borne,
 And we Thy bliss may bear !
- 4 O mighty grace, our life to live,
 To make our earth divine ;
 O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
 And lift our life to Thine !
- 5 O strange the gifts, and marvellous,
 By Thee received and given :
 Thou tookest woe and death from us,
 And we receive Thy heaven !

Thomas H. Gill. 1850.

235

'Ιησοῦ γλυκύτατε.

7.6.8.8.7.7.

- J**ESUS, Name all names above,
 Jesus, best and dearest,
 Jesus, Fount of perfect love,
 Holiest, tenderest, nearest ;
 Jesus, Source of grace completest,
 Jesus purest, Jesus sweetest,
 Jesus, Well of power divine,
 Make me, keep me, seal me Thine !
- 2 Thou didst call the prodigal ;
 Thou didst pardon Mary :
 Thou Whose words can never fall,
 Love can never vary ;
 Thou Whose wounds are ever pleading,
 And Thy Passion interceding,
 From my misery let me rise
 To a home in Paradise !
- 3 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
 Scourged for my transgression !
 Witnessing, through agony,
 That Thy good confession ;
 Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
 For my evils making payment ;
 Let not all Thy woe and pain,
 Let not Calvary, be in vain !
- 4 When I reach Death's bitter sea,
 And its waves roll higher,
 Help the more forsaking me,
 As the storm draws nigher :
 Jesus, leave me not to languish,
 Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish !
 Tell me,—“ Verily, I say,
 Thou shalt be with Me to-day !”

*Theoctistus of the Studium. ab. 890.
 Tr. John Mason Neale. 1862.*

CHRIST GLORIFIED.

236

Supreme Rector Coelitum.

7a.

RULER of the hosts of light,
 Death hath yielded to Thy might ;
 And Thy Blood hath marked a road
 Which will lead us back to God.

- 2 From Thy dwelling-place above,
 From Thy Father's throne of love,
 With Thy look of mercy bless
 Those without Thee comfortless.
- 3 Bitter were Thy throes on earth,
 Giving to the Church her birth,
 From the spear-wound opening wide
 In Thine own life-giving side.
- 4 Now in glory Thou dost reign,
 Won by all Thy toil and pain ;
 Thence the promised Spirit send,
 While our prayers to Thee ascend.
- 5 Jesus, praise to Thee be given,
 With the Father, high in heaven :
 Holy Spirit, praise to Thee
 Now and through eternity.

*Chuniac Breviary. 1686.**Tr. John Chandler. 1837. α.*

237

S. M.

LEAVE us not comfortless,
 O Thou our risen Lord !
 But send Thy Spirit down to bless
 And guide us with Thy Word

- 2 By Him Thy gifts impart,
 Light, peace, and joy, and love ;
 Seal of adoption in our heart,
 Earnest of heaven above.

Josiah Conder. 1886.

238

7s. 6 lines.

FATHER, glorify Thy Son;
 Answer His prevailing prayer;
 Send that Intercessor down,
 Send that other Comforter,
 Whom believingly we claim,
 Whom we ask in Jesus' name.

- 2 Wilt Thou not the promise seal,
 True and gracious as Thou art,
 Send the Comforter to dwell
 Every moment in our heart?
 Yes, Thou must the grace bestow:
 Jesus said, it shall be so. *Charles Wesley. 1746.*

239

L. M. 6 lines.

FATHER—for Thou my Father art—
 Send forth the Spirit of Thy Son;
 Breathe Him into my longing heart,
 And make me know as I am known:
 Make me Thy conscious child, that I
 May "Father, Abba Father," cry!

- 2 O that the Comforter would come!
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me His constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast;
 And make my soul His loved abode,
 The temple of the living God!
Charles Wesley. 1740. a.

WHITSUNTIDE.

240

8.6.8.6.8.8.

LET songs of praises fill the sky:
 Christ our ascended Lord,
 Sends down His Spirit from on high,
 According to His word:
 All hail the day of Pentecost,
 The coming of the Holy Ghost!

- 2 The Spirit by His heavenly breath
Creates new life within ;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin :
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost !
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men :
The fallen soul His temple makes ;
God's image stamps again :
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost !
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With Thy celestial fire ;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire !
Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost !

Thomas Cotterill. 1819.

241

S. M.

- L**ORD God, the Holy Ghost !
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above ;

And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away ;
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day !

6 Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide ;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified !

James Montgomery. 1819.

242

8.7. D.

DAY divine, when in the temple
To the first disciples came
Glory new and treasure ample,
Mighty gifts and tongues of flame !
Day to happy souls commended,
When the Holy Ghost was given,
When the Comforter descended,
Bringing down the joy of heaven !

2 Lord, to-day Thy people learneth
No new wonder, no strange tale ;
Lord, to-day Thy people yearneth
Here the Holy Ghost to hail !
O'er again to write the story
Our weak trembling souls aspire ;
Unto us may come the glory,
Full on us may fall the fire !

3 Hath the Holy Ghost been holden
By those ancient saints alone ?
Only may the ages olden
Call the Comforter their own ?

Ah, their portion we inherit,
 Ours the sorrow, ours the sin :
 We beseech the Holy Spirit ;
 We the Comforter would win.

Thomas H. Gill. 1850. a.

243

7s.

THOU, Who camest from above,
 Bringing light and shedding love,
 Teaching Thine all-perfect way,
 Giving gifts to men to-day :

- 2 Thou Who changest our lost state,
 Making us regenerate,
 Help us evermore to be
 Faithful subjects unto Thee.
- 3 Where Thou art not, none can do
 What is holy, just, and true ;
 Those whose hearts Thy wisdom leads,
 Think good thoughts and do good deeds.
- 4 We have often grieved Thee sore ;
 Never let us grieve Thee more.
 Thou the feeble canst protect,
 Thou the wandering canst direct.
- 5 We are dark—be Thou our Light ;
 We are blind—be Thou our Sight.
 Be our Comfort in distress,
 Guide us through the wilderness.

John Mason Neale. 1844.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

244

Veni Creator Spiritus.

L. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire ;
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

- 2 Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint our heart and cheer our face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes; give peace at home:
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One:
That through the ages all along,
Thy praise may be our endless song!

*Early Christian Hymn.
Tr. John Cosin. 1627. a.*

245

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

7s. 6 lines.

- H**OLY Spirit, Lord of Light,
From Thy clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give;
Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come with treasures which endure!
Come, Thou Light of all that live!
- 2 Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow:
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
Pleasant coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.
- 3 Light immortal! Light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turned to ill.

- 4 Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
 On our dryness pour Thy dew;
 Wash the stains of guilt away;
 Bend the stubborn heart and will;
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
 Guide the steps that go astray.
- 5 Thou, on those who evermore
 Thee confess and Thee adore,
 In Thy sevenfold gifts, descend;
 Give them comfort when they die,
 Give them life with Thee on high,
 Give them joys which never end.

*Sequence of 13th. cent.
 Tr. Edward Caswall. 1848.*

246

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- COME, Holy Ghost, in love
 Shed on us from above
 Thine own bright ray!
 Divinely good Thou art;
 Thy sacred gifts impart
 To gladden each sad heart:
 O come to-day!
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
 Our most delightful Guest,
 With soothing power:
 Rest, which the weary know,
 Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
 Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow—
 Cheer us, this hour!
- 3 Come, Light serene, and still,
 Our inmost bosoms fill;
 Dwell in each breast:
 We know no dawn but Thine;
 Send forth Thy beams divine,
 On our dark souls to shine,
 And make us blest!

4 Exalt our low desires ;
 Extinguish passion's fires ;
 Heal every wound :
 Our stubborn spirits bend ;
 Our icy coldness end ;
 Our devious steps attend,
 While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless ;
 Let all, who Christ confess,
 His praise employ :
 Give virtue's rich reward ;
 Victorious death accord,
 And with our glorious Lord,
 Eternal joy !

*Sequence of 13th.cent.
 Tr. Ray Palmer. 1858.*

247 *Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus.* L. M.

BLEST Spirit, one with God above,
 Thou Source of life and holy love,
 O cheer us with Thy sacred beams,
 Refresh us with Thy plenteous streams.

2 O may our lips confess Thy name,
 Our holy lives Thy praise proclaim ;
 With love divine our hearts inspire,
 And fill us with Thy holy fire.

3 O holy Father, holy Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Thy grace devoutly we implore,
 Thy Name be praised for evermore.

Tr. John Chandler. 1837.

248 *Komm, Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott !* L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, God and Lord !
 Be all Thy graces now outpoured
 On each believer's mind and soul,
 To strengthen, save, and make us whole.

- 2 Lord, by the brightness of Thy light,
Thou in the faith dost men unite
Of every land and every tongue :
This to Thy praise, O Lord be sung.
- 3 Thou strong Defence, Thou holy Light,
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call Him Father from the heart :
The Word of life and truth impart :
- 4 That we may love not doctrines strange,
Nor e'er to other teachers range,
But Jesus for our Master own,
And put our trust in Him alone.
- 5 Thou sacred Ardor, Comfort sweet,
Help us to wait with ready feet
And willing heart at Thy command,
Nor trial fright us from Thy band.
- 6 Lord, make us ready with Thy powers ;
Strengthen the flesh in weaker hours,
That as good warriors we may force
Through life and death to Thee our course !

Martin Luther. 1524.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855. a.

249 *O Heil'ger Geist, keh'r' bei uns ein.* P. M.

O HOLY Spirit, enter in,
Among these hearts Thy work begin,
Thy temple deign to make us ;
Sun of the soul, Thou Light Divine,
Around and in us brightly shine,
To strength and gladness wake us.
Where Thou shinest, Life from heaven
There is given. We before Thee
For that precious gift implore Thee.

- 2 Left to ourselves, we shall but stray ;
O lead us on the narrow way,

With wisest counsel guide us,
 And give us steadfastness, that we
 May henceforth truly follow Thee,
 Whatever woes betide us:
 Heal Thou gently, Hearts now broken,
 Give some token Thou art near us,
 Whom we trust to light and cheer us.

- 3 O mighty Rock! O Source of Life,
 Let Thy dear Word, 'mid doubt and strife,
 Be so within us burning,
 That we be faithful unto death,
 In Thy pure love and holy faith,
 From Thee true wisdom learning!
 Lord, Thy graces, On us shower,
 By Thy power Christ confessing,
 Let us win His grace and blessing.
- 4 O gentle Dew, from heaven now fall
 With power upon the hearts of all,
 Thy tenderness instilling;
 That heart to heart more closely bound,
 Fruitful in kindly deeds be found,
 The law of love fulfilling:
 No wrath, no strife, Here shall grieve Thee,
 We receive Thee, Where Thou livest
 Peace and love and joy Thou givest.
- 5 Grant that our days, while life shall last,
 In purest holiness be passed;
 Our minds so rule and strengthen
 That they may rise o'er things of earth,
 The hopes and joys that here have birth;
 And if our course Thou lengthen,
 Keep Thou pure, Lord, From offences,
 Heart and senses; Blessed Spirit,
 Bid us thus true life inherit.

*Michael Schirmer. 1640.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.*

250

Zeuch ein zu Deinen Thoren.

7.6. D.

O ENTER, Lord, Thy temple,
 Be Thou my spirit's Guest,
 Who at my birth didst give me
 A second birth more blest.
 Though here to dwell Thou deignest,
 Thou in the Godhead, Lord,
 For ever equal reignest,
 Art equally adored.

- 2 O enter, let me know Thee,
 And feel Thy power within,
 The power that breaks our fetters,
 And rescues us from sin.
 That I may serve Thee truly,
 O wash and cleanse Thou me,
 To render honor duly
 With perfect heart to Thee.
- 3 'Tis Thou, O Spirit, teachest
 The soul to pray aright;
 Thy songs have sweetest music,
 Thy prayers have wondrous might;
 They pierce the highest heaven,
 Unheard they cannot fall,
 Till He His help hath given
 Who surely helpeth all.
- 4 The whole wide world, O Spirit,
 Upon Thy hands doth rest;
 Our wayward hearts Thou turnest
 As it may seem Thee best.
 As Thou hast done so often,
 Once more Thy power make known,
 Convert the wicked, soften
 To tears the heart of stone.

- 5 Order our path in all things
 According to Thy mind,
 And when this life is over,
 And all must be resigned,
 With calm and fearless spirit
 O grant us then to die,
 And after death inherit
 Eternal life on high.

Paul Gerhardt. 1653.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.

251

O Du allersüßste Freude.

8.7. D.

- H**OLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
 Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,
 Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light!
 Come, Thou best of all donations
 God can give, or we implore!
 Having Thy sweet consolations,
 We need wish for nothing more.
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,
 As a gracious shower descend,
 Bringing down the richest treasure
 Man can wish, or God can send.
 Author of the new creation!
 Come with unction and with power;
 Make our hearts Thy habitation;
 On our souls Thy graces shower.
- 3 Manifest Thy Love for ever;
 Fence us in on every side;
 In distress be our reliever;
 Guard and teach, support and guide.
 Hear, O hear our supplication,
 Loving Spirit, God of peace!
 Rest upon this congregation,
 With the fullness of Thy grace.

*Paul Gerhardt. 1653. John C. Jacob. Tr. 1728.
 Revised by Toplady. 1776 a.*

252 *Komm, O Komm, du Geist des Lebens. 8.7.7.7.*

COME, O come, Thou quickening Spirit,
Thou for ever art divine :
Let Thy power never fail me,
Always fill this heart of mine ;
Thus shall grace, and truth, and light
Dissipate the gloom of night.

- 2 Grant my mind and my affections
Wisdom, counsel, purity ;
That I may be ever seeking
Naught but that which pleases Thee.
Let Thy knowledge spread and grow,
Working error's overthrow.
- 3 Lead me to green pastures, lead me
By the true and living way.
Shield me from each strong temptation
That might draw my heart astray ;
And if e'er my feet should turn,
For each error let me mourn.
- 4 Holy Spirit, strong and mighty,
Thou Who makest all things new,
Make Thy work within me perfect.
Help me by Thy Word so true,
Arm me with that Sword of Thine,
And the victory shall be mine.
- 5 In the faith O make me steadfast ;
Let not Satan, death, or shame
Of my confidence deprive me ;
Lord, my refuge is Thy Name.
When the flesh inclines to ill,
Let Thy Word prove stronger still.
- 6 And when my last hour approaches,
Let my hopes grow yet more bright,

(Since I am an heir of heaven,)
 In Thy glorious courts of light,
 Fairer far than voice can tell,
 There, redeemed by Christ, to dwell.

Heinrich Held. d. 1659.

Tr. Charles William Schaeffer. 1886. a.

253

C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys;
 Our souls, how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys!

3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor, dying rate?
 Our love so cold, so faint to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great?

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening powers.
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts. 1709. a

254

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
 Let Thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith;
 Our doubts and fears remove;
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

- 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' Blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret Love of God.
- 4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.
- 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts :
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Joseph Hart. 1759. a

255

L. M.

- COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above.
Be Thou my Guardian, Thou my Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to me display,
That I may know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from Thee may ne'er depart.
 - 3 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.
 - 4 Lead me to holiness, the road
That I must take to dwell with God ;
Lead to Thy Word, that rules must give,
And sure directions how to live.
 - 5 Lead me to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray.
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Simon Browne. 1720. a

256

7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine !
Let Thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious Blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart ;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way :
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

John Stocker. 1777 a.

257

7s.

HOLY GHOST, with light divine
Shine upon this heart of mine !
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Let me see my Saviour's face,
Let me all His beauties trace ;
Show those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known to Thee.

3 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine :
In Thy mercy pity me,
From sin's bondage set me free.

- 4 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Yield a sacred, settled peace,
Let it grow and still increase.
- 5 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.
- 6 See, to Thee I yield my heart;
Shed Thy life through every part.
A pure temple I would be,
Wholly dedicate to Thee.

Andrew Reed. 1817. a.

258

7a.

- H**OLY GHOST, my soul inspire!
Spirit of the Almighty Sire,
Spirit of the Son divine,
Comforter, Thy gifts be mine!
- 2 Holy Spirit, in my breast
Grant that lively FAITH may rest,
And subdue each rebel thought
To believe what Thou hast taught.
- 3 When around my sinking soul
Gathering waves of sorrow roll,
Spirit blest, the tempest still,
And with HOPE my bosom fill.
- 4 Holy Spirit, from my mind
Thought, and wish, and will unkind,
Deed and word unkind, remove,
And my bosom fill with LOVE.
- 5 Faith, and hope, and charity,
Comforter, descend from Thee:
Thou the anointing Spirit art;
These Thy gifts to us impart!

- 6 Till our faith be lost in sight,
 Hope be swallowed in delight,
 Love return to dwell with Thee
 In the threefold Deity.

Richard Mant. 1837. a.

TRINITY.

259

C. M.

- H**AIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Whom One in Three we know;
 By all Thy heavenly hosts adored,
 By all Thy Church below.
- 2 One undivided Trinity
 With triumph we proclaim;
 Thy universe is full of Thee,
 And speaks Thy glorious Name.
- 3 Thee, holy Father, we confess:
 Thee, holy Son, adore;
 And Thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
 And worship evermore.
- 4 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Our heavenly song shall be;
 Supreme, essential One, adored
 In co-eternal Three!

Charles Wesley. 1767. a.

260

C. M.

- W**ITH joy our voices we unite,
 And lift our hearts above,
 To God, the God of power and might,
 To God, Whose name is Love.
- 2 To Him, Who us, and earth, and skies,
 With all their armies made,
 From us, from all, let anthems rise,
 To God the Father paid.

- 3 To Him, Whose Death for all mankind,
 For us, redemption won,
 By us, by all, be songs combined,
 In praise to God the Son.
- 4 To Him, Who us and all His fold
 With sanctity arrays,
 To God, from all His saints enrolled,
 The Holy Ghost, be praise.
- 5 To God, Whose Name His Word reveals,
 Whom all His saints confess,
 Whose grace His faithful promise seals,
 To save, to cleanse, to bless :
- 6 To God, from Whom all blessings flow,
 Eternal One in Three,
 From all His saints, above, below,
 Eternal glory be !

Richard Mant. 1837. a.

261

S. M.

- F**ATHER, in Whom we live,
 In Whom we are and move,
 The glory, power, and praise receive
 Of Thy creating Love.
- 2 Incarnate Deity,
 Let all the ransomed race
 Render in thanks their lives to Thee,
 For Thy redeeming grace.
- 3 Spirit of holiness,
 Let all Thy saints adore
 Thy sacred energy, and bless
 Thy heart-renewing power.

- 4 Eternal triune Lord,
 Let all the hosts above,
 Let all the sons of men, record,
 And dwell upon Thy Love.

Charles Wesley. 1747.

262

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

- COME, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us Thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;
 From all our foes defend,
 Nor let us fall;
 Let Thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made;
 Our souls on Thee be stayed;
 Lord, hear our call!
- 3 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend;
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy Word success;
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.
- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou Who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!

- 5 To the great One in Three
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence, evermore!
 His sovereign Majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

Anon. Whitfield's Coll. 1757. a.

263

L. M.

FAATHER of heaven! Whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
 To us Thy pardoning love extend.

- 2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
 To us Thy saving grace extend.

- 3 Eternal Spirit! By Whose breath
 The soul is raised from sin and death,
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
 To us Thy quickening power extend.

- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
 Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

Edward Cooper. 1805.

THE CHURCH.

264

PSALM 118.

C. M.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation Stone
 Which God in Zion lays,
 To build our heavenly hopes upon,
 And His eternal praise.

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the Name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this Building rise:
'Tis Thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

265

H. M.

- WITH songs of sacred joy
Extol His glorious Name,
Who reared the spacious earth,
And raised our ruined frame.
He built the Church Who spread the sky;
Sing and exalt His honors high.
- 2 See the foundation laid
By Power and Love divine;
Jesus, His first-born Son,
How bright His glories shine!
Low He descends, in dust He lies,
That from His tomb a Church might rise.
- 3 But He for ever lives,
Nor for Himself alone;
Each saint new life derives
From Him, the living Stone.
His influence spreads through every soul,
And in one House unites the whole.

- 4 To Him with joy we move;
 In Him cemented stand;
 The living temple grows,
 And owns the Founder's hand.
 That Structure, Lord, still higher raise,
 Louder to sound the Builder's praise.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

266

8.7. D.

- G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, City of our God;
 He, Whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

- 3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I, through grace, a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in Thy Name.
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

John Newton. 1778.

267

H. M.

O ZION, tune thy voice,
 And raise thy hands on high.
 Tell all the earth thy joys,
 And boast salvation nigh.
 Cheerful in God | While rays divine
 Arise and shine, | Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
 With beams that cannot fade;
 His all-resplendent grace
 He pours around thy head.
 The nations round | With lustre new,
 Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.

3 In honor to His Name,
 Reflect that sacred light,
 And loud that grace proclaim
 Which makes thy darkness bright.
 Pursue His praise, | In worlds above
 Till sovereign Love | Thy glory raise.

4 There, on His holy hill,
 A brighter Sun shall rise,
 And with His radiance fill
 Those fairer, purer skies;
 While round His throne, | In nobler spheres
 Ten thousand stars | His influence own.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

268

Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein.

C. P. M.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
 Who madly seeks your overthrow;
 Dread not his rage and power:
 What though your courage sometimes faints,
 His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
 Lasts but a little hour.

- 2 Be of good cheer ; your cause belongs
 To Him Who can avenge your wrongs ;
 Leave it to Him, our Lord.
 Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
 Salvation shall for you arise :
 He girdeth on His sword !
- 3 As true as God's own Word is true,
 Not earth nor hell with all their crew
 Against us shall prevail.
 A jest and byword are they grown :
 God is with us ; we are His own ;
 Our victory cannot fail.
- 4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer !
 Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare ;
 Fight for us once again !
 So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
 A mighty chorus to Thy praise.
 World without end. Amen.

*Jacob Fabricius and Gustavus Adolphus. 1631.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.*

269

PSALM 48.

S. M.

- G**REAT is the Lord our God,
 And let His praise be great ;
 He makes His churches His abode,
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of His grace,
 How beautiful they stand !
 The honors of our native place,
 The bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known
 A refuge in distress ;
 How bright has His salvation shone
 Through all her palaces !

- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold,
 Where His own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress
 We'll to His house repair,
 We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

8.7.4.7.

270

- Z**ION stands with hills surrounded ;
 Zion kept by power divine ;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine.
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
 Heaven and earth at last remove :
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee ;
 Thou art precious in His sight :
 God is with thee,
 God, thine everlasting Light.

*Thomas Kelly. 1806.***271**

8.7.7.7.

- S**EE the vineyard Thou hast planted,
 God of mercy, Lord of hosts !
 Let Thy people's prayer be granted,
 Keep it safe from hostile boasts.
 Hear Thy people when they pray,
 Keep Thy vineyard night and day !

2 Drooping plants revive and nourish ;
 Let them thrive beneath Thy hand ;
 Let the weak grow strong and flourish,
 Blooming fair at Thy command :
 Let the fruitful yield Thee more,
 Laden with a richer store.

3 Further, Lord, be Thou entreated ;
 Plant the barren waste around.
 Let Thy work be thus completed,
 And no fruitless spot be found.
 Let the earth a vineyard be,
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee !

Thomas Kelly. 1806. a.

272 *Willkommen unter Deiner Schaar.* 8.7. D.

WE hail Thee, Lord, Thy Church's Rock,
 With joyful acclamation !
 Thou Guardian Shepherd of Thy flock,
 Come, feed Thy congregation.
 We own the doctrine of Thy Cross
 To be our sole foundation :
 Accept from every one of us
 The deepest adoration.

2 O Thou, Who always dost abide
 Thy Church's Head and Saviour,
 Be still Thy servants' constant Guide,
 Direct our whole behavior.
 Thy statutes to Thy Church declare,
 Still watch o'er its salvation :
 Each member make Thy special care,
 And aid him in his station.

3 Jesus, the Church's Head and Lord,
 Who as a shepherd leadest,
 And with Thy precious Blood and Word
 Thy people richly feedest :

For mercies in such countless throng
 We bow our hearts before Thee,
 And hope we shall in heaven ere long
 More worthily adore Thee.

*Nikolaus Ludwig, Count Zinzendorf. 1741.
 Moravian, Tr. 1789.*

273

Festival of the Reformation.

C. M. D.

- L**ORD, not to us, we claim it not,
 To Thee be all the praise,
 That no profane and sinful spot
 Our mother Church o'erlays :
 That, as in her primeval days,
 From intermediate stain
 Cleansed by Thy Word, to Thee she pays
 Unsullied rites again.
- 2 To no material form confined,
 A spirit pure alone,
 We serve Thee not in likeness shrined
 Of bread, or wood, or stone :
 Nor saint nor angel at Thy throne
 We crave to intercede,
 With Thee for our misdeeds atone,
 With Thee for mercy plead.
- 3 But far remote we seek Thy face,
 Hid in Thy heavenly seat :
 And, sole Transmitter of Thy grace,
 The Saviour's Name entreat :
 And thus to Thee with honor meet
 We hymn the grateful lay,
 Whose Word recalled our erring feet,
 And warned us how to pray.
- 4 To Thee, adored in ages past,
 Eternal One and Three,
 To Thee, Whose worship aye shall last,
 In trinal Unity :

To Thee, O Father ; Son, to Thee ;
 And Thee, O Spirit blest,
 By saints on earth all glory be
 With saints in heaven addressed !

Richard Mant. 1837.

274 *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.* 8.7.5.6.7.

A MIGHTY Fortress is our God,
 A trusty Shield and Weapon ;
 He helps us free from every need
 That hath us now o'ertaken.
 The old bitter foe
 Means us deadly woe :
 Deep guile and great might
 Are his dread arms in fight,
 On earth is not his equal.

2 With might of ours can naught be done,
 Soon were our loss effected ;
 But for us fights the Valiant One
 Whom God Himself elected.
 Ask ye, Who is this ?
 Jesus Christ it is,
 Of Sabaoth Lord,
 And there's none other God,
 He holds the field for ever.

3 Though devils all the world should fill,
 All watching to devour us,
 We tremble not, we fear no ill,
 They cannot overpower us.
 This world's prince may still
 Scowl fierce as he will,
 He can harm us none,
 He's judged, the deed is done,
 One little word o'erthrows him.

- 4 The Word they still shall let remain,
 And not a thank have for it,
 He's by our side upon the plain,
 With His good gifts and Spirit,
 Take they then our life,
 Goods, fame, child, and wife;
 When their worst is done,
 They yet have nothing won,
 The Kingdom ours remaineth.

*Martin Luther. 1529.
 Tr. Compositte. 1868.*

275

PSALM 137.

S. M.

- I** LOVE Thy Zion, Lord,
 The house of Thine abode;
 The Church our blest Redeemer saved
 With His own precious Blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God!
 Her walls before Thee stand,
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend:
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand from every snare and foe
 Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight. 1800.

276

Iambic. 8.7.

- L**ORD, in Thy kingdom there shall be
 No aliens from each other,
 But even as he loves himself
 Each saint shall love his brother.
- 2 When in Thy courts below we meet
 To mourn our sinful living,
 And with united hearts repeat
 Confession, Creed, thanksgiving ;
- 3 Make us to hear in each sweet word
 Thy Holy Spirit calling
 To oneness with Thy Church and Thee,
 That heavenly bond forestalling.
- 4 One Baptism and one Faith have we,
 One Spirit sent to win us,
 One Lord, one Father, and one God,
 Above, and through, and in us.
- 5 Never, by schism, or by sin,
 May we that union sever,
 Till all, to perfect stature grown,
 Are one with Thee for ever.

Joseph Anstee. 1836.

277

H. M.

- O**NE sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above,
 Zion, one Faith is thine,
 One only watchword, Love.
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.
- 2 Our Sacrifice is one ;
 One Priest before the throne,
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone.
 Thou Who didst raise Him from the dead,
 Unite Thy people in their Head !

- 3 O may that holy prayer,
 His tenderest and His last,
 His constant, latest care,
 Ere to His throne He passed,
 No longer unfulfilled remain,
 The world's offence, His people's stain!
- 4 Head of Thy Church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew!
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one.

George Robinson. 1842. a.

278 *Herz und Herz vereint zusammen.* 7s.

- JESUS, truest Friend, unite
 All Thy consecrated band,
 That their hearts be set aright
 To fulfil Thy last command.
- 2 Thou Who dost command that all
 Practise love who bear Thy name,
 Wake the dead, new followers call,
 Touch the slothful with Thy flame.
- 3 Let us live, O Lord, at one,
 As Thou with the Father art;
 That through all the world be none
 Of Thy members left apart.
- 4 Let us find what Thou hast sought;
 In the Son be all men freed,
 And the world at last be taught
 That Thy rule is blest indeed.
- 5 Father of all souls, we praise
 Thee, Who shinest in the Son;
 Lord, to Thee our hymns we raise,
 Who hast all men to Thee drawn!

*Nikolaus Ludwig, Count Zinzendorf. 1725.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855. a.*

279

C. P. M.

MAY we Thy precepts, Lord, fulfill,
 And do on earth our Father's will,
 As angels do above :
 Still walk in Christ, the living Way,
 With all Thy children, and obey
 The law of Christian love.

- 2 So may we join Thy Name to bless,
 Thy grace adore, Thy power confess,
 From sin and strife to flee :
 One is our calling, one our name,
 The end of all our hopes the same,
 A crown of life with Thee.
- 3 Spirit of life, of love and peace,
 Unite our hearts, our joy increase,
 Thy gracious help supply :
 To each of us the blessing give,
 In Christian fellowship to live,
 In joyful hope to die.

Edward Osler. 1836. a.

280

C. M.

FATHER of all, from Whom we trace
 Our universal kind,
 Teach us to all of human race
 To show a brother's mind.

- 2 Saviour of men, 'twas Thine the pain
 Of death for all to bear ;
 In concord all Thy followers train,
 Meet for the name they share.
- 3 Spirit of grace, God's chosen fold.
 Who lavest with heavenly dew,
 O grant that all, the Truth who hold,
 May peace with all pursue.
- 4 O may mankind in love agree,
 Sons of one parent stock ;

But chief may Christian verity
Connect the Christian flock !

5 May Truth to all who hear its sound
A bond of union prove ;
And fellowship of faith be crowned
With fellowship of love !

6 Paternal Godhead, praise to Thee,
Thy Spirit, and Thy Son !
And keep Thy Church in unity,
As Thou with them art one !

Richard Mant. 1837.

281

C. M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone :
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The Church triumphant in Thy Love,
Their mighty joys we know :
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne ;
We in the kingdom of Thy grace :
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The Holy to the Holiest leads ;
From hence our spirits rise ;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Charles Wesley. 1745. a.

282

C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host has crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.
- 5 His militant, embodied host,
With wistful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.
- 6 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.
- 7 Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide,
And when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us all in heaven.

Charles Wesley. 1759. a.

283

C. P. M.

O GOD, in Whom the happy dead
Still live united to their Head,
Their Lord and ours the same:
For all Thy saints, to memory dear,
Departed in Thy faith and fear,
We bless Thy holy Name.

- 2 By the same grace upheld, may we
 So follow those who followed Thee,
 As with them to partake
 The free reward of heavenly bliss.
 Merciful Father ! grant us this,
 For our Redeemer's sake.

Josiah Conder. 1836

284

S. M.

- F**OR all Thy saints, O Lord,
 Who strove in Thee to live,
 Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
 Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
 Accept our thankful cry,
 Who counted Thee their great reward,
 And strove in Thee to die.
- 3 They all, in life or death,
 With Thee, their Lord, in view,
 Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
 To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this, Thy Name we bless,
 And humbly pray that we
 May follow them in holiness,
 And live and die in Thee.

Richard Mant. 1837.

285

S. M.

- H**OW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill !
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
 How sweet the tidings are !
 "Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
 He reigns and triumphs here."

- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts. 1707. a.

286

C. P. M.

- L**ORD of the Church, we humbly pray
For those who guide us in Thy way,
And speak Thy holy Word :
With love divine their hearts inspire,
And touch their lips with hallowed fire,
And needful grace afford.
- 2 Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's Blood :
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower ;
To them a messenger of power,
To us, of life and peace.
- 3 So may they live to Thee alone :
Then hear the welcome word, " Well done ! "
And take their crown above :

Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love.

Edward Osler. 1836.

287

L. M.

JESUS, Thy wandering sheep behold!
See, Lord, with tender pity see,
Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gathered in by Thee.

2 Lost are they now, and scattered wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want:
With no kind Shepherd near to guide
The sick and spiritless and faint.

3 Thou, only Thou, the kind and good,
The great redeeming Shepherd art;
Collect 'Thy flock and give them food,
And pastors after Thine own heart.

4 A double portion from above
Of Thine all-quickenings grace impart;
Shed forth Thy universal love
In every faithful pastor's heart.

Charles Wesley. 1742. a.

288

S. M.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

- 4 O let them spread Thy Name,
 Their mission fully prove ;
 Thy universal grace proclaim,
 Thy all-redeeming Love.

Charles Wesley. 1742. a.

289

L. M. 6 lines.

LORD of the Gospel harvest, send
 More laborers forth into Thy field :
 More pastors teach Thy flock to tend :
 More workmen raise Thy house to build :
 His work and place to each assign,
 And clothe their word with power divine.

Charles Wesley. 1758.

290

Wach auf, Du Geist.

L. M. 6 lines.

- A**WAKE, Thou Spirit, Who didst fire
 The watchmen of the Church's youth,
 Who faced the foe's envenomed ire,
 Who witnessed day and night Thy truth,
 Whose voices loud are ringing still,
 And bringing hosts to know Thy will.
- 2 Lord, let our earnest prayer be heard,
 The prayer Thy Son hath bid us pray,
 For lo, Thy children's hearts are stirred
 In every land in this our day,
 To cry with fervent soul to Thee,
 O help us, Lord ! so let it be !
- 3 O haste to help, ere we are lost !
 Send preachers forth, in spirit strong,
 Armed with Thy Word, a dauntless host,
 Bold to attack the rule of wrong ;
 Let them the earth for Thee reclaim,
 Thy heritage, to know Thy Name.
- 4 Would there were help within our walls !
 O let Thy Spirit come again,

- Before Whom every barrier falls,
 And now once more shine forth as then !
 O rend the heavens and make us free !
 Come, Lord, and bring us back to Thee !
- 5 And let Thy Word have speedy course,
 Through every land be glorified,
 Till all the heathen know its force,
 And fill Thy churches far and wide ;
 Wake Israel from her sleep, O Lord,
 And spread the conquests of Thy Word !
- 6 The Church's desert paths restore ;
 Let stumbling-blocks that in them lie
 Hinder Thy Word henceforth no more :
 Error destroy, and heresy,
 And let Thy Church, from hirelings free,
 Bloom as a garden 'fair to Thee !

*Karl Heinrich von Bogatzky. 1750.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.*

291

Laying of a Corner-stone. 7.6.7.8.7.6.

- T**HOU, Who hast in Zion laid
 The true Foundation-Stone,
 And with those a covenant made
 Who build on that alone:
 Hear us, Architect divine !
 Great Builder of Thy Church below !
 Now upon Thy servants shine,
 Who seek Thy praise to show.
- 2 Earth is Thine ; her thousand hills
 Thy mighty hand sustains ;
 Heaven Thine awful presence fills ;
 O'er all Thy glory reigns :
 Yet the place of all prepared
 By regal David's favored son,
 Thy peculiar blessing shared,
 And stood Thy chosen throne.

- 3 We, like Jesse's son would raise
 A temple to the Lord ;
 Sound throughout its courts His praise,
 His saving Name record ;
 Dedicate a house to Him
 Who once, in mortal weakness shrined,
 Sorrowed, suffered, to redeem,
 To rescue all mankind.
- 4 Father, Son, and Spirit, send
 The consecrating flame ;
 Now in majesty descend,
 Inscribe the living Name :
 That great Name by which we live
 Now write on this accepted stone ;
 Us into Thy hands receive ;
 Our temple make Thy throne.

Agnes Bulmer. 1825.

Dedication.

- 292 *Angulare Fundamentum.* 8.7. 6 lines.
CHRIST, Thou art the sure Foundation,
 Thou the Head and Corner-stone ;
 Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
 Binding all the Church in one ;
 Thou Thy Zion's help for ever,
 And her Confidence alone.
- 2 To this temple, where we call Thee,
 Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day !
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness
 Hear Thy servants as they pray ;
 And Thy fullest benediction
 Shed within these walls alway.
- 3 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
 What they ask of Thee to gain,

What they gain from Thee for ever
 With the blessed to retain,
 And hereafter in Thy glory
 Evermore with Thee to reign.

Tr. John Mason Neale. 1851. a.

293

Urbs beata Hierusalem. 8.7. 6 lines.

- C**OME Thou now, and be among us,
 Lord and Maker, while we pray :
 Let Thy presence fill the temple
 Which we dedicate to-day ;
 And, Thyself its Consecrator,
 Dwell within its walls alway.
- 2 Grant that all Thy faithful people
 May Thy truer temple be ;
 Neither flesh, nor soul, nor spirit,
 Know another Lord than Thee ;
 But, to Thee once dedicated,
 Serve Thee everlastingly.
- 3 Bright be here the Monarch's altar,
 With the presents that we bring ;
 Held in holy veneration,
 Rich with many an offering ;
 Ever hallowed, ever quiet,
 Ever dear to God its King.
- 4 Here our souls, as Thy true altars,
 Deign to hallow and to bless,
 O Thou future Judge of all men,
 With Thy grace and holiness :
 That Thy gifts sent down from heaven,
 We may evermore possess.

Tr. John Mason Neale. 1856.

294

7s.

LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise
 Here a house of prayer and praise ;
 Thou Thy people's hearts prepare
 Here to meet for praise and prayer .

- 2 Let the living here be fed
 With Thy Word, the heavenly bread ;
 Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
 While the sun and moon endure.
- 3 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
 To the joyful sound reply ;
 Hallelujah !—hence ascend
 Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery. 1821.

MISSIONS.

295

PSALM 72.

L. M.

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown His head ;
 His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His Love with sweetest song ;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His Name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power
 Death and the curse are known no more ;
 In Him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King ;

Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts. 1719. a.

296

8.7.4.7.

- O**'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze :
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary ;
Let the Gospel
Wide resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light.
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night ;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
Thine eternal Love proclaim,
And the everlasting Gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy Name,
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase ;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

William Williams. 1772. a.

297

7.6. D.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand ;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown :
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation, O salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber. 1819.

298

PSALM 72.

7a.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the Gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His Name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall war and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise His glorious Name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous Love proclaim.

Harriet Auber. 1829.

299

ISAIAH 52: 15.

8.7. D.

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be!
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee!
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold!

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast:
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man, for sinners slain.

- 3 Saviour! lo, the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
 For Thy Spirit new-creating,
 Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth, by every creature,
 Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe. 1851.

300

L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God!
 In all Thy plentitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race!

- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling Word;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
 Confusion, order, in Thy path;
 Souls without strength inspire with might;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
 The triumphs of the Cross record;
 The Name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call Him Lord.
- 5 God from eternity hath willed
 All flesh shall His salvation see;
 So be the Father's Love fulfilled,
 The Saviour's sufferings crowned through Thee.

James Montgomery. 1825.

301

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

THOU, Whose almighty Word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight;

Hear us, we humbly pray ;
 And where the gospel day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light !

2 Thou, Who didst come to bring
 On Thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 O, now to all mankind,
 Let there be light !

3 Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight ;
 Move on the waters' face,
 Bearing the lamp of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light !

4 Holy and blessed Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Wisdom, Love, Might !
 Boundless as ocean's tide
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 Through the earth, far and wide,
 Let there be light !

John Marriot. 1813.

302

For the Jews.

7.6.

O THAT the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal His ancient nation,
 To lead His outcasts home !

2 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane ?
 Return, O Lord, in pity ;
 Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart;
 Roll back the veil of error,
 Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

303

For our Land.

7s.

COME, divine Emmanuel come,
 Take possession of Thy home;
 Now Thy mercy's wings expand,
 Stretch throughout the happy land.

2 Carry on Thy victory,
 Spread Thy rule from sea to sea;
 Rescue all Thy ransomed race,
 Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.

3 Take the purchase of Thy Blood,
 Bring us to a pardoning God:
 Give us eyes to see our day,
 Hearts the Gospel truth to obey:

4 Ears to hear the Gospel sound,—
 Grace doth more than sin abound;
 God appeased, and man forgiven,
 Peace on earth, and joy in heaven.

5 O that every soul might be
 Perfectly subdued to Thee!
 O that all in Thee might know
 Everlasting life below!

6 Now Thy mercy's wings expand,
 Stretch throughout the happy land:
 Take possession of Thy home;
 Come, divine Emmanuel, come!

Charles Wesley. 1749. a.

304

7a. D.

HARK! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fullness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore :
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banner furled,
 Sheathed His sword ; Hespeaks—'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway :
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away :
 Then the end ;—beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall ;
 Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery. 1819.

305

7.6. D.

AND is the time approaching,
 By prophets long foretold,
 When all shall dwell together,
 One Shepherd, and one fold ?
 Shall every idol perish,
 To moles and bats be thrown,
 And every prayer be offered
 To God in Christ alone ?

- 2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
 From many a distant shore,
 Around one altar kneeling,
 One common Lord adore?
 Shall all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
 Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day?
- 3 Shall all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union,
 In a blest land of love?
 Shall war be learned no longer,
 Shall strife and tumult cease,
 All earth His blessed Kingdom,
 The Lord and Prince of Peace?
- 4 O long-expected dawning,
 Come with thy cheering ray!
 When shall the morning brighten,
 The shadows flee away?
 O sweet anticipation!
 It cheers the watchers on,
 To pray, and hope, and labor,
 Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick. 1863.

306

REVELATION 15: 3, 4.

10.10.11.11.

HOW wondrous and great Thy works, God of praise!
 How just, King of saints, and true are Thy ways!
 O who shall not fear Thee, and honor Thy Name?
 Thou only art holy, Thou only supreme!

- 2 To nations long dark Thy light shall be shown:
 Their worship and vows shall come to Thy Throne.
 Thy truth and Thy judgments shall spread all abroad,
 Till earth's every people confess Thee their God.

Henry Ustic Onderdonk. 1826.

- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
 Be Thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
 And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele. 1760.

311

C. M.

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age,
 It gives, but borrows none.

THE WORD.

308

PSALM 19.

L. M. 6 lines.

- I** LOVE the volume of Thy Word :
 What light and joy those leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distress !
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way ;
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray ;
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 2 From the discoveries of Thy law
 The perfect rules of life I draw ;
 These are my study and delight :
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that hath the furnace passed
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
 And warn me where my danger lies ;
 But 'tis Thy blessed Gospel, Lord,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free, but large reward.

2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
 From many a distant shore,
 Around one altar kneeling,
 One common Lord adore?
 Shall all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
 Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union,
 To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.

3 This Lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett. 1782.

310

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
 What endless glory shines!
 For ever be Thy Name adored
 For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever-dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light!

- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
 Be Thou for ever near ;
 Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
 And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele. 1760.

311

C. M.

- A** GLORY gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic like the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age,
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The Hand that gave it still supplies
 His gracious light and heat,
 His truths upon the nations rise ;
 They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
 For such a bright display
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of Him I love,
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper. 1779.

312

PSALM 119.

C. M.

- H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin ?
 Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day ;
 And through the dangers of the night
 A lamp to lead our way.

- 3 The starry heavens Thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place ;
 And these Thy servants, night and day,
 Thy skill and power express.
- 4 But still Thy Law and Gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine :
 Not earth stands firmer than Thy Word,
 Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 5 Thy Word is everlasting truth :
 How pure is every page !
 That holy Book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

313

6s. Trochaic.

- L**ORD, Thy Word abideth,
 And our footsteps guideth ;
 Who its truth believeth
 Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,
 Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
 Word of consolation,
 Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
 And dark clouds before us,
 Then its light directeth,
 And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
 Who recount the treasure,
 By Thy Word imparted
 To the simple-hearted ?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
 Succor to the living ;

Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

- 6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

Str Henry Williams Baker. 1861.

314 *Dein Wort, O Herr, ist milder Thau. C. M. D.*

THY Word, O Lord, like gentle dews,
Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord, 'to Thy garden ne'er refuse
This heavenly balm of Thine.
Watered by Thee, let every tree
Forth blossom to Thy praise,
By grace of Thine bear fruit divine,
Through all the coming days.

- 2 Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns Thy Word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
Let it go forth o'er all the earth,
To cleanse our hearts within,
To show Thy power in Satan's hour,
And break the might of sin.

- 3 Thy Word, a wondrous guiding star,
On pilgrim hearts doth rise,
Leads those to God who dwell afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light e'er sink in night;
In every spirit shine,
That none may miss heaven's final bliss,
Led by Thy light divine.

*Karl Barnhard Garve. 1825.
From Catherine Winkworth. Tr. 1855.*

315

C. M. D.

A CCEPT, O Lord, Thy servant's thanks
For Thy enlivening Word,
By Thy most Holy Spirit taught,
By holy prophets heard.
That Word in Thy recording Book
From age to age descends :
Her teaching here Thy Church begins,
And here her teaching ends.

- 2 Whate'er of truth the soul can need
To clear her darkling sight,
Whate'er to check the wandering feet,
And guide their course aright ;
Whate'er of fear the bad to daunt,
Of hope the good to cheer :
All that may profit man, O Lord,
Thy bounty gives us here.
- 3 Joined with our household's little church,
And in our lonely hours,
And in the assembly of the saints,
That sacred Word be ours,
To read and hear, to mark and learn,
And inwardly digest ;
And He Who gave the Word, may He
On those who learn it, rest !
- 4 Thence on our hearts may lively faith,
Celestial comfort pour,
With patience, lightener of our ills,
And hope that looks before :
That we with Thy united Church,
May lift our souls above,
And with one mind and mouth proclaim
Thy glory, God of love !

Richard Mant. 1887.

316 *Erhalt uns, Herr, bei Deinem Wort.* L. M.

LORD, keep us steadfast in Thy Word :
Curb those who fain by craft or sword
Would wrest the kingdom from Thy Son,
And set at naught all He hath done.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, Thy power make known ;
For Thou art Lord of lords alone :
Defend Thy Christendom, that we
May evermore sing praise to Thee.

3 O Comforter, of priceless worth,
Send peace and unity on earth,
Support us in our final strife,
And lead us out of death to life.

*Martin Luther. 1541.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.*

317 *Walte, Walte, nah und fern.* 7s.

SPREAD, O spread, thou mighty Word,
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
Wheresoe'r His breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

2 Tell them how the Father's will
Made the world, and keeps it still ;
How He sent His Son to save
All who help and comfort crave.

3 Tell them of the Spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.

4 Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo, for Thee the nations long :
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.

- 5 Lord of harvest, let there be
 Joy and strength to work for Thee :
 Let the nations far and near,
 See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

*Jonathan Friedrich Bahnmater. 1823.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.*

BAPTISM.

318

Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier.

7.8.8.8.

- B**LESSED Jesus, here we stand,
 Met to do as Thou hast spoken ;
 And this child, at Thy command,
 Now we bring to Thee, in token
 That to Thee it here is given ;
 For of such shall be Thy heaven.
- 2 Yes, Thy warning voice is plain,
 And we fain would keep it duly ;
 “ He who is not born again,
 Heart and life renewing truly,
 Born of water and the Spirit,
 Will My kingdom ne’er inherit.”
- 3 Therefore hasten we to Thee ;
 Take the pledge we bring, O take it !
 Let us here Thy glory see,
 And in tender pity make it
 Now Thy child, and leave it never,
 Thine on earth and Thine for ever.
- 4 Make it, Lord, Thy member now ;
 Shepherd, take Thy lamb, and feed it ;
 Prince of peace, its peace be Thou ;
 Way of life, to heaven lead it ;
 Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
 Be it graft in Thee for ever.

- 5 Now upon Thy heart it lies,
 What our hearts so dearly treasure :
 Heavenward lead our burdened sighs,
 Pour Thy blessing without measure ;
 Write the name we now have given,
 Write it in the Book of heaven.

*Benjamin Schmolek. 1704.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.*

319

O Vaterherz.

8.6.8.8.

- F**ATHER, Who hast created all
 In wisest love we pray,
 Look on this babe, who at Thy call
 Is entering on life's way.
 Bend o'er it now with blessing fraught,
 And make Thou something out of naught.
- 2 O Son, Who diedst for us, behold,
 We bring our child to Thee !
 Great Shepherd, take it to Thy fold,
 Thine own for aye to be :
 Defend it through this earthly strife,
 And lead it on the path of life.
- 3 Spirit, Who broodest o'er the wave,
 Descend upon this child :
 Give endless life, its spirit lave
 With waters undefiled :
 Grant it, while yet a babe, to be
 A child of God, a home for Thee !
- 4 O God, what Thou command'st is done :
 We speak, but Thine the might :
 This child which scarce hath seen the sun,
 O pour on it Thy light,
 In faith and hope, in joy and love,
 Thou Sun of all below, above !

*Albert Knapp. 1850.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858. a.*

320

C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
 With all engaging charms ;
 Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in His arms !

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name :
 It was to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,
 And yield them up to Thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
 Thine let our offspring be !

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

321

7a.

PARDONED through redeeming grace,
 In Thy blessed Son revealed,
 Worshipping before Thy face,
 Lord, to Thee ourselves we yield.

2 Thou the sacrifice receive,
 Humbly offered through Thy Son ;
 Quicken us in Him to live ;
 Lord, in us Thy will be done.

3 By the hallowed outward sign,
 By the cleansing grace within,
 Seal and make us wholly Thine ;
 Wash, and keep us pure from sin.

4 Called to bear the Christian name,
 May our vows and life accord,
 And our every deed proclaim
 "Holiness unto the Lord !"

Edward Osler. 1836.

CONFIRMATION.

322

8.7. D.

BLESSED Saviour, Who hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone ;
All these years Thy hand hath brought me,
Since I first was made Thine own.
At the Font my vows were spoken
By my parents in the Lord ;
That my vows shall be unbroken,
At the Altar I record.

2 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm ;
Follow wholly Thy directing,
O my only Guard from harm !
Meet me now with Thy salvation,
In Thy Church's ordered way ;
Let me feel Thy Confirmation
In Thy truth and fear to-day :

3 So that might and firmness gaining,
Hope in danger, joy in grief,
Now and evermore remaining
In the catholic belief,
Resting in my Saviour's merit,
Strengthened with the Spirit's strength,
With Thy Church I may inherit
All my Father's joy at length.

John Mason Neale. 1842.

323

Ich bin getauft auf Deinen Namen. 8.7.4.7.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
I'm baptized in Thy dear Name ;
In the seed Thou dost inherit,
With the people Thou dost claim,
I am reckoned ;
And for me the Saviour came.

- 2 Thou receivest me, O Father,
 As a child and heir of Thine;
 Jesus, Thou Who diedst, yea, rather
 Ever livest, Thou art mine.
 Thou, O Spirit,
 Art my Guide, my light divine.
- 3 I have pledged, and would not falter,
 Truth, obedience, love to Thee;
 I have vows upon Thine altar,
 Ever Thine alone to be;
 And for ever
 Sin and all its lusts to flee.
- 4 Gracious God, all Thou hast spoken
 In this covenant shall take place;
 But if I, alas! have broken
 These my vows, hide not Thy face;
 And from falling
 O restore me by Thy grace!
- 5 Lord, to Thee I now surrender
 All I have, and all I am;
 Make my heart more true and tender,
 Glorify in me Thy Name.
 Let obedience
 To Thy will be all my aim.
- 6 Help me in this high endeavor,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 Bind my heart to Thee for ever,
 Till I join the heavenly host.
 Living, dying,
 Let me make in Thee my boast.

*Johann Jacob Rambach. 1734.
 Tr. Charles William Schaeffer. 1860.*

324

L. M.

O HAPPY day, that stays my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God!

Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him Who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to obey the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

325

C. M.

- M**Y God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.
- 2 Before the Cross of Him Who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified.
Let Christ be all in all!
 - 3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne!

- 4 May the dear Blood, once shed for me,
 My blest Atonement prove,
 That I from first to last may be
 The purchase of Thy Love!
- 5 Let every thought, and work, and word,
 To Thee be ever given :
 Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
 And death the gate of heaven !

Matthew Bridges. 1848.

326

78.

- T**HINE for ever ! God of love,
 Hear us from Thy throne above ;
 Thine for ever may we be,
 Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever ! Lord of Life,
 Shield us through our earthly strife ;
 Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever ! O how blest
 They who find in Thee their rest !
 Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
 O defend us to the end.
- 4 Thine for ever ! Saviour, keep,
 These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
 Safe alone beneath Thy care,
 Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine for ever ! Thou our Guide,
 All our wants by Thee supplied,
 All our sins by Thee forgiven,
 Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary Fowler Maude. 1847.

327

H. M.

BAPTIZED into Thy Name,
 Mysterious One in Three,
 Our souls and bodies claim,
 A sacrifice to Thee;
 And let us live our faith to prove,
 The faith which works by humble love.

- 2 O that our light may shine,
 And all our lives express
 The character divine,
 The real holiness;
 And then receive us to adore
 The Triune God for evermore.

Charles Wesley. 1767.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

328

C. M.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious Word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember Thee.

- 2 Thy Body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be;
 Thy testamental Cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget,
 Or there Thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
 I must remember Thee.

- 5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy Love to me ;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse, remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

*James Montgomery. 1825.***329****S. M.**

JESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board :
Here those He died to save may hold
Communion with their Lord.

- 2 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and His members one :
We are the children of His love,
And He the first-born Son.
- 3 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread ;
One body with its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.
- 4 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious Name to raise :
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise !

*Isaac Watts. 1709. a.***330****L. M.**

MY God, and is Thy table spread ?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

- 2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich Banquet of His Flesh and Blood !

Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food !

- 3 Why are its blessings all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
Was not for us the Victim slain ?
Are we forbid the children's Bread ?
- 4 O let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared ;
With warm desire let all attend ;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

331

C. M.

O GOD unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel ;
And thus, inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.

- 2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy Love ;
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to Thy Word,
To feast on heavenly food ;
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink, His precious Blood.
- 4 Thus may we all Thy words obey ;
For we, O God, are Thine ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Edward Oler. 1828.

332

8.6.8.8.

LORD, when before Thy throne we meet,
 Thy goodness to adore,
 From heaven, the eternal mercy-seat,
 On us Thy blessing pour,
 And make our inmost souls to be
 A habitation meet for Thee.

2 Thy Body for our ransom given,
 Thy Blood in mercy shed,—
 With this immortal food from heaven,
 Lord, let our souls be fed :
 And as we round Thine altar kneel,
 Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.

3 Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh ;
 Accept the humble prayer,
 The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
 The sinner's heartfelt tear ;
 And let our adoration rise
 As fragrant incense to the skies.

Tresilian George Nicholas. 1838.

333

7.6.7.7.7.6.

JESUS, Master of the Feast,
 The Feast itself Thou art !
 Now receive Thy every guest !
 And comfort every heart !
 Give us living Bread to eat,
 Manna that from heaven comes down ;
 See us waiting at Thy feet,
 And make Thy favor known.

2 In this earthly wilderness
 Thou hast a table spread,
 Richly filled with every grace
 Our fainting souls can need :

- 5 O Jesus, ever with us stay !
 Make all our moments calm and bright ;
 Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

*Bernard of Clairvaux, d. 1153.
 Tr. Ray Palmer. 1858. a.*

337 *Ecce Panis Angelorum.* 7a.

LO, upon the altar lies
 Bread of heaven from the skies ;
 Food to mortal wanderers given,
 To the sons and heirs of heaven.

- 2 Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep !
 Thou Thy flock in safety keep.
 Living Bread ! Thy life supply,
 Strengthen us, or else we die.

- 3 Thou, who feedest us below !
 Source of all we have or know !
 Grant that with Thy saints above
 We may reach Thy feast of love !

*Thomas Aquinas, d. 1274.
 From Edward Caswell. Tr. 1843.*

338 *Adoro Te devote.* L. M.

WITH all the powers my poor heart hath
 Of humble love and loyal faith,
 I come, dear Lord, to worship Thee,
 Whom so much Love bowed low for me.

- 2 O dear memorial of that Death
 Which still survives, and gives us breath !
 Live ever, Bread of Life, and be
 My food, my joy, my all to me !
- 3 Come, glorious Lord ! my hopes increase,
 And mix my portion with Thy peace !
 Come, and for ever dwell in me,
 That I may only live to Thee.

- 4 Come, hidden Life, and that long day
 For which I languish, come away !
 When this faint soul Thy face shall see,
 And drink the unsealed Source of Thee:
- 5 When glory's sun faith's shade shall chase,
 And for Thy veil, give me Thy face ;
 Then shall my praise eternal be
 To the eternal Trinity !

*Thomas Aquinas. d. 1274.
 Tr. Richard Crashaw. 1646.
 John Austin. 1688. a.*

339

7.6. Trochaic.

- L**AMB of God, Who once was slain,
 We, whose sins did pierce Thee,
 Now commemorate Thy pain,
 And implore Thy mercy.
- 2 Thine's an everlasting Love :
 We have sorely tried Thee.
 Whom have we in heaven above,
 Whom on earth beside Thee ?
- 3 What can helpless sinners do,
 When temptations seize us ?
 Naught have we to look unto
 But the Blood of Jesus.
- 4 Pardon all our baseness, Lord ;
 All our weakness pity :
 Guide us safely by Thy Word
 To the heavenly city.
- 5 O sustain us on the road
 Through this desert dreary.
 Feed us with Thy Flesh and Blood,
 When we're faint and weary.
- 6 Bid us call to mind Thy Cross
 Our hard hearts to soften.

Often, Saviour, feast us thus ;
For we need it often.

Joseph Hart. 1762.

340

7s.

BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give ;
To Thy Cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died,
Lord of life, O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

Joseph Conder. 1824. a.

After Communion:

341

Wie wohl hast Du gelabet.

7.6. D.

OLIVING Bread from heaven,
How hast Thou fed Thy guest !
The gifts Thou now hast given
Have filled my heart with rest.
O wondrous Food of blessing !
O Cup that heals our woes !
My heart, this gift possessing,
In thankful song o'erflows.

2 My Lord, Thou here hast led me
Within Thy holiest place,
And there Thyself hast fed me
With treasures of Thy grace ;
And Thou hast freely given
What earth could never buy,
The Bread of Life from heaven,
That now I shall not die !

- 3 Thou givest all I wanted,
 The Food can death destroy ;
 And Thou hast freely granted
 The Cup of endless joy.
 Ah, Lord, I do not merit
 The favor Thou hast shown,
 And all my soul and spirit
 Bow down before Thy throne !
- 4 Lord, grant me that, thus strengthened
 With heavenly Food, while here
 My course on earth is lengthened,
 I serve with holy fear :
 And when Thou callest my spirit
 To leave this world below,
 I enter, through Thy merit,
 Where joys unmingled flow.

Johann Rist. 1651.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.

342

7.6. Trochaic.

- L**ORD, accept our feeble praise
 For the banquet given ;
 Though unworthy, we would raise
 Hearts and hands to heaven.
- 2 Of the streams of grace divine
 . We have now been tasting :
 On the mystic bread and wine
 With rich comfort feasting.
- 3 Meat indeed Thy Flesh we find,
 Drink' Thy Blood so precious ;
 Jesus, Saviour, Thou art kind,
 Merciful and gracious !
- 4 On our guilty souls Thy rod
 Falls with gentle chidings ;
 And Thou healest with Thy Blood
 All our great backslidings.

5 May we to Thy bleeding Cross
Soul and body fasten ;
All for Jesus count but loss,
To His coming hasten.

6 None from trials are below
Totally exempted ;
All-sufficient grace bestow,
Succor, Lord, the tempted.

7 To Thy Name, for evermore,
Be all glory given ;
None on earth will we adore,
None but Thee in heaven.

Whitefield's Col. 1766 ?

343

H. M.

AUTHOR of life divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnished with living Wine,
And everlasting Bread,
Preserve the life Thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

2 Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all Thy life we gain,
And all Thy fullness prove ;
And, strengthened by Thy perfect grace,
Behold, without a veil, Thy face.

Charles Wesley. 1745. a.

ORDER OF SALVATION—CALLING.

344

C. M.

THE King of heaven His table spreads,
And dainties crown the board.
Not all the boasted joys of earth
Could such delight afford.

- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given ;
And the rich Blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, who long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come ;
Come from the hedges and highways,
And Grace will find you room.
- 4 Thousands of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And thousands more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet are His house and heart so large,
That thousands more may come ;
Nor could the wide assembling world
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready: enter in,
Nor weak excuses frame.
Come, take your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's Name.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

345

C. M.

- T**HE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound.
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,
To ease your every pain;
Immortal fountain! full supplies!
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

- 4 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice ;
 The gracious call obey :
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
 And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
 To Thee let sinners fly,
 And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
 And drink and never die.

Anne Steele. 1760.

346

REVELATION 22 : 17.

S. M.

- T**HE Spirit in our hearts
 Is whispering, "Sinner, come :"
 The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
 To all His children, "Come !"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
 To all about him, "Come !"
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness
 To Christ, the Fountain, come !
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
 O let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life :
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,
 Declares, "I quickly come ;"
 Lord, even so ! I wait Thine hour ;
 Jesus, my Saviour, come !

Henry Ustic Onderdonk. 1826.

347

7s.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come and make My paths your choice :
 I will guide you to your home ;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come !

- 2 Sinner come, for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound ;
 Peace that ever shall endure ;
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna Letitia Barbauld. 1792.

348

7s.

- COME, ye weary sinners, come,
 All who feel your heavy load ;
 Jesus calls His wanderers home ;
 Hasten to your pardoning God.
- 2 Come, ye guilty souls opprest,
 Answer to the Saviour's call :
 " Come, and I will give you rest ;
 Come, and I will save you all."
- 3 Jesus, full of truth and love,
 We Thy kindest word obey :
 Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
 Take our load of guilt away.
- 4 Fain we would on Thee rely,
 Cast on Thee our sin and care :
 To Thine arms of mercy fly,
 Find our lasting quiet there.
- 5 Lo, we come to Thee for ease :
 True and gracious as Thou art,
 Now our weary souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

Charles Wesley. 1746. a.

349

8.7.7.7.

- COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
 Sinners, ruined by the Fall ;
 Here a pure and healing fountain
 Flows to you, to me, to all ;
 In a full perpetual tide,
 Opened when our Saviour died.

- 2 Come in poverty and meanness,
 Come defiled, without, within ;
 From infection and uncleanness,
 From the leprosy of sin,
 Wash your robes and make them white ;
 Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 Come in sorrow and contrition,
 Wounded, impotent, and blind ;
 Here the guilty free remission,
 Here the troubled peace, may find :
 Health this fountain will restore ;
 He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 4 He that drinks shall live for ever ;
 'Tis a soul-renewing flood :
 God is faithful ; God will never
 Break His covenant in Blood,
 Signed when our Redeemer died,
 Sealed when He was glorified.

James Montgomery. 1819.

350

Gott rufet noch.

L. M.

- G**OD calling yet!—shall I not hear?
 Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
 And still my soul in slumbers lie?
- 2 God calling yet!—shall I not rise?
 Can I His loving voice despise,
 And basely His kind care repay?
 He calls me still : can I delay?
- 3 God calling yet!—and shall He knock,
 And I my heart the closer lock?
 He still is waiting to receive,
 And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

- 4 God calling yet!—and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still:—my heart, awake!
- 5 Ah, yield Him all: in Him confide:
Where but with Him doth peace abide?
Break loose, let earthly bonds be riven,
And let the spirit rise to heaven!
- 6 God calling yet!—I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart!

*Gerhard Tersteegen. ab. 1730.
From Jane Borthwick, Tr. 1853.*

 REPENTANCE.

351

7s.

- G**OD of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad repentant songs.
O restore Thy suppliant race,
Thou to Whom our praise belongs!
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent:
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain:
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own.
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from Thy throne.

John Taylor. 1795.

352

C. M.

- O** THOU Whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn ;
 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?
 Hast Thou not said, Return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
 To drive me from Thy feet ?
 O let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way !
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine ;
 And let Thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.
- 6 Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy ;
 Be this my solace here below,
 And my eternal joy !

Anne Steele. 1760.

353

Herr, Ich habe missgehandelt.

8.7.8.8.

LORD, to Thee I make confession,
 I have sinned and gone astray,
 I have multiplied transgression,
 Chosen for myself my way.
 Forced at last to see my errors,
 Lord, I tremble at Thy terrors.

- 2 Yet, though conscience' voice appall me,
 Father, I will seek Thy face ;
 Though Thy child I dare not call me,
 Yet receive me to Thy grace ;
 Do not for my sins forsake me,
 Let not yet Thy wrath o'ertake me.
- 3 For Thy Son hath suffered for me,
 And the Blood He shed for sin,
 That can heal me and restore me,
 Quench this burning fire within ;
 'Tis alone His Cross can vanquish
 These dark fears, and soothe this anguish.
- 4 Then on Him I cast my burden,
 Sink it in the depths below !
 Let me feel Thy gracious pardon,
 Wash me, make me white as snow.
 Let Thy Spirit leave me never,
 Make me only Thine for ever !

Johann Franck. 1649.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.

354

PSALM 130.

8.7.8.8.7.

Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu Dir.

OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
 Lord, hear me, I implore Thee !
 Bend down Thy gracious ear to me,
 Let my prayer come before Thee !
 If Thou remember each misdeed,
 If each should have its rightful meed,
 Who may abide Thy presence ?

- 2 Our pardon is Thy gift ; Thy Love
 And grace alone avail us.
 Our works could ne'er our guilt remove,
 The strictest life must fail us.

That none may boast himself of aught,
But own in fear Thy grace hath wrought
What in him seemeth righteous.

- 3 And thus my hope is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit:
I rest upon His faithful word
To them of contrite spirit.
That He is merciful and just,—
Here is my comfort and my trust,
His help I wait with patience.
- 4 And though it tarry till the night,
And round till morning waken,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust Thy might,
Nor count itself forsaken.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.
- 5 Though great our sins and sore our woes,
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmost need it soundeth.
Our kind and faithful Shepherd, He,
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

Martin Luther. 1524.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.

355

PSALM 51.

L. M.

- SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 Great God, Thy Nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning Love be found.
O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!

- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace :
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy Word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts. 1719. a.

356

PSALM 51.

L. M.

- O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight ;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let me now come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 6 O may Thy Love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;

And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Isaac Watts. 1719. a.

357

C. M.

O LORD, turn not Thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before Thy mercy-gate:

2 A gate which opens wide to those
That do lament their sin:
Shut not that gate against me, Lord;
But let me enter in.

3 And call me not to strict account
How I have sojourned here;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.

4 So come I to Thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

5 O Lord, I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have:
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,
The blessing that I crave.

6 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
Lord, let Thy mercy come!

John Marckant. 1560.

358

S. M.

AND wilt Thou pardon, Lord,
A sinner such as I?
Although Thy book his crimes record,
Of such a crimson dye?

- 2 So deep are they engraved,
 So terrible their fear ;—
 The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
 And where shall I appear ?
- 3 O Thou Physician blest,
 Make clean my guilty soul !
 And me, by many a sin opprest,
 Restore, and keep me whole !
- 4 I know not how to praise
 Thy mercy and Thy love ;
 But deign Thy servant to upraise,
 And I shall learn above.

*From Joseph of the Studium. ab. 860.
 Tr. John Mason Neale. 1862.*

359

Βυθός ἁμαρτημάτων.

L. M. 6 lines.

- T**HE abyss of many a former sin
 Encloses me, and bars me in :
 Like billows my transgressions roll ;—
 Be Thou the Pilot of my soul !
 And to salvation's harbor bring,
 Thou Saviour and Thou glorious King !
- 2 My Father's heritage abused,
 Wasted by lust, by sin misused ;
 To shame and want and misery brought,
 The slave to many a fruitless thought :—
 I cry to Thee, Who lovest men,
 O pity and receive again !
- 3 In hunger now, no more possess
 Of that my portion bright and blest,
 The exile and the alien see,
 Who yet would fain return to Thee !
 And save me, Lord, who seek to raise
 To Thy dear Love the hymn of praise !

- 4 With that saved thief my prayer I make,
Remember for Thy mercy's sake!
 With that poor publican I cry,
Be merciful, O God most high!
 With that lost prodigal I fain
 Back to my home would turn again!
- 5 Mourn, mourn, my soul, with earnest care,
 And raise to Christ the contrite prayer:—
 O Thou Who freely wast made poor,
 My sorrows and my sins to cure,
 Me, poor of all good works, embrace,
 Enriching with Thy boundless grace!

*Joseph of the Studium. ab. 860.
 Tr. John Mason Neale. 1862.*

360

L. M. 6 lines.

- W**EARY of wandering from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod;
 For Thee, not without hope, I mourn;
 I have an Advocate above,
 A Friend before the throne of Love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin;
 Yet once again I seek Thy face,
 Open Thine arms and take me in!
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore;
 O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

361

S. M. D.

O THOU Who wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst Thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Teach me my course to run,
While yet I sojourn here,
That when Thou comest on Thy throne
I may with joy appear.

- 2 Thou art Thyself the Way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I pass my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will;
So shall I love my God,
Because He first loved me,
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley. 1763. a.

FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

362

S. M. D.

JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy fallen creature's cry;
And show Thyself the sinner's Friend,
And set me up on high:
From hell's oppressive power,
From earth and sin release;
And to Thy Father's grace restore,
And to Thy perfect peace.

- 2 Thy Blood and Righteousness
I make my only plea;
My present and eternal peace
Are both derived from Thee:

Rivers of life divine
 From Thee, their fountain, flow ;
 And all who know that love of Thine,
 The joy of angels know.

- 3 O then, impute, impart
 To me Thy righteousness,
 And let me taste how good Thou art,
 How full of truth and grace :
 That Thou canst here forgive
 Grant me to testify,
 And justified by faith to live,
 And in that faith to die.

Charles Wesley. 1747.

363

C. M.

- I**F Thou impart Thyself to me,
 No other good I need ;
 If Thou, the Son, shall make me free,
 I shall be free indeed.
- 2 I know in Thee all fullness dwells,
 And all for wretched man :
 Fill every want my spirit feels,
 And break off every chain !
- 3 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
 Thou wilt redeem my soul ;
 Lord, I believe, and not in vain ;
 My faith shall make me whole.
- 4 I too with Thee shall walk in white,
 With all Thy saints shall prove
 What is the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of perfect love.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

364

C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;
 There humbly fall before His feet,
 For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh ;
 Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely pressed,
 By wars without and fears within,
 I come to Thee for rest.
- 4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
 That, sheltered near Thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him, Thou hast died.
- 5 O wondrous Love, to bleed and die,
 To bear the Cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners such as I
 Might plead Thy gracious Name!

John Newton. 1779.

365

S. M.

- L**IKE Noah's weary dove,
 That soared the earth around,
 But not a resting-place above
 The cheerless waters found :
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
 On restless wings to roam ;
 All the wide world, to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the ark of God,
 Behold the open door ;
 Hasten to gain that dear abode,
 And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There safe thou shalt abide,
 There sweet shall be thy rest,
 And every longing satisfied,
 With full salvation blest.

William Augustus Muhlenberg. 1826.

366

L. M.

JUST as I am, without one plea
 But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because Thy promise I believe;
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

6 Just as I am; Thy Love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

367

7s. 6 lines.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee!
 Let the Water and the Blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the perfect cure,
 Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill Thy Law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone :
Thou must save, and Thou alone !
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

Augustus M. Toplady. 1776. a.

368

7.6. D.

- I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his Blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fullness dwells in Him,
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

- 3 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be with Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar. 1845. a.

369

1 JOHN 2: 1, 2.

C. M.

FATHER, though I have sinned, with Thee
 An Advocate I have:
 Jesus the Just shall plead for me,
 The sinner Christ shall save.

- 2 Pardon and peace in Him I find;
 But not for me alone
 The Lamb was slain: for all mankind
 His Blood did once atone.
- 3 My soul is on Thy promise cast,
 And lo! I claim my part:
 The universal pardon's past;
 O seal it on my heart!
- 4 Thou canst not now Thy grace deny;
 Thou canst not but forgive:
 Lord, if Thy justice asks me why—
 In Jesus I believe.

Charles Wesley. 1740. a.

370

C. M.

JESUS, Thou art my Righteousness,
 For all my sins were Thine:
 Thy Death hath bought of God my peace,
 Thy Life hath made Him mine.

- 2 For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea:
For me the Saviour died.
- 3 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy Blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 4 The Atonement of Thy Blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley. 1740. a.

371

Ach mein verwundter Fürst.

L. M.

- I** THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing Blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee!
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from Thee derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live!
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O boundless Love!
- 5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring;
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

- 6 Ah Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy Love immense, unsearchable!

*N. L. v. Zinzendorf, and John and Anna Nitschmann. 1737.
Tr. John Wesley. 1740.*

372 *Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.* L. M.

- J**ESUS, Thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great Day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through these absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years:
No age can change its constant hue;
Thy Blood preserves it ever new.
- 4 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness!
- 5 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then this shall be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

*Nickolaus Ludwig, Count Zinzendorf. 1739.
Tr. John Wesley. 1740. a.*

373 *Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden.* L. M. 6 lines.

- N**OW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far :
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
 Thine arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallowed up in Thee :
 Covered is my unrighteousness,
 No spot of guilt remains on me :
 While Jesus' Blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries !

*Johann Andreas Rothe. 1728.
 Tr. John Wesley. 1740.*

374

Continued.

L. M. 6 lines.

- J**ESUS, I know, hath died for me :
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast :
 Away, sad doubt and anxious fear !
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 2 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be
 gone ;
 Though joys be withered all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
 On this my steadfast soul relies,
 Father, Thy mercy never dies.
- 3 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail and strength decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away.
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting Love.

*Johann Andreas Rothe. 1728.
 Tr. John Wesley. 1740. a.*

PEACE AND JOY.

375

PSALM 1.

S. M.

THE man is ever blest,
 Who shuns the sinners' ways;
 Among their counsels never stands,
 Nor takes the scorner's place:

- 2 But makes the law of God
 His study and delight,
 Amid the labors of the day,
 And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
 With waters near the root;
 Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live;
 His works are heavenly fruit.
- 4 Not so the ungodly race,
 They no such blessings find;
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
 Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand
 Before that judgment-seat,
 Where all the saints at Christ's right
 hand
 In full assembly meet?
- 6 He knows and He approves
 The way the righteous go:
 But sinners and their works shall meet
 A dreadful overthrow.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

376

S. M. D.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround His throne.

Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God ;
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas :
 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love :
 He will send down His heavenly powers
 To carry us above.

3 There we shall see His face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the rivers of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below :
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts. 1707.

377

PROVERBS 3 : 13, 17.

C. M.

HOW happy is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early only choice !

- 2 For she has treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold ;
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence
 In pleasure's path to tread ;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

Michael Bruce. ab. 1707.

378

S. M.

- WHAT cheering words are these !
 Their sweetness who can tell ?
 In time and to eternal days,
 " 'Tis with the righteous well."
- 2 In every state secure,
 Kept by Jehovah's eye,
 'Tis well with them while life endure,
 And well when called to die.
- 3 'Tis well when joys arise ;
 'Tis well when sorrows flow ;
 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
 And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'Tis well when on the mount
 They feast on dying Love :
 And 'tis as well in God's account,
 When they the furnace prove.
- 5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
 " From earth and sin arise,
 Join with the hosts of ransomed souls,
 Made to salvation wise."

John Kent. 1808. a.

379

7s.

- C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 We are traveling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
 Christ our Advocate is made;
 Us to save, our flesh assumes;
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Sing, ye little flock and blest:
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest:
 There your seat is now prepared,
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.
- 6 Lord, obediently we go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only Thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

John Connick. 1742. a.

380

C. M.

- W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled;
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all !

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts. 1707.

381

6.6.8.4. D.

THE God of Abram praise,
Who reigns enthroned above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love !
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest ;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abram praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 The God of Abram praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me, all my happy days,
In all His ways :
He calls a worm His friend ;
He calls Himself my God ;
And He shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' Blood.

- 4 He by Himself hath sworn ;
 I on His oath depend ;
 I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend :
 I shall behold His face,
 I shall His power adore,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 For evermore.

Thomas Olivers. 1770.

CHRISTIAN LIFE—CONSECRATION.

382

PSALM 119.

C. M.

- T**HOU art my portion, O my God !
 Soon as I know Thy way,
 My heart makes haste to obey Thy Word,
 And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
 And glory in my choice ;
 Not all the riches of the earth
 Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of Thy grace
 I set before mine eyes :
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If once I wander from Thy path
 I think upon my ways ;
 Then turn my feet to Thy commands,
 And trust Thy pardoning grace.
- 5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine ;
 O save Thy servant, Lord !
 Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place ;
 My hope is in Thy Word.

- 6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
 Thy statutes to fulfill;
 And thus, till mortal life shall end,
 Would I perform Thy will.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

383

S. M.

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things Thee to see:
 And what I do in anything,
 To do it as for Thee!

- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
 While still to Thee I tend:
 In all I do be Thou the Way,
 In all be Thou the end!
- 3 All may of Thee partake:
 Nothing so small can be,
 But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from Thee.
- 4 If done to obey Thy laws,
 Even servile labors shine;
 Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
 The meanest work divine.

John Wesley. 1739.

From George Herbert. 1632.

384

C. M.

BEING of beings, God of love,
 To Thee our hearts we raise;
 Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
 And gladly sing Thy praise.

- 2 Thine, wholly Thine, we long to be;
 Our sacrifice receive!
 Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,
 To Thee ourselves we give.

- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
 Shed in our hearts abroad :
 So shall we ever live and move
 And be with Christ in God.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

385 *Wie gut ist's, von der Sünden frei.* C.M.D.

- H**OW blessèd, from the bonds of sin
 And earthly fetters free,
 In singleness of heart and aim
 Thy servant, Lord, to be!
 The hardest toil to undertake
 With joy at Thy command,
 The meanest office to receive
 With meekness at Thy hand !
- 2 With willing heart and longing eyes
 To watch before Thy gate,
 Ready to run the weary race,
 To bear the heavy weight ;
 No voice of thunder to expect,
 But follow calm and still,
 For love can easily divine
 The One Beloved's will.
- 3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord !
 Thus ever Thine alone,
 My soul and body given to Thee,
 The purchase Thou hast won :
 Through evil or through good report
 Still keeping by Thy side,
 By life or death, in this poor flesh
 Let Christ be magnified !
- 4 How happily the working days
 In this dear service fly !
 How rapidly the closing hour,
 The time of rest, draws nigh !

When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is,
Shall His blest servants be.

*Karl Johann Philipp Spitta. 1833.
Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1853.*

386

6.6.4.6.6.4.

O THOU best Gift of Heaven !
Thou Who Thyself hast given,—
For Thou hast died !
This hast Thou done for me:
What have I done for Thee,
Thou Crucified ?

2 I long to serve Thee more :
Reveal an open door,
Saviour, to me ;
Then, counting all but loss,
I'll glory in Thy Cross,
And follow Thee.

3 Do Thou but point the way,
And give me strength t' obey ;
Thy will be mine :
Then can I think it joy
To suffer or to die,
Since I am Thine.

Nicholls. 1837.

HOLINESS.

387

Rerum Creator omnium.

S. M.

O CREATOR of mankind,
Thy promised help we claim,
That so our life Thou mayst not find
Unworthy of our name.

- 2 If Thou Thy grace deny,
 We cannot rightly strive ;
 In Thee alone to sin we die,
 In Thee alone we live.
- 3 Our goings, Lord, uphold,
 Till this dark vale be passed ;
 Till, through temptations manifold,
 We reach Thy rest at last.
- 4 O happy, peaceful rest,
 Prepared for saints above,
 Where they with all Thy joys are blest,
 And drink Thy streams of Love !
- 5 O Trinity divine,
 To Thee our hearts we raise :
 May we with saints in glory shine,
 And share their songs of praise !

Charles Coffin. 1736.

Tr. John Chandler. 1837. a.

388

S. M.

- GOD of eternal Love,
 Our Father and our Friend,
 We lift our hearts to Thee above :
 Do Thou our prayer attend.
- 2 Baptized into Thy Name,
 We all have Christ put on :
 O may Thy love our hearts inflame,
 The course of truth to run.
- 3 May earthly feelings die,
 And fruits of faith increase ;
 And Adam's nature prostrate lie
 Before the Prince of Peace.
- 4 Endue us, Lord, with strength
 To triumph over sin :
 That we may with Thy saints at length
 Eternal glory win.

Seaton's Church H. B. 1855.

389

L. M.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess :
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God ;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His Word.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

390

PSALM 19.

7s.

BLEST Instructor ! from Thy ways,
Who can tell, how oft he strays !
Save from error's growth my mind ;
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.

- 2 Purge me from the guilt, that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise ;
Let me thence, by Thee renewed,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.
- 3 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by Thee !
To Thine all-observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

- 4 While I thus Thy Name adore,
 And Thy healing grace implore,
 Blest Redeemer, bow Thine ear!
 God, my Strength, propitious hear.

James Merrick. 1765. a.

391

L. M.

MY God! permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and Thee:
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
 Thy sovereign Word can draw me thence:
 I would obey the Voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

392

S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is Christ's abode.

- 2 Still to the lowly soul
 He doth Himself impart,
 And for His temple and His throne
 Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord, we Thy presence seek,
 May ours this blessing be;
 O give the pure and lowly heart,
 A temple meet for Thee!

*Vs. 1, 2, John Keble. 1827
 V. 3, Anon. 1852.*

393

PSALM 119.

C. M.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep His statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will !

2 Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep ;
And should I e'er forget Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

4 Make me to walk in Thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road :
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts. 1719. a.

394

PSALM 15.

7s.

WHO, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar ?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In Thy holy place shall rest ?

2 He whose heart Thy Love has warmed ;
He whose will, to 'Thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run ;
He whose word and thought are one :

3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God ;
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by Thee ordained ;

- 4 He who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself has done ;
He, great God, shall be Thy care,
And Thy choicest blessings share.

Harriet Auber. 1829.

From James Merrick. 1765.

395

C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele. 1760. a.

396

C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

- 2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper. 1779.

397

C. M.

- O COULD I find from day to day
A nearness to my God !
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And lean upon His Word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day ;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy Love divine.
- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

Benjamin Cleveland. 1792.

398

Ach treib aus meiner Seel.

L. M.

- O THOU Who all things canst control,
Chase sloth and slumber from my soul ;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep Thy perfect law.
- 2 O may one beam of Thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel the shades of night :
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

- 3 With steps unwavering, undismayed,
Give me in all Thy paths to tread,
Rise, Lord, stir up Thy quickening power
And wake me, that I sleep no more.
- 4 Single of heart O may I be!
Nothing may I desire but Thee;
Far, far from me the world remove,
And all that holds me from Thy Love!

*Sigmund C. Gmelin. 1712.
Tr. John Wesley. 1739. a.*

399

C. M.

- O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy Blood
So freely shed for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Charles Wesley. 1742. a.

400

C. M.

- O** FOR a principle within
 Of jealous godly fear !
 O for a tender dread of sin,
 A pain to feel it near !
- 2 That I from Thee no more may part,
 No more Thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the loving heart,
 The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make ;
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove ;
 Nor let me wander far away,
 Nor ever grieve Thy Love.
- 5 O may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul,
 And drive me to the Blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.

Charles Wesley. 1749. a.

401

S. M. D.

- J**ESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
 On Thee I cast my care ;
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
 Give me on Thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do ;
 On Thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a godly fear,
 A quick discerning eye,
 That looks to Thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly :

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

- 3 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name :
A zealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

- 4 I rest upon Thy Word ;
Thy promise is for me :
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect Love.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

GOD of almighty Love,
By Whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek Thy face :
Through Jesus Christ the Just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in Thy goodness trust,
And to Thy glory live.

- 2 Whate'er I speak or do,
Thy glory be my aim ;
My offerings all be offered through
Thy ever-blessed Name :

Jesus, my single eye
 Be fixed on Thee alone;
 Thy Name be praised on earth, on high:
 Thy will by all be done!

Charles Wesley. 1749.

403

7a.

FATHER of eternal grace,
 Glorify Thyself in me!
 Meekly beaming in my face,
 May the world Thine image see.

2 Happy only in Thy Love,
 Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
 Fix my thoughts on things above;
 Stay my heart on Thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resigned
 To Thy will,—Thy will be done!
 Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
 Of Thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path He trod,
 Die with Jesus on the Cross,
 Rise with Him to Thee, my God!

James Montgomery. 1808.

404

Liebe, die Du mich zum Bilde.

8.7.7.7.

LORD, Thine image Thou hast lent me,
 In Thy never-fading Love;
 I was fall'n: but Thou hast sent me
 Full Redemption from above.
 Sacred Love, I long to be
 Thine to all eternity!

2 Love, Thou hast for me endured
 All the pains of death and hell ;
 Nay, Thy sufferings have procurèd
 More for me than tongue can tell :
 Love almighty and divine,
 I would be for ever Thine !

3 Love, my Life, and my Salvation,
 Light and Truth, eternal Word !
 Thou alone dost consolation
 To my sinking soul afford.
 Sacred Love, I long to be
 Thine to all eternity !

4 Love, in mercy Thou wilt raise me
 From the grave of sin and dust ;
 Love, I shall for ever praise Thee
 When in heaven among the just ;
 Love, almighty and divine,
 May I be for ever Thine !

Johann Scheffler. 1657.

Tr. John Christian Jacob. 1722. a.

405 *Wie schön leucht' uns der Morgenstern.*

O MORNING Star ! how fair and bright
 Thou beamest forth in truth and light !
 O Sov'reign meek and lowly,
 Thou Root of Jesse, David's Son,
 My Lord and Bridegroom, Thou hast won
 My heart to serve Thee solely !
 Holy art Thou, fair and glorious,
 All victorious,
 Rich in blessing,
 Rule and might o'er all possessing.

2 Thou Heavenly Brightness ! Light Divine !
 O deep within my heart now shine,
 And make Thee there an altar !

Fill me with joy and strength to be
 Thy member, ever joined to Thee
 In love that cannot falter ;
 Toward Thee longing doth possess me,
 Turn and bless me,
 For Thy gladness
 Eye and heart here pine in sadness.

- 3 But if Thou look on me in love,
 There straightway falls from God above
 A ray of purest pleasure ;
 Thy Word and Spirit, Flesh and Blood,
 Refresh my soul with heavenly food,
 Thou art my hidden treasure ;
 Let Thy grace, Lord, warm and cheer me,
 O draw near me ;
 Thou hast taught us
 Thee to seek, since Thou hast sought us !
- 4 Here will I rest, and hold it fast.
 The Lord I love is First and Last,
 The End as the Beginning !
 Here I can calmly die, for Thou
 Wilt raise me where Thou dwellest now,
 Above all tears, all sinning :
 Amen! Amen! Come, Lord Jesus,
 Soon release us ;
 With deep yearning,
 Lord, we look for Thy returning.

Philipp Nikolai. 1599.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.

406 *O Jesu Christ mein schönstes Licht. L. M. 6 lines.*

JESUS, Thy boundless Love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 Unite my thankful heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there.
 Thine wholly, Thine alone I am ;
 Be Thou alone my constant flame.

2 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray !
 All pain before Thy presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er Thy healing beams arise :
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek, but Thee !

3 Unwearied, may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to this high prize aspire ;
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;
 And day and night be all my care
 To guard this sacred treasure there !

*Paul Gerhardt. 1653.
 Tr. John Wesley. 1739. a.*

407

Continued.

L. M. 6 lines.

O DRAW me, Saviour, after Thee !
 So shall I run and never tire.
 With gracious words still comfort me ;
 Be Thou my Hope, my sole Desire.
 Free me from every weight: nor fear
 Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.

2 From all eternity, with Love
 Unchangeable, Thou hast me viewed.
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursued.
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side.

3 Still let Thy Love point out my way ;
 How wondrous things Thy Love hath
 wrought !
 Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
 Direct my work, inspire my thought ;
 And if I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that Love is near.

- 4 In suffering be Thy love my peace,
 In weakness be Thy love my power ;
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life be Thou my Guide,
 And save me, Who for me hast died !

*Paul Gerhardt. 1653.
 Tr. John Wesley. 1739. a.*

408

Ich will Dich lieben.

L. M. 6 lines.

- THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all my works, and Thee alone :
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
 That Thy bright beams on me have shined ;
 I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;
 I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
 Still to press forward in Thy way ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God !
 Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
 Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod.
 What though my flesh and heart decay?
 Thee shall I love in endless day.

*Johann Scheffler. 1657.
 Tr. John Wesley. 1739.*

409 *Verborgne Gottesliebe, Du.* L. M. 6 lines.

THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed no man knows:
 I see from far Thy beauteous light;
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose.
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with Thee my heart to share?
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there;
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in Thee.
- 3 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy Love, be all my choice.

*Gerhard Tersteegen. 1731.
 From Paul Gerhardt.
 Tr. John Wesley. 1739.*

410 *O Deus, ego amo Te.* C. M.

MY God, I love Thee: not because
 I hope for heaven thereby;
 Nor yet because if I love not
 I must for ever die.

- 2 Thou, O my Jesus! Thou didst me
 Upon the cross embrace;
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,
 And manifold disgrace.
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
 And sweat of agony;
 E'en death itself—and all for one
 Who was Thine enemy.

- 4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ !
Should I not love Thee well ?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell ;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught ;
Not seeking a reward ;
But, as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord !
- 6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

*Francis Xavier. d. 1552.
Tr. Edward Caswall. 1848. a.*

TRUST.

411

C. M.

- O FOR a Faith that will not shrink,
Though prest by many a foe ;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe ;
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod :
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile :

- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Lights up a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst. 1830. a.

412

PSALM 62.

L. M.

- M**Y spirit looks to God alone;
 My rock and refuge is His throne :
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on His salvation waits.
- 2 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your hearts before His face :
 When helpers fail and foes invade,
 God is our all-sufficient Aid.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

413

PSALM 73.

C. M.

- G**OD, my Supporter and my Hope,
 My Help for ever near !
 Thine arm of mercy holds me up,
 And saves me from despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
 Through this dark wilderness ;
 Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
 To dwell before Thy face.
- 3 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint ?
 God is my soul's eternal Rock,
 The Strength of every saint.

- 4 Behold, the sinners, that remove
Far from Thy presence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 5 But to draw near to Thee, my God!
Shall be my sweet employ.
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

Isaac Watts. 1719. a.

414

C. M.

- A**UTHOR of good! To Thee we turn:
Thine ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let Thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide!
That love shall vainer love expel,
That fear all fears beside.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill:
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good, unasked, let mercy grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.

James Merrick. 1765.

415

C. M.

- F**ATHER, to Thee my soul I lift;
My soul on Thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From Thee alone descends.

- 2 Mercy and grace are Thine alone,
And power and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of Thy Son
We nothing good can do.
- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine ;
The praise of every virtuous thought
Or righteous work is Thine.
- 4 From Thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on Thee to call,
In Whom we are, and move, and live :
Our God is all in all.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

416

L. M.

A MIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A world of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat :

- 2 Send down, O Lord, a heavenly ray,
To guide me in the doubtful way ;
And o'er me hold Thy Shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside ;
But through this maze of mortal ill
Safe lead me to Thy heavenly hill.
- 5 There glories shine, and pleasures roll,
That charm, delight, transport the soul ;

And every panting wish shall be
 Possess of boundless bliss in Thee.

Henry Moore. 1802.

417

C. M.

FATHER of lights, Thy needful aid
 To us who ask impart;
 Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
 Of our own treacherous heart.

2 Our only Help in danger's hour,
 Our only Strength, Thou art;
 Above the world and tempter's power,
 And greater than our heart.

3 Us from ourselves Thou canst secure
 In nature's slippery ways;
 And make our feeble footsteps sure
 By Thy sufficient grace.

4 If on Thy promised grace alone
 We faithfully depend,
 Thou surely wilt protect Thine own,
 And keep us to the end.

Charles Wesley. 1767.

418

8.7.4.7.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more!

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside :
 Death of death and hell's Destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

*From the Welsh.
 Wm. Williams. 1745.
 Tr. Peter Williams. 1771.*

419

C. M.

- O** HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give :
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live !
- 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed,
 With contrite anguish sore ;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O help us, Lord, the more !
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe !
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Jesus, from on high !
 We know no help but Thee :
 O help us so to live and die
 As Thine in heaven to be !

Henry Hart Milman. 1827.

420

C. M.

- O** LORD, my best desire fulfill,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
 And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
 Whose Love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious Hand
 That wipes away my tears ?

- 3 No! let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to Thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
 Thou art engaged to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.

William Cowper. 1779.

421 *Mein Jesu, wie Du willst.* 6s. D.

- M**Y Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 O may Thy will be mine!
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign.
 Through sorrow or through joy
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!
- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 If needy here and poor,
 Give me Thy people's bread,
 Their portion rich and sure.
 The manna of Thy Word
 Let my soul feed upon;
 And if all else should fail,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!
- 3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 Though seen through many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear:
 Since Thou on earth hast wept
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 When death itself draws nigh,
 To Thy dear wounded side
 I would for refuge fly.
 Leaning on Thee, to go
 Where Thou before hast gone:
 The rest as Thou shalt please:
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

5 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me:
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee.
 Thus to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

*Benjamin Schmolck. 1704.
 Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1853.*

422

Wer Gott vertraut.

8.7. D. Iambic.

WHO puts his trust in God most just
 Hath built his house securely;
 He who relies on Jesus Christ,
 Heaven shall be his most surely.
 Then fixed on Thee my trust shall be,
 Whose truth can never alter;
 While mine Thou art, not death's worst smart
 Shall make my courage falter.

2 Though fiercest foes my course oppose,
 A dauntless front I'll show them:
 My champion Thou, Lord Christ, art now,
 Who soon shall overthrow them!
 And if but Thee I have in me
 With Thy good gifts and Spirit,
 Nor death nor hell, I know full well,
 Shall hurt me, through Thy merit.

- 3 I rest me here without a fear;
 By Thee shall all be given
 That I can need, O Friend indeed,
 For this life or for heaven.
 O make me true, my heart renew,
 My soul and flesh deliver!
 Lord, hear my prayer, and in Thy care
 Keep me in peace for ever.

*Unknown. v. 1, 1572; v. 2, 3, 1597.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858. a.*

423 *Was von aussen und von innen.* 7s. D.

LORD, Thou art my Rock of strength,
 And my home is in Thine arms.
 Thou wilt send me help at length,
 And I feel no wild alarms.
 Sin nor death can pierce the shield
 Thy defence has o'er me thrown:
 Up to Thee myself I yield,
 And my sorrows are Thine own.

- 2 Yes, on Thee, my God, I rest,
 Letting life float calmly on;
 For I know the last is best,
 When the crown of joy is won.
 In Thy might all things I bear,
 In Thy Love find bitter sweet,
 And with all my grief and care
 Sit in patience at Thy feet.
- 3 Let Thy mercy's wings be spread
 O'er me; keep me close to Thee;
 In the peace Thy Love doth shed,
 Let me dwell eternally.
 Be my All: in all I do
 Let me only seek Thy will.
 Where the heart to Thee is true,
 All is peaceful, calm and still.

*August Hermann Francke. 1711.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.*

424 *Ist Gott für mich, so trete.* 7.6.D.

IF God Himself be for me,
 I may a host defy;
 For when I pray, before me
 My foes confounded fly.
 If Christ, the Head, befriend me,
 If God be my support,
 The mischief they intend me
 Shall quickly come to naught.

2 I build on this foundation,
 That Jesus and His blood
 Alone are my salvation,
 The true eternal good:
 Without Him, all that pleases
 Is valueless on earth:
 The gifts I owe to Jesus
 Alone my love are worth.

3 His Holy Spirit dwelleth
 Within my willing heart,
 Tames it when it rebelleth,
 And soothes the keenest smart.
 He crowns His work with blessing,
 And helpeth me to cry
 "My Father!" without ceasing
 To Him Who reigns on high.

4 To mine His Spirit speaketh
 Sweet words of soothing power,
 How God to Him that seeketh
 For rest, hath rest in store—
 How God Himself prepareth
 My heritage and lot,
 And though my body weareth,
 My heaven shall fail me not.

*Paul Gerhardt. 1656.
 Tr. Richard Massie. 1856.*

425

Continued.

S. M.

HERE I can firmly rest ;
 I dare to boast of this,
 That God the Highest and the Best,
 My Friend and Father is.

- 2 From dangerous snares He saves :
 Where'er He bids me go
 He checks the storms and calms the waves,
 Nor lets aught work me woe.
- 3 At cost of all I have,
 At cost of life and limb,
 I cling to God, Who yet shall save :
 I will not turn from Him.
- 4 The world may fail and flee ;
 Thou, God, my Father art !
 Not fire, nor sword, nor plague, from Thee
 My trusting soul shall part.
- 5 No joys that angels know,
 No throne or widespread fame,
 No love or loss, no fear or woe,
 No grief of heart or shame—
- 6 Man cannot aught conceive,
 Of pleasure or of harm,
 That e'er shall tempt my soul to leave
 Her refuge in Thine arm.

*Paul Gerhardt. 1656.**Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855. a.*

426

L. M.

GOD of my life, Whose gracious power
 Through various deaths my soul hath led ;
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head :

- 2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling Providence I see:
 O help me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to Thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Saviour's breast?
 Secure within Thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath Thy wings to rest!
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But Thou, O Christ, my wisdom art!
 I ever into ruin run;
 But Thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known;
 Bring me where I my heaven may find,
 The heaven of loving Thee alone.
- 6 Enlarge my heart to make Thee room;
 Enter, and in me ever stay:
 The crooked then shall straight become;
 The darkness shall be lost in day.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

427

PSALM 31.

S. M.

- M**Y spirit on Thy care,
 Blest Saviour, I recline;
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
 For Thou art Love divine.
- 2 In Thee I place my trust,
 On Thee I calmly rest:
 I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
 And count Thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,
 Thy will they all perform;
 Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
 Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
 It must be good for me ;
 Secure of having Thee in all,
 Of having all in Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

428

PSALM 121.

H. M.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;
 From God is all my aid ;
 The God Who built the skies,
 And earth and nature made.
 God is the Tower | His grace is nigh
 To which I fly ; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide
 And fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my Guard and Guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes | Shall Israel keep
 That never sleep | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there.
 Thou art my Sun, | To guard my head
 And Thou my Shade | By night or noon.

4 Hast Thou not given Thy Word
 To save my soul from death ?
 And can I trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath ?
 I'll go and come, | Till from on high
 Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

429

7s.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise !
 All my times are in Thy hand,
 All events at Thy command.

- 2 Thou didst form me in the womb ;
 Thou wilt guide me to the tomb :
 All my times shall ever be
 Ordered by Thy wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
 Times of penury and wealth ;
 Times of trial and of grief ;
 Times of triumph and relief :
- 4 Times the tempter's power to prove,
 Times to taste a Saviour's Love :
 All must come, endure and end,
 As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 5 O Thou gracious, wise, and just !
 Unto Thee my life I trust ;
 Know that Thou art God alone ;
 I and mine are all Thine own.

John Ryland. 1777. a.

430

7.6. D.

- IN holy contemplation
 We sweetly now pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new.
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 Let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.
- 2 It can bring with it nothing,
 But He will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe His people too.
 Beneath the spreading heavens
 No creature but is fed ;
 And He Who feeds the ravens
 Will give His children bread.

- 3 Though vine or fig tree neither
 Their wonted fruit should bear ;
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there :
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper. 1779. a.

431 *Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten. L.M. 6 lines.*

- M**Y God, I leave to Thee my ways ;
 I hope in Thee, whate'er betide,
 To find Thee in the evil days
 My all-sufficient Strength and Guide ;
 Who trusts in God's unchanging Love
 Builds on the Rock that naught can move.
- 2 What can our anxious cares avail,
 Our never-ceasing moans and sighs ?
 What can it help us to bewail
 Each painful moment as it flies ?
 Our cross and trials do but press
 The heavier for our bitterness.
- 3 Help me my restless heart to still,
 And wait in cheerful hope, content
 To take whate'er Thy gracious Will,
 Thy all-discerning Love, hath sent ;
 Nor doubt my inmost wants are known
 To Him Who chose me for His own.
- 4 Thou know'st when joyful hours are best,
 And send'st them as Thou seest it meet :
 When I have borne the fiery test,
 And am made free from all deceit,
 Thou com'st to me all unaware,
 And mak'st me own Thy loving care.

- 5 Help me to swerve not from Thy ways,
 But do my own part faithfully,
 And trust Thy promises of grace,
 That they may be fulfilled in me.
 Thou never wilt forsake at need
 The soul that trusts in Thee indeed.

Georg Neumark. 1657.

From Catherine Winkworth, Tr. 1855.

432

S. M.

- A WAY, my needless fears,
 And doubts no longer mine!
 A ray of heavenly light appears,
 A messenger divine.
- 2 Thrice comfortable hope,
 That calms my stormy breast;
 My Father's hand prepares the cup,
 And what He wills is best.
- 3 He knows whate'er I want;
 He sees my helplessness,
 And always readier is to grant
 Than I to ask His grace.
- 4 My fearful heart He reads,
 Secures my soul from harms,
 And underneath His mercy spreads
 Its everlasting arms.
- 5 Here is firm footing; here,
 My soul, is solid rock,
 To break the waves of grief and fear,
 And trouble's rudest shock:
- 6 This only can sustain
 When earth and heaven remove:
 O turn thee to thy Rest again,
 Thy God's eternal Love!

Charles Wesley. 1749.

433

Befiehl du deine Wege.

S. M. D.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
 To His sure Truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands :
 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey,
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on ;
 Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.
 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care ;
 To Him commend thy cause ; His ear
 Attends the softest prayer.

3 Thy everlasting Truth,
 Father, Thy ceaseless Love,
 Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove.
 And whatso'er Thou wilt, st,
 Thou dost, O King of kings !
 What Thy unerring Wisdom chose,
 Thy Power to being brings.

4 Thou everywhere hast sway,
 And all things serve Thy might ;
 Thy every act pure blessing is,
 Thy path unsullied light.
 When Thou arisest, Lord,
 What shall Thy work withstand ?
 When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
 Who, who shall stay Thy hand ?

*Paul Gerhardt. 1656.
 Tr. John Wesley. 1739.*

434

Continued.

S. M. D.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way :
Wait thou His time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well !

3 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command :
So shalt thou wondering own, His way
How wise, how strong His hand !
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee :
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast Truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy Love and guardian care !

*Paul Gerhardt. 1656.
Tr. John Wesley. 1739.*

435

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine !
 Now hear me while I pray ;
 Take all my guilt away ;
 O let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire ;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my Guide :
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll ;
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 O bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer. 1830.

436

S. M.

JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
 My sure unerring Light,
 On Thee my feeble soul I stay,
 Which Thou wilt lead aright.

- 2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counsellor, Thou art :
O let me never leave Thy side,
Nor from Thy paths depart.
- 3 Thou seest my feebleness ;
Jesus, be Thou my Power,
My help and Refuge in distress,
My Fortress and my Tower.
- 4 Give me to trust in Thee ;
Be Thou my sure abode :
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.
- 5 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep ;
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 6 My soul to Thee alone
Now therefore I commend :
Thou, Jesus, having loved Thine own,
Wilt love me to the end !

*Charles Wesley. 1749.***437**

L. M.

- M**Y Hope, my All, my Saviour Thou !
To Thee, O Lord, my soul I bow.
I seek the bliss Thy wounds impart,
I long to find Thee in my heart.
- 2 Be Thou my Strength, be Thou my Way,
Protect me through my life's short day :
In all my acts let Wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near Thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me ;
As I have need, my Saviour be ;
And if I would from Thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to Thy heart.

- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
 Save me from sin and Satan's power ;
 Tear every idol from Thy Throne,
 And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

Unknown. 1774.

438

C. M.

O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
 And on Thy care depend ;
 To Thee in every trouble flee,
 My best, my only Friend.

- 2 When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fullness is the same ;
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in Thy Name !

- 3 No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in Thee ;
 I must have all things, and abound,
 While God is God to me.

- 4 O that I had a stronger faith
 To look within the veil,
 To credit what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail !

- 5 He that has made my heaven secure,
 Will here all good provide :
 While Christ is rich, can I be poor ?
 What can I want beside ?

- 6 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee ;
 I triumph and adore :
 Henceforth my great concern shall be
 To love and please Thee more.

John Ryland. 1777.

439

Ach Gott, verlass mich nicht.

6.7.6.6.6.6.

FORSAKE me not, my God,
Thou God of my salvation !
Give me Thy light, to be
My sure illumination.
My soul to folly turns,
Seeking she knows not what:
O lead her to Thyself;
My God, forsake me not!

2 Forsake me not, my God !
Take not Thy Spirit from me,
And suffer not the might
Of sin to overcome me.
A father pitieth
The children he begot;
My Father, pity me!
My God, forsake me not!

3 Forsake me not, my God,
Thou God of life and power !
Enliven, strengthen me,
In every evil hour:
And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,
Be not Thou far from me:
My God, forsake me not!

4 Forsake me not, my God !
Uphold me in my going,
That evermore I may
Please Thee in all well-doing;
And that Thy will, O Lord,
May never be forgot
In all my works and ways:
My God forsake me not!

- 5 Forsake me not, my God!
 I would be Thine for ever:
 Confirm me mightily
 In every right endeavor:
 And when my hour is come,
 Cleansed from all stain and spot
 Of sin, receive my soul:
 My God forsake me not!

Salomo Franck. 1714.

Edinburg Family Treasury. 1859.

440 *Zween der Jünger gehn mit Sehnen.* 7s. D.

TRUEST Friend, Who canst not fail,
 Evermore abide with me:
 When the world would most assail,
 Then Thy presence let me see.
 When its heaviest thunders roll,
 Shelter Thou my trembling soul!
 Come, and in my spirit rest;
 Help me do what seems Thee best.

- 2 When life's day hath fled by,
 When the night of death is near,
 When in vain the darkened eye
 Seeks some stay, some helper here:
 Then Thy followers' prayer fulfill,
 Then abide Thou with us still:
 Till Thou give us heavenly rest,
 Stay, O stay, Thou noble guest!

Johann Neunherz. ab. 1707.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858. a.

441 *O treuer Heiland Jesu Christ.* C. M.

WE praise and bless Thee, gracious Lord,
 Our Saviour kind and true,
 For all the old things passed away,
 For all Thou hast made new.

- 2 But yet how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, Lord, to Thee !
- 3 Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun ;
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart,
In Thine own ways to run.
- 4 Ah, leave us not ! from day to day
Revive, restore again ;
Our feeble steps do Thou direct,
Our enemies restrain.
- 5 When flesh shall fail, then strengthen Thou
The spirit from above ;
Make us to feel Thy service sweet,
And light Thy yoke of love.
- 6 So shall we faultless stand at last
Before Thy Father's throne ;
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own !

*Karl Johann Philipp Spitta. 1843.
Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1853. a.*

442

S. M.

- O** WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss ?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,

Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here :
- 5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest in Thine own home,
Where saints and angels live.

Sir Henry Williams Baker. 1852.

443

S. M.

- T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis His almighty Love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemished and complete
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all His faithful sons
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Isaac Watts. 1707. c.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

444

8.7. D.

- J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my All shalt be.
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 O, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy Love is left to me:
 O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee:
 What a Father's smile is thine;
 What a Saviour died to win thee:
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
- 4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1824.

445

L. M.

- J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?
 Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon :
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His Name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me !

*Joseph Grigg. 1765.**And Benjamin Francis. 1787.*

446

L. M. 6 lines.

- R**EDEEMER, whither should I flee,
 Or how escape the wrath to come ?
 The weary sinner flies to Thee
 For shelter from impending doom :
 Smile on me, gracious Lord, and show
 Thyself the Friend of sinners now.

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy Cross
 My heavy-laden soul finds rest :
 Let me esteem the world as dross,
 So I may be of Thee possest !
 I borrow every joy of Thee,
 For Thou art Life and Light to me.

3 Close to my Saviour's bloody Tree
 My soul, untired, shall ever cleave ;
 Despised and crucified with Thee,
 With Christ resolved to die and live :
 My prayer, my grand ambition, this,
 Living and dying, to be His.

Augustus M. Toplady. 1759.

447

Jesu, geh voran.

5.5.8.8.5.5.

JESUS, still lead on,
 Till our Rest be won !
 And although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow, calm and fearless.
 Guide us by Thy hand
 To our Fatherland !

2 If the way be drear,
 If the foe be near,
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
 For through many a foe
 To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief ;
 When temptations come alluring,
 Make us patient and enduring :
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more !

4 Jesus. still lead on,
 Till our rest be won ;
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our Fatherland !

*Nikolaus Ludwig, Count Zinzendorf. 1721.
 Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1853. a.*

448 *Meinen Jesum lass ich nicht.* 9.7.8.8.

I WILL leave my Jesus never !
 On the Cross for me He died ;
 Love shall draw me to Him ever,
 At His feet I will abide.
 Of my life the Light for ever,
 I will leave my Jesus never.

2 In His Name I stand acquitted
 While upon the earth I stay :
 What I have to Him committed
 He will keep until that day.
 Be His service my endeavor ;
 I will leave my Jesus never !

3 Dwelling in His presence holy,
 I at length shall reach the place
 Where with all the saints in glory
 I shall see His lovely face ;
 Nothing then but bliss for ever :
 I will leave my Jesus never.

4 Not the earth with all its treasure
 Could content this soul of mine ;
 Not alone for heavenly pleasure
 Doth my thirsty spirit pine ;
 For its Saviour yearning ever :
 I will leave my Jesus never !

- 5 From that living Fountain drinking,
 Walking always at His side,
 Christ shall lead me without sinking
 Through the river's rushing tide,
 With the blest to sing for ever;
 I will leave my Jesus never!

*Christian Keymann. 1658.
 Tr. Unknown. 1864.*

449

L. M.

- O THOU, to Whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light!
 Search, prove my heart: it pants for Thee:
 O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross!
 Nail my affections to the Cross!
 Hallow each thought; let all within
 Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
 No foes, no violence, I fear,
 No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I'd follow Thee;
 O let Thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to Thy holy hill!
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

*Nickolaus Ludwig, Count Zensendorf.
 Tr. John Wesley. 1789.*

THE HEAVENLY SPIRIT.

450

L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Saviour divine ! diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
Wisely to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies :
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die :
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

451

O der Alles hätt' verloren.

8.7.

WELL for him, who all things losing,
Even himself doth count as naught,
Still the one thing needful choosing,
That with all true bliss is fraught !

2 Well for him who, all forsaking,
Walketh not in shadows vain,
But the path of peace is taking
Through this vale of tears and pain !

3 O that we our hearts might sever
From earth's tempting vanities,
Fixing them on Him for ever,
In Whom all our fullness lies !

- 4 O that ne'er our eyes might wander
 From our God : so might we cease
 Ever o'er our sins to ponder,
 And our conscience be at peace !
- 5 Thou Abyss of love and goodness,
 Draw us by Thy Cross to Thee,
 That our senses, soul and spirit,
 Ever one with Christ may be !

*Gottfried Arnold. 1703.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.*

452

7.6.7.7.7.6.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things
 Toward heaven, thy native place.
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view His glorious face ;
 Upward tends to His abode,
 To rest in His embrace.
- 8 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon your Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave. 1749. a.

453

Ich bin ein Gast auf Erden.

7.6. D.

A PILGRIM and a stranger,
 I journey here below :
 Far distant is my country,
 The home to which I go.
 Here I must toil and travail,
 Oft weary and opprest,
 But there my God shall lead me
 To everlasting rest.

2 There still my thoughts are dwelling,
 'Tis there I long to be ;
 Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
 To blessedness with Thee !
 Come, bid my toils be ended,
 Let all my wanderings cease ;
 Call from the wayside lodging
 To the sweet home of peace !

3 There I shall dwell for ever,
 No more a stranger guest,
 With all Thy blood-bought children,
 In everlasting rest :
 The pilgrim toils forgotten,
 The pilgrim conflicts o'er,
 All earthly griefs behind us,
 Eternal joys before !

*Paul Gerhardt. 1666.
 Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1862.*

454

Himmelan geht unsre Bahn.

7.8.7.7.

HEAVENWARD still our pathway tends,
 Here on earth we are but strangers,
 Till our road in Canaan ends,
 Safely passed this wild of dangers :
 Here we but as pilgrims rove,
 For our home is there above.

- 2 Heavenward still, my soul, ascend !
 Thou art one of heaven's creations ;
 Earth can ne'er give aim or end
 Fit to fill thy aspirations ;
 And a heaven-enlightened mind
 Ever turns, its Source to find.
- 3 Heavenward still ! God calls to me,
 In His Word so loudly speaking ;
 Glimpses in that Word I see
 Of the home I'm ever seeking ;
 While my heart that call attends,
 Still to heaven my path ascends.
- 4 Heavenward still my spirit wends,
 That fair land by faith exploring ;
 Heavenward still my heart ascends,
 Sun and moon and stars outsoaring :
 Their faint rays in vain would try
 With the light of heaven to vie.
- 5 Heavenward still, when life shall close,
 Death to my true home shall guide me :
 Then, triumphant o'er my woes,
 Lasting bliss shall God provide me.
 Christ Himself the way has led ;
 Joyful in His steps I tread.
- 6 Still then heavenward ! heavenward still !
 This shall be my watchward ever :
 Heaven's delights my heart shall fill,
 Chasing joys that filled it never.
 Heavenward still my thoughts shall run,
 Till the gate of heaven is won.

Benjamin Schmolck. 1731.

Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841.

455 *Ach, uns wird das Herz so leer. Trochaic. 7.6.*

A H, this heart is void and chill,
 'Mid earth's noisy thronging ;

For the Father's mansions still
Earnestly is longing.

2 O to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing ;
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying !

3 With this load of sin and care
Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels there
On our Lord attending !

4 Ah, how blessèd, blessèd they
Who have rightly striven,
And rejoice eternally
With their Lord in heaven !

*Karl Johann Philipp Spitta. 1838.
Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1853.*

456

C. M. D.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !
O for the pearly gates of heaven !
O for the golden floor !
O for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth nevermore !

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint !
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint !
O for a heart that never sins !
O for a soul washed white !
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night !

- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher :
 But there are perfectness and peace
 Beyond our best desire.
 O by Thy Love and anguish, Lord,
 O by Thy life laid down,
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown !

Cecil Frances Alexander. 1853.

WATCHFULNESS AND FIDELITY.

457

S. M.

- A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill ;
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will !
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in Thy sight to live ;
 And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
 A strict account to give !
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley. 1762.

458

C. M.

- A WAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on :
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey:
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis His own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
 Have I my race begun;
 And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
 I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

459

L. M.

- A** WAKE, our souls, away our fears;
 Let every trembling thought be gone.
 Awake and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the Mighty God,
 Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 The mighty God, Whose matchless power,
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting cycles run.
- 4 From Thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

460

L. M.

- S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the Gospel armor on ;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes,
 Thy Jesus nailed them to the Cross,
 And sung the triumph when He rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace;
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Isaac Watts. 1707. a.

461

C. M.

- A**M I a soldier of the Cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His Name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 Is this vain world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God ?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign :
 Increase my courage, Lord ;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy Word.

- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all Thine armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts. 1721-24. a.

462

S. M.

- S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through His eternal Son ;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in His mighty power :
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,
 With all His strength endued ;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God :
- 4 That having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.
- 5 From strength to strength go on,
 Wrestle, and fight, and pray :
 Tread all the powers of darkness down,
 And win the well-fought day.
- 6 Still let the Spirit cry,
 In all His soldiers, "Come,"
 Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
 And takes the conqueror home.

Charles Wesley. 1748.

463

S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard ;
 Ten thousand foes arise,
 And hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down ;
 Thine arduous work will not be done,
 Till thou receive thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to Thy God ;
 He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
 To His divine abode.

George Heath. 1781.

464 From *Mein Jesu, Dem die Seraphinen.* L. M. D.

- I**NTO Thy gracious hands I fall,
 And with the arms of faith embrace ;
 O King of glory, hear my call !
 O raise me, heal me by Thy grace !
 Now righteous through Thy wounds I am :
 No condemnation now I dread ;
 I taste salvation in Thy Name,
 Alive in Thee, my living Head !
- 2 Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,
 Nor take Thy light from me away :
 Still with me let Thy grace abide,
 That I from Thee may never stray.
 Let Thy Word richly in me dwell ;
 Thy peace and love my portion be ;
 My joy to endure and do Thy will,
 Till perfect I am found in Thee.

- 3 Arm me with Thy whole armor, Lord !
 Support my weakness with Thy might ;
 Gird on my thigh Thy conquering sword,
 And shield me in the threatening fight :
 From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
 So in Thy strength shall I go on ;
 Till heaven and earth flee from Thy face,
 And glory end what grace begun.

*Wolfgang Christoph Dessler. 1692.
 Tr. John Wesley. 1739.*

465

S. M.

- Y**E servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait
 Observant of His heavenly word,
 And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame ;
 Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
 For awful is His Name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command ;
 And while we speak, He's near.
 Mark the first signal of His hand,
 And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
 In such a posture found !
 He shall His Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

WISDOM AND SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

466

C. M.

- A**Lmighty God, in humble prayer
 To Thee our souls we lift :
 Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
 For Thy most needful gift.

- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
 Along our path to flow ;
 We ask not undecaying health,
 Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
 May bring and take away ;
 We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
 Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom :—Lord, impart
 The knowledge how to live ;
 A wise and understanding heart
 To all before Thee give.
- 5 The young remember Thee in youth,
 Before the evil day !
 The old be guided by Thy truth
 In wisdom's pleasant way !

James Montgomery. 1825

467

C. P. M.

- B**E it my only wisdom here
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude !
 Knowledge divine may I display,
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart !
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given !
 And let me through Thy Spirit know
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.

Charles Wesley. 1762. a.

468

PSALM 119.

L. M.

- T**EACH me, O teach me, Lord, Thy way ;
 That, to my life's remotest day,
 By Thine unerring precepts led,
 My feet Thy heavenly paths may tread.

- 2 Informed by Thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate Thy law ;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To Thee its full obedience yield.
- 3 Give me to know Thy will aright,
Thy will my glory and delight ;
That, raised above the world, my mind
In Thee the highest good may find
- 4 O turn from vanity my eye ;
To me Thy quickening strength supply ;
And with Thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to Thy fear. *James Merrick. 1765. a.*

469

L. M.

- WHAT strange perplexities arise,
What anxious fears and jealousies !
What crowds in doubtful light appear,
How few, alas, approved and clear !
- 2 And what am I?—my soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take.
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear ?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear ?
Is Jesus formed and living there ?
Ah, do His lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine ?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still ;
The secrets of my soul reveal ;
My fears remove ; let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear !

Samuel Davies. 1769. a.

470

C. M.

- SEARCHER of hearts, before Thy face
I all my soul display,
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Entreat Thy strict survey.

- 2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
 I any sin conceal,
 O let a ray of light divine
 The secret guile reveal!
- 3 If in these fatal fetters bound
 A wretched slave I lie :
 Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
 To light and liberty !
- 4 To humble penitence and prayer
 Be gentle pity given ;
 Speak ample pardon to my heart,
 And seal its claim to heaven.

Philip Doddridge. 1755

SIMPLICITY AND HUMILITY.

471

7s. 6 lines.

- Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart ;
 Make me teachable and mild ;
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weanèd child :
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care :
 Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone:
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon Thy smiles,
 Till the promised hour appears
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

John Newton. 1779.

472

PSALM 131.

78.

- L**ORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master be,
 Clothed with humility,
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Changed into a little child,
 Pleased with all the Lord provides,
 Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on Thee ;
 Every evil let me flee :
 Nothing want beneath, above,
 Happy in Thy precious Love.
- 4 O that all may seek and find
 Every good in Christ combined !
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

From Charles Wesley. 1741.

473

PSALM 131.

78.

- L**ORD, for ever at Thy side
 Let my place and portion be !
 Strip me of the robe of pride,
 Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
 All Thy Spirit hath revealed.
Thou hast spoken ;—I believe,
Though the prophecy were sealed.

3 Quiet as a weanèd child,
 Weanèd from the mother's breast ;
 By no subtlety beguiled,
 On Thy faithful Word I rest.

4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,
 In the Lord Jehovah trust :
 Him in all His ways adore,
 Wise, and wonderful, and just.

James Montgomery. 1819.

BENEVOLENCE.

474

L. M.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
 What were His works from day to day
 But miracles of power and grace,
 That spread salvation through our race ?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
 Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue.
 Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
 Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

Thomas Gibbons. 1784.

475

C. M

JESUS, our Lord, how rich Thy grace !
 Thy bounties how complete !
 How shall we count the matchless sum ?
 How pay the mighty debt ?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost Thou exalted shine ;
 What can our poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are Thine ?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of Thy grace,

And wilt confess their humble names
Before Thy Father's face.

- 4 In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered ;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see ;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

476

7a.

- FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind !
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows Thy goodness unconfined.
- 2 Lord, what offerings shall we bring
At Thine altars when we bow ?
Grateful, loving hearts, the spring
Whence the kind affections flow ;
- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store.
- 4 Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind ;
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to Thee and all mankind.

John Taylor. 1795. a.

477

S. M.

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be :
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
 To Thee our first fruits give.
- 3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
 And homes are bare and cold,
 And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
 Are straying from the fold !
- 4 To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,
 To tend the lone and fatherless,
 Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
 The lost to God to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,—
 It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be ;
 Whate'er we do for Thine, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

William Walsham How. 1864.

478

C. M.

HOW shall we show our Love to Thee,
 Thou loving God most high,
 But loving this Thy family,
 For which Thou deignest to die ?

- 2 If Thou for me such Love didst bear,
 Shall I not love again ?
 For all are objects of Thy care ;
 Thy Love doth all sustain.
- 3 If we have love for Thee in heaven,
 'Tis seen by love on earth :
 Love only, love which God hath given,
 Doth prove our heavenly birth.

- 4 For all we know of God above,
And of His saints below,
And all we know of heaven, is Love,
And all we need to know.
- 5 Love is of life the only sign,
Love is our vital breath ;
Love only shows the child divine,
Love only conquers death.
- 6 Whate'er we do, where'er we go,
Let love our sonship prove :
Our lives the fire celestial show,
Our thoughts and words be love.
- 7 O deign to send the love of Thee
From highest heaven above ;
For then our life Thy praise shall be,
When all our life is love.
- 8 With praise to Thee our strains began,
With love to Thee shall end ;
The love of Thee, and love of man,
From heaven O deign to send !

Isaac Williams. 1842. a.

CROSS AND COMFORT.

479

PSALM 42.

C. M.

- A**FFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.
- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can reinstate my peace :
And He Who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid that tempest cease.

- 3 In the dark watches of the night,
 I'll count His mercies o'er;
 I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
 And humbly sue for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrows rose
 And pressed on every side,
 The Lord has still sustained my steps,
 And still has been my Guide.
- 5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
 Nor murmur at His rod;
 He's more than all the world to me,
 My Health, my Life, my God!

Nathaniel Cotton. 1761. a.

480

L. M.

- G**OD of my life, to Thee I call!
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with Thee, Whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God
 Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
 I have an Advocate with Thee;
 They whom the world caresses most
 Have no such privilege to boast.

- 6 Poor though I be, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

William Cowper. 1779.

481

C. M.

- D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,
 On Thee, when sorrows rise,
 On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal;
 Thy Word can bring a sweet relief
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain?
- 4 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer:
 O may I ever find access,
 To breathe my sorrows there!

Anne Steele. 1760.

482

PSALM 86.

L. M.

- O** HEAR me, Lord, for I am poor,
 And seek salvation at Thy door;
 Bow down Thy gentle ear to me,
 Who am opprest with misery.
- 2 Let mercy come from God on high,
 The object of my daily cry;
 I daily knock, I daily wait,
 For mercy's alms, at mercy's gate,

- 3 Thou, Lord, art good, and Thou dost stand
 With sealèd pardons in Thy hand ;
 O how the dews of mercy fall,
 And answer at Thy people's call !
- 4 Lord, guide me in Thy secret way ;
 With such a Guide I shall not stray :
 Bring me into a heavenly frame,
 Unite my heart to fear Thy Name.
- 5 O King of Nations, Lord of all,
 Before Thee shall all nations fall ;
 And every language shall confess
 Thy glorious everlastingness !

John Mason. 1683. a.

483

11.10.

- COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 anguish ;—
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure !
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the Bread of Life ; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
 Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

Vs. 1, 2, Thomas Moore. 1816.

V. 3, Thomas Hastings. 1831-32.

484

8.6.8.8.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
 In trial's fearful hour,
 Bow, all resigned, beneath His rod,
 And bless His sparing power,
 A joy springs up amid distress,
 A fountain in the wilderness.

- 2 O, to be brought to Jesus' feet,
 Though sorrows fix me there,
 Is still a privilege ; and sweet
 The energies of prayer,
 Though sighs and tears its language be,
 If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.
- 3 Then blessèd be the Hand that gave,
 Still blessèd when it takes :
 Blessèd be He Who smites to save,
 Who heals the heart He breaks.
 Perfect and true are all His ways,
 Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

Josiah Conder. 1818.

485

S. M.

- I**N weariness and pain,
 By sins and fears opprest,
 I turn me to my Rest again,
 My soul's eternal Rest :
- 2 The Lamb that died for me,
 And still my load doth bear ;
 To Jesus' streaming wounds I flee,
 And find my quiet there.
- 3 Jesus, was ever grief,
 Was ever love like Thine ?
 Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief,
 Thy life hath ransomed mine.
- 4 O may I rise with Thee,
 And soar to things above,
 And spend a blest eternity
 In praise of dying Love.

Charles Wesley. 1749. a.

486

S. M.

- T**HOU very present Aid
 In suffering and distress ;
 The soul which still on Thee is stayed
 Is kept in perfect peace.

- 2 The soul by faith reclined
On his Redeemer's breast,
Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.
- 3 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.
- 4 It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
Makes me forget my every loss,
And find my all in Thee.
- 5 Peace to the troubled heart,
Health to the sin-sick mind;
The wounded spirit's Balm Thou art,
The Healer of mankind.
- 6 Jesus, to Whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill;
In vain created streams are dry,
I have the Fountain still.
- 7 Stript of my earthly friends,
I find them all in One;
And peace, and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ alone.

Charles Wesley. 1749. a.

487

S. M.

- Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of Love divine,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His Name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside, at His control:
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

Augustus M. Toplady. 1772.

488

Wenn meine Sünd' mich kränken.

S. M.

- WHEN sorrow and remorse
Prey at my heart, to Thee
I look, Who on the holy Cross
Wast slain for wretched me.
- 2 Thy Passion, Lord, inspires
My spirit day by day,
That I from all low dark desires
Have strength to flee away.
- 3 Whate'er the burden be,
The cross upon me laid,
Or want or shame, I look to Thee;
Be Thou, O Christ, my Aid.
- 4 And let Thy sorrows cheer
My soul when I depart:
Give strength to cast away all fear,
Console, sustain my heart.

- 5 Since Thou hast died for me,
 Help me to trust Thy grace,
 That Thou wilt take me up to Thee,
 Where I shall see Thy face.

Justus Gesenius. 1646.

From Catherine Winkworth. Tr. 1855.

489

C. M. D.

- T**HOU art my Hiding-place, O Lord!
 On Thee I fix my trust,
 Encouraged by Thy holy Word,
 A feeble child of dust.
 I have no argument beside,
 I urge no other plea ;
 And 'tis enough the Saviour died,
 The Saviour died for me.
- 2 When storms of fierce temptations beat,
 And furious foes assail,
 My refuge is the mercy-seat,
 My hope within the veil.
 From strife of tongues and bitter words
 My spirit flies to Thee :
 Joy to my heart the thought affords
 My Saviour died for me.
- 3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
 When mortal strength is vain,
 A heart with grief and anguish torn,
 A body racked with pain :
 Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,
 Bid every murmur flee,
 But this, the witness in my breast
 That Jesus died for me?
- 4 And when Thy awful voice commands
 This body to decay,
 And life, in its last lingering sands,
 Is ebbing fast away,

Then, though it be in accents weak,
 And faint and tremblingly,
 O give me strength in death to speak,
 "My Saviour died for me."

Thomas Raffles. 1833.

490

C. M.

O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my heart to Thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord, remember me!

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 My pardon speak, new peace impart;
 In love, remember me!

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee;
 O give me strength, Lord, as my day;
 For good, remember me!

4 Distrest with pain, disease, and grief,
 This feeble body see;
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
 Hear, and remember me!

5 When in the solemn hour of death
 I wait Thy just decree:
 Be this the prayer of my last breath,
 Good Lord, remember me!

6 And when before Thy throne I stand
 And lift my soul to Thee,
 Then, with the saints at Thy right hand,
 Good Lord, remember me!

Thomas Haweis. 1792. a.

491

C. M. D.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high :
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought Rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away His servant's tears,
And take His exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravished eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise !
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who reap the pleasures there ;
They all are clothed in robes of white,
And conquering palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at Thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away ;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Charles Wesley. 1759, a.

492

C. M. D.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live :
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.
 If life be long, I will be glad
 That I may long obey ;
 If short, yet why should I be sad
 To soar to endless day ?

- 2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before :
 He that into God's kingdom comes
 Must enter by this door.
 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet,
 Thy blessed face to see ;
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be ?
- 3 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
 And weary sinful days,
 And join with the triumphant saints
 That sing Jehovah's praise.
 My knowledge of that Life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim ;
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
 And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter. 1681. a.

THANKSGIVING—NATIONAL.

493

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

GOD bless our native land !
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night ;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might !

2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God above the skies;
 On Him we wait:
 Thou Who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State!

*Charles Timothy Brooks. 1835.
 Revised by John S. Dwight. 1841.*

494

H. M.

BEFORE the Lord we bow,
 The God Who reigns above,
 And rules the world below,
 Boundless in power and love.
 Our thanks we bring Our hearts we raise
 In joy and praise, To heaven's high King.

2 The nation Thou hast blest,
 May well Thy Love declare,
 From foes and fears at rest,
 Protected by Thy care.
 For this fair land, Our thanks we pay,—
 For this bright day, Gifts of Thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,
 Each vale and forest green,
 Shine in Thy Word's pure light,
 And its rich fruits be seen!
 May every tongue And join to raise
 Be tuned to praise, A grateful song.

4 Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
 Thy great Redeemer own;
 Believe, obey, rejoice,
 And worship Him alone.
 Cast down thy pride, And bow before
 Thy sin deplore, The Crucified.

5 And when in power He comes,
 O may our native land,
 From all its rending tombs,
 Send forth a glorious band,
 A countless throng, | To heaven's high King
 Ever to sing | Salvation's song.

Francis Scott Key. 1832. a.

495

Fast Day.

8.7.

DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
 From Thy temple in the skies
 Hear Thy people's supplications,
 And for their deliverance rise!

2 Lo with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call,
 Thou hast mercy more abounding;
 Jesus' Blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that Love veil our transgression,
 Let that Blood our guilt efface:
 Save Thy people from oppression,
 Save from spoil Thy Holy Place.

Rev. C— F—. 1804.

496

Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen seyn.

L. M.

WHEN in the hour of utmost need
 We know not where to look for aid;
 When days and nights of anxious thought
 Nor help nor counsel yet have brought:

2 Then this our comfort is alone,
 That we may meet before Thy throne,
 And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
 For rescue from our misery:

- 3 To Thee we raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
And seek Thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.
- 4 For Thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to Thee,
Through Him whose Name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our Advocate.
- 5 And thus we come, O God, to-day,
And all our woes before Thee lay ;
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Peril and foes on every hand.
- 6 Ah, hide not for our sins Thy face ;
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace ;
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill.
- 7 That so with all our hearts may we
Once more with joy give thanks to Thee,
And walk obedient to Thy Word,
And now and ever praise the Lord.

Paul Eber. 1560.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858. a.

497

PSALM 20.

L. M.

- N**OW may the God of power and grace
Attend His people's humble cry,
Jehovah hear when Israel prays,
And bring deliverance from on high !
- 2 The Name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls ;
He from His sanctuary sends
Succor and strength when Zion calls.
 - 3 In His salvation is our hope,
And in the Name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

- 4 Some trust in horses trained for war,
 And some of chariots make their boasts ;
 Our surest expectations are
 From Thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 5 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear ;
 Now let our hope be firm and strong,
 Till Thy salvation shall appear,
 And joy and triumph raise the song.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

498

S. M. D.

- L**ET God, the mighty God,
 The Lord of hosts, arise,
 With terror clad, with strength endued,
 And rend and bow the skies !
 Called down by faithful prayer,
 Saviour, appear below,
 Thy hand lift up, Thine arm make bare,
 And quell Thy people's foe.
- 2 Our Refuge in distress,
 In danger's darkest hour,
 Appear as in the ancient days,
 With full redeeming power :
 That Thy redeemed may sing
 In glad triumphant strains,
 The Lord is God, the Lord is King,
 The Lord for ever reigns !
- 3 We with our ears have heard,
 Our fathers us have told
 The work that in their days appeared,
 And in the times of old :
 With such deliverance bless
 Whom Thou hast chose for Thine,
 That men and nations may confess
 The work is all divine !

Charles Wesley. 1759.

499

S. M. D.

GOD of unbounded Power,
 God of unwearied Love,
 Be present in our dangerous hour,
 Our danger to remove :
 Jesus, Jehovah, Lord,
 Thy wonted aid we claim ;
 Not trusting in our bow or sword,
 But in Thy saving Name !

2 Our lives are hid with Thine,
 Our hairs are numbered all,
 Nor can without the Will divine
 One worthless sparrow fall.
 And shall a nation bleed,
 And shall a kingdom fail,
 While Thou, O Christ, art Lord and Head
 O'er heaven and earth and hell ?

3 Beneath Thy wings secure,
 In patience we possess
 Our souls, and quietly endure
 Whate'er our God decrees,
 Teach us to understand
 The thunder of Thy power,
 And thus, O Lord, to see Thy Hand,
 Thy Truth and Love adore.

4 Escaped the hostile sword,
 O may we fly to Thee,
 And find in our redeeming Lord
 Our life and liberty.
 Our Strength and Righteousness,
 O let us hold Thee fast,
 With confidence divine, and peace
 That shall forever last.

Charles Wesley. 1750. a.

500 *Herr Gott, wir danken Dir.* 6.7.6.6.6.6.

LORD God, we worship Thee!
 In loud and happy chorus,
 We praise Thy love and power,
 Whose goodness reigneth o'er us.
 To heaven our song shall soar,
 For ever shall it be
 Resounding o'er and o'er,
 Lord God, we worship Thee!

2 Lord God, we worship Thee!
 For Thou our land defendest;
 Thou pourest down Thy grace,
 And strife and war Thou endest.
 Since golden peace, O Lord,
 Thou grantest us to see,
 Our land, with one accord,
 Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

3 Lord God, we worship Thee!
 Thou didst indeed chastise us,
 Yet still Thy anger spares,
 And still Thy mercy tries us:
 Once more our Father's hand
 Doth bid our sorrows flee,
 And peace rejoice our land:
 Lord God, we worship Thee!

4 Lord God, we worship Thee!
 And pray Thee, Who hast blest us,
 That we may live in peace,
 And none henceforth molest us:
 O crown us with Thy Love;
 Fulfill our cry to Thee:
 O Father, grant our prayer:
 Lord God, we worship Thee!

*Johann Franck. 1653.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.*

HARVEST.

501

7s.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise
 For the Love that crowns our days !
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ !

- 2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield ;
 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :
- 3 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal Autumn pours
 From her overflowing stores :
- 4 These to Thee, our God ! we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow !
 And for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna Letitia Barbauld. 1772.

502

L. M.

O GRACIOUS Hand that freely gives
 The fruits of earth, our toil to bless !
 O Love by which the sinner lives !
 O let our tongues that Love confess !

- 2 Our God for all our need provides ;
 His sun alike o'er all doth shine ;
 From none His glorious beams He hides ;
 So rich, so free, His Love divine.
- 3 Again this Love our garners fills ;
 This Love again let all adore :
 The cry of want His bounty stills,
 Who biddeth all His Name implore.

- 4 O may our lives through grace abound
 In holy fruits, and Thee proclaim !
 Let all Thy courts with praises sound
 Thy gracious hand, Thy wondrous Name.
- 5 Lord, when Thou shalt descend from heaven,
 Thy ransomed harvest here to reap,
 O in that day Thy joy be given
 To those who now go forth and weep.

Arthur Tixer Russell. 1848. a.

503

L. M. 6 lines.

- L**ORD of the harvest ! once again
 We thank Thee for the ripened grain ;
 For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
 Thy servants through another year ;
 For all sweet, holy thoughts supplied
 By seed-time and by harvest-tide.
- 2 The bare dead grain in autumn sown,
 Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
 Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
 Fresh garnished by the King of kings.
 So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
 Shall new and glorious bodies be.
- 3 Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
 A lesson from the reaper's task ;
 So shall Thine angels issue forth ;
 The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
 Playthings of sun and storm no more,
 Be gathered to their Father's store.
- 4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
 As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
 But not alone our bodies feed ;
 Supply our fainting spirits' need !
 O Bread of Life ! from day to day,
 Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay !

Joseph Anstice. 1838.

504 *Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan.* 7s. 6 lines.

WHAT our Father does is well :
Blessèd truth His children tell !
Though He send for plenty, want,
Though the harvest store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His Love,
Seeking better things above.

2 What our Father does is well :
Shall the wilful heart rebel
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is He not Himself to be
All our Store eternally ?

3 What our Father does is well :
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His Word supplies.
He has called us sons of God ;
Can we murmur at His rod ?

4 What our Father does is well :
May the thought within us dwell ;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In the barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise ;
To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honor, might, and glory be,
Now and through eternity.

Benjamin Schmolke. 1720.
Tr. Str Henry Williams Baker. 1861. a.

THE FAMILY.

505

Marriage.

7.6.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, holy Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of His own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands:

5 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ the Bridegroom
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

6 O spread Thy pure wings o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,

7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

John Keble. 1857. c.

506

C. M.

THREE happy souls, who, born of heaven,
While yet they sojourn here
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in His fear.

- 2 Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to Thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs
Our hearts be Thine alone!
- 3 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings,
And in Thy strength confide.
- 4 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With Thee amid the social band,
In solitude with Thee.
- 5 At night we lean our weary heads
On Thy paternal breast,
And safely folded in Thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.
- 6 In solid pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be passed;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

MORNING OR EVENING.

507

L. M. 6 lines.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

- 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And, grieving o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Saviour, in Thy Name:
My conscience sprinkled with Thy Blood,
And be my Advocate with God.
- 3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest:
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.
- 4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflict o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

William Shrubsole, 1813. a.

508

7a.

- L**ORD, to Thee I lift my eyes,
Hands and heart I lift to Thee;
Let my prayer accepted rise,
Weak, imperfect, though it be.
- 2 Teach me, Lord, Thy Name to know;
Teach me, Lord, Thy Name to love;
May I do Thy will below,
As Thy will is done above.
- 3 Saviour, God, Thy grace impart,
Give me strength to follow Thee;
Live Thyself within my heart,
Set my ransomed spirit free.

- 4 When I go to rest at night,
 O'er me watch and near me stay ;
 And when morning brings the light,
 May I wake to praise and pray.

*Edward Scobell's Col. 1836. a.
 V. 2, Sunday-School Union H.-B. 1835.*

509

7s.

GRACIOUS God ! to Thee we pray,
 Give us grace to pray aright ;
 Guide and bless us every day,
 And defend us every night.

- 2 Let Thy mercy, while we live,
 Every needful want supply ;
 And Thy blissful presence give,
 To support us when we die.

Sunday-School Union H.-B. 1835.

MORNING.

510

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High praise to the eternal King.
- 3 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
 And hast refreshed me while I slept :
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake !
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
 Disperse my sins as morning dew ;

Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken. 1695-1709. a.

511 *Gott des Himmels und der Erden. 8.7.7.7.*

GOD, Who madest earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who the day and night hast given
Sun and moon and starry host,
Thou Whose mighty hand sustains
Earth and all that she contains :

- 2 Praise to Thee my soul shall render,
Who this night hast guarded me,
My omnipotent Defender,
Who from ill dost set me free ;—
Free from danger, anguish, woe,
Free from the infernal foe.

- 3 Let the night of my transgression
With night's darkness pass away :
Jesus, into Thy possession
I resign myself to-day.
In Thy wounds I find relief
From my greatest sin and grief.

- 4 Grant that I may rise this morning,
From the lethargy of sin ;
So my soul, through Thy adorning,
Shall be glorious within ;
And I, at the judgment day,
Shall not be a cast-away.

- 5 Let my life and conversation
 Be directed by Thy Word ;
 Lord, Thy constant preservation
 To Thy erring child afford.
 Nowhere but alone in Thee,
 From all harm can I be free.
- 6 Wholly to Thy blest protection
 I commit my heart and mind ;
 Mighty God ! to Thy direction
 Wholly may I be resigned.
 Lord, my Shield, my Light divine,
 O accept, and own me Thine !
- 7 Lord, to me, Thine angel sending,
 Keep me from the subtle foe ;
 From his craft and might defending,
 Never let Thy wanderer go,
 Till my final rest be come,
 And Thine angel bear me home.

*Heinrich Albert. 1643.
 Tr. John Christian Jacobi. 1722.
 And Arthur Tozer Russell. 1848.*

512

Jam Lucis orto Sidere.

C. M.

- N**OW that the sun is beaming bright,
 Once more to God we pray,
 That He, the uncreated Light,
 May guide our souls this day.
- 2 No sinful word, no deed of wrong,
 Nor thoughts that idly rove ;
 But simple truth be on our tongue,
 And in our hearts be love.
- 3 And while the hours in order flow,
 O Christ, securely fence
 Our gates, beleagured by the foe,
 The gate of every sense.

- 4 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
 Our daily toil may tend :
 That we begin it at Thy word,
 And in Thy favor end.

Tr. John Henry Newman. 1842. a.

513

S. M.

- WE lift our hearts to Thee,
 O Day-Star from on high!
 The sun itself is but Thy shade,
 Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let Thy orient beams
 The night of sin disperse ;
 The mists of error and of vice
 Which shade the universe.
- 3 How beauteous nature now !
 How dark and sad before !
 With joy we view the pleasing change,
 And nature's God adore.
- 4 O may no gloomy crime
 Pollute the rising day ;
 May Jesus' Blood, like morning dew,
 Wash all our stains away.
- 5 May we this life improve,
 To mourn for errors past ;
 And live this short revolving day
 As if it were our last.

John Wesley. 1741. a.

514

C. M.

- ORD, for the mercies of this night
 L My humble thanks I pay,
 And unto Thee I dedicate
 The firstfruits of the day.

- 2 Let this day praise Thee, O my God,
 And so let all my days :
 And O, let my eternal day
 Be Thy eternal praise !

John Mason. 1683.

EVENING.

515

7a.

- S**OFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away ;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with Thee !
- 2 Thou Whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon for me the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away :
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee !
- 4 Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
 All of man's infirmity ;
 Then from Thine eternal throne,
 Jesus, look with pitying eye.

George Washington Doane. 1824.

516

S. M.

- T**HE day, O Lord, is spent ;
 Abide with us, and rest ;
 Our heart's desires are fully bent
 On making Thee our guest.
- 2 We have not reached that land,
 That happy land, as yet,
 Where holy angels round Thee stand,
 Whose sun can never set.

EVENING.

- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require ;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, Whose hand hath set
New time upon our score ;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more !

John Mason. 1683. a.

520

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθὼν.

7.6.8.8.

- THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!
- 2 The toils of day are over :
I lift my heart to Thee :
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And guard me through the coming night !
- 3 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God ! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

Anatolius. ab. 450.

Tr. John Mason Neale. 1862. a.

521 *Hinunter ist der Sonnenschein.* L. M.

SUNK is the sun's last beam of light,
 And now the world is wrapt in night;
 Christ, light us with Thy heavenly ray,
 Nor let our feet in darkness stray.

2 Thanks, Lord, that Thou throughout the day
 Hast kept all grief and harm away;
 That angels tarried round about
 Our coming in and going out.

3 Whate'er of wrong we've done or said,
 Let not the charge on us be laid;
 That, through Thy free forgiveness blest,
 In peaceful slumber we may rest.

4 Thy guardian angels round us place,
 All evil from our couch to chase;
 Our soul and body, while we sleep,
 In safety, gracious Father, keep.

*Nikolaus Hermann. 1560.
 Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841. a.*

522 L. M.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thine own Almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 To die, that this vile body may
 Rise glorious at the final day.

- 4 O when shall I, in endless day,
 For ever chase dark sleep away,
 And hymns divine with angels sing
 In endless praise to Thee, my King?

Thomas Ken. 1695-1709. a.

523

L. M.

- SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near ;
 O may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast!
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live ;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take ;
 Till in the ocean of Thy Love
 We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

John Keble. 1827.

524

L. M. Pec.

INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
 Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
 My all to Thy covenant care
 I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
 The night is no darkness to me;
 And fast as my minutes roll on,
 They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 A sovereign Protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and His comforts abound,
 His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul He delights to defend.

Augustus M. Toplady. 1774. a.

525

8.7.8.7.7.7.

THROUGH the day Thy Love hath spared us,
 Now we lay us down to rest;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest:
 Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers:
 In Thine arms may we repose;
 And when life's sad day is past,
 Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly. 1806.

CHILDREN.

526

Στομίων πῶλον ἀδαῶν.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
 Guiding in love and truth
 Through devious ways ;
 Christ, our triumphant King,
 We come Thy Name to sing,
 And here our children bring,
 To join Thy praise.

- 2 Thou art our holy Lord,
 O all-subduing Word,
 Healer of strife :
 Thou didst Thyself abase,
 That from sin's deep disgrace
 Thou mightest save our race,
 And give us life.
- 3 O wisdom's great High Priest !
 Thou hast prepared the feast
 Of holy love ;
 And in our mortal pain
 None calls on Thee in vain ;
 Help Thou dost not disdain,
 Help from above.
- 4 Ever be near our side,
 Our Shepherd and our Guide,
 Our staff and song :
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
 By Thine enduring Word,
 Lead us where Thou hast trod :
 Make our faith strong.
- 5 So now, until we die,
 Sound we Thy praises high,
 And joyful sing :

Let all the holy throng
 Who to Thy Church belong,
 Unite and swell the song
 To Christ our King !

*From Clement of Alexandria. ab. 200.
 Tr. Henry Martyn Dexter. 1846.*

527

Palm Sunday.

7.6.7.6. D.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to His Name.
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,
 But as He rode along,
 He let them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.

- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His Love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill:
 We'll flock around His banner,
 Who sits upon the throne,
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son!"
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Might well hosanna raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No; while our hearts are tender,
 They, too, shall be the Lord's.

Joshua King. 1880.

528

7s. 6 lines.

JESUS, when a little Child,
 Taught us what we ought to be;

Holy, harmless, undefiled,
 Was the Saviour's infancy ;
 All the Father's glory shone
 In the person of His Son.

2 As in age and strength He grew,
 Heavenly wisdom filled His breast ;
 Crowds attentive round Him drew,
 Wondering at their infant Guest ;
 Gazed upon His lovely face,
 Saw Him full of truth and grace.

3 In His heavenly Father's house,
 Jesus spent His early days ;
 There He paid His solemn vows,
 There proclaimed His Father's praise ;
 Thus it was His lot to gain
 Favor both with God and man.

4 Father, guide our steps aright
 In the way that Jesus trod ;
 May it be our great delight
 To obey Thy will, O God !
 Then to us shall soon be given
 Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

Sunday-School Union H. B. 1853.

529

C. M.

O THOU, Whose infant feet were found
 Within Thy Father's shrine,
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
 Were all alike divine ;

2 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
 We seek Thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still Thine own !

Reginald Heber. 1821.

530

7a.

LAMB of God, I look to Thee ;
 Thou shalt my example be ;
 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
 Thou wast once a little child.

2 Fain I would be as Thou art ;
 Give me Thy obedient heart.
 Thou art pitiful and kind :
 Let me have Thy loving mind.

3 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
 In Thy gracious hands I am.
 Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
 Live Thyself within my heart.

4 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
 Serve Thee all my happy days :
 Then the world shall always see
 Christ, the holy Child, in me.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

531

Weil ich Jesu Schäflein bin.

7s. 6 lines.

SEEING I am Jesus' lamb,
 Ever glad at heart I am
 O'er my Shepherd kind and good,
 Who provides me daily food,
 And His lamb by name doth call,
 For He knows and loves us all.

2 Guided by His gentle staff
 Where the sunny pastures laugh,
 I go in and out and feed,
 Lacking nothing that I need.
 When I thirst, my feet He brings
 To the fresh and living springs.

3 Shall I not rejoice for this?
 He is mine, and I am His.

And when these bright days are past
 Safely in His arms at last
 He will bear me home to heaven;
 Ah, what joy hath Jesus given!

*Henrietta Louisa von Hayn. 1778.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858. a.*

532

8.7.

SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs Thy bosom share;

- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, Thy Word believing,
 Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey;
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them through life's dangerous way.
- 4 Then within Thy fold eternal
 Let them find a resting-place,
 Fed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William Augustus Muhlenberg. 1826.

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

533

C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree;
 And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow Thee.

- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Sweet Source of light divine,
 And, all harmonious names in one,
 My Saviour,— Thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
 A boundless, endless store,
 Shall echo through the realms above
 When time shall be no more!

*William Cowper. 1765.***534**

C. M.

- I** LOVE to steal a while away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all His promises to plead
 Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On Him Whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.

- 5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

Phæbe H. Brown. 1824.

535

C. M.

- D**O not I love Thee, O my Lord ?
 Behold my heart, and see ;
 And cast each idol from its throne,
 That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Is not Thy Name melodious still
 To mine attentive ear ?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
 My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock,
 I would disdain to feed ?
 Hast Thou a foe, before whose face
 I fear Thy cause to plead ?
- 4 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord ;
 But O, I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 That I may love Thee more.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

536

6.4.6.6.4.

- N**EARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;
 Still, all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,

Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee !

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Sarah Flower Adams. 1841.

537

For the Aged.

C. P. M.

WITH years opprest, with sorrow worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To Thee, O God, I pray :
To Thee my withered hands arise,
To Thee I lift these failing eyes ;
O cast me not away !

- 2 Thy mercy heard my infant prayer :
 Thy love, with all a mother's care,
 Sustained my childish days :
 Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
 And formed my heart to love Thy truth,
 And filled my lips with praise.
- 3 O Saviour, has Thy grace declined ?
 Can years affect the eternal Mind,
 Or time its Love decay ?
 A thousand ages in Thy sight,
 And all their long and weary flight,
 Are gone like yesterday.
- 4 Then, e'en in age and grief, Thy Name
 Shall still my languid heart inflame,
 And bow my faltering knee :
 O yet this bosom feels the fire ;
 This trembling hand and drooping lyre
 Have yet a strain for Thee !
- 5 Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
 This voice, transported, shall record
 Thy goodness, tried so long ;
 Till, sinking slow with calm decay,
 Its feeble murmurs melt away
 Into a seraph's song.

Sir Robert Grant. d. 1836.

DEATH.

538

PSALM 90.

C. M.

OUR God, our Help in ages past,
 Our Hope for years to come ;
 Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal Home !

- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust :
 " Return, ye sons of men ;"
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 6 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
 Pleased with the morning light :
 The flowers beneath the mower's hand
 Lie withering ere 'tis night.
- 7 Our God, our Help in ages past,
 Our Hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal Home !

Isaac Watts. 1719.

539

C. M.

- THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
 And humbly own to Thee
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we !
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase ;
 And every beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.

- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave ;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road ;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

*Isaac Watts. 1707.***540**

C. M.

- L**ET others boast how strong they be,
 Nor death nor danger fear ;
 But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,
 What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
 And flourish bright and gay :
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
 And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
 And dies if one be wrong ;
 Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
 Should keep in tune so long !
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
 The God that formed us first,
 Salvation to the almighty Name
 That reared us from the dust !
- 5 While we have breath, or life, or tongues,
 Our Maker we'll adore.
 His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
 Or they would breathe no more.

Isaac Watts. 1707. a.

541

S. M. D.

- A** FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest,
 Asleep within the tomb :
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that great day ;
 O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away !
- 2 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild, rocky shore,
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.
 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.
- 3 'Tis but a little while
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign.
 Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that glad day ;
 O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away !

Horatius Bonar. 1856.

542

11s.

- I** WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
 way ;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer,
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
 Temptation without, and corruption within :
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
 There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
 To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
 While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

William Augustus Muhlenberg. 1826.

543

Gravi me terrore pulsas.

8.7. 6 lines.

- O WHAT terror in the forethought,
 Ending scene of mortal life!
 Heart is sickened, reins are loosened,
 Thrills each nerve, with terror rife,
 When the anxious heart depicteth
 All the anguish of the strife!
- 2 Christ, unconquered King of glory!
 Thou my wretched soul relieve
 In that last extremest terror
 When the body she must leave:
 Let the Accuser of the brethren
 O'er me then no power receive!
- 3 Let the Prince of darkness vanish,
 And Gehenna's legions fly!
 Shepherd, Thou Thy sheep, thus ransomed,
 To Thy country lead on high,
 Where for ever in fruition
 I may see Thee eye to eye!

*Peter Damian. d. 1072.
 Tr. John Mason Neale. 1851.*

544 *Mein Gott, ich weiss wohl dass ich sterbe.* L. M. 6 lines.

MY God, I know that I must die :
 MY mortal life is passing hence ;
 On earth I neither hope nor try
 To find a lasting residence.
 Then teach me by Thy heavenly grace
 With joy and peace my death to face.

2 My God, I know not *when* I die ;
 What is the moment or the hour,
 How soon the clay may broken lie,
 How quickly pass away the flower :
 Then may Thy child preparèd be
 Through time to meet eternity.

3 My God, I know not *how* I die ;
 For death has many ways to come,
 In dark mysterious agony,
 Or gently as a sleep to some.
 Just as Thou wilt, if but it be
 To bring me, blessèd Lord, to Thee !

4 My God, I know not *where* I die,
 Where is my grave, beneath what strand ;
 Yet from its gloom I do rely
 To be delivered by Thy hand.
 Content, I take what spot is mine,
 Since all the earth, my Lord, is Thine.

5 My gracious God, when I must die,
 O bear my happy soul above,
 With Christ, my Lord, eternally
 To share Thy glory and Thy Love :
 Then comes it right and well to me,
 When, where, and how my death shall be.

*Benjamin Schmolck. d. 1704.
 Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1854. a.*

545 *Ich weiss es wird mein Ende kommen. L. M. 6 lines.*

I KNOW my end must surely come,
 But know not when, or where, or how ;
 It may be I shall hear my doom
 To-night, to-morrow, nay, or now ;
 Ere yet this present hour is fled,
 This living body may be dead.

- 2 Lord Jesus, let me daily die,
 And at the last Thy presence give ;
 Then Death his utmost power may try,
 He can but make me truly live.
 Then welcome my last hour shall be,
 When, where, and how it pleases Thee.

*Solomo Franck. 1711.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.*

546 *Wer weiss, wie nahe mir mein Ende. L. M. 6 lines.*

WHO knows how near the end may be ?
 Time speeds away, and death comes on.
 How swiftly, ah, how suddenly,
 May death be here, and life be gone !
 My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
 Thy peace may bless my dying day.

- 2 O Father, cover all my sins
 With Jesus' merits, Who alone
 The pardon that I covet wins,
 And makes His long-sought Rest my own.
 My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
 Thy peace may bless my dying day.

- 3 Then death may come or tarry yet ;
 I know in Christ I perish not.
 He never will His own forget ;
 He gives me robes without a spot.
 My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
 Thy peace may bless my dying day.

- 4 And thus I live in God at peace,
 And die without a thought of fear,
 Content to take what God decrees.
 For through His Son my faith is clear;
 His grace shall be in death my stay,
 And peace shall bless my dying day.

*Emilia Juliana, Countess of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. 1688.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.*

547 *Wenn mein Stündlein vorhanden ist. 8.7.8.8.7. Iambic.*

- W**HEN my last hour is close at hand,
 My last sad journey taken,
 Do Thou, Lord Jesus, by me stand,
 Let me not be forsaken.
 O Lord, my spirit I resign
 Into Thy loving hands divine;
 'Tis safe within Thy keeping.
- 2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
 My sins may then appall me;
 Yet, though my conscience vex me sore,
 Despair shall not enthrall me:
 For as I draw my latest breath,
 I'll think, Lord Christ, upon Thy Death,
 And there find consolation.
- 3 I shall not in the grave remain,
 Since Thou death's bonds hast severed,
 But hope with Thee to rise again,
 From fear of death delivered,
 For where Thou art, there I shall be.
 That I may ever live with Thee:
 This is my joy in dying.
- 4 And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
 My longing arms extending;
 So fall asleep in slumber deep,
 Slumber that knows no ending,

Till Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
 Opens the gates of bliss, leads on
 To heaven, to life eternal.

*Nikolaus Hermann. 1562.
 Tr. Edgar Alfred Bowring. 1861.*

548 *Kommt an der Tod.* L. M. 6 lines.

WHEN the last agony draws nigh,
 My spirit sinks in bitter fear :
 Courage! I conquer though I die,
 For Christ with death once wrestled here.
 Thy strife, O Christ, with death's dark power
 Upholds me in this fearful hour.

2 In faith I hide myself in Thee ;
 I shall not perish in the strife ;
 I share Thy war, Thy victory,
 And death is swallowed up of Life.
 Thy strife, O Christ, with death of yore
 Hath conquered, and I fear no more.

*Nikolaus Andreas Gramlich. 1727.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.*

549 *Herr Jesu Christ, wahr Mensch und Gott.* L. M. 6 lines.

LORD Jesus Christ, true Man and God,
 Who borest anguish, scorn, the rod,
 And diedst at last upon the Tree,
 To bring Thy Father's grace to me :
 I pray Thee, through that bitter woe,
 Let me, a sinner, mercy know.

2 When comes the hour of failing breath,
 And I must wrestle, Lord, with death,
 When from my sight all fades away,
 And when my tongue no more can say,
 And when mine ears no more can hear,
 And when my heart is racked with fear ;

- 3 When all my mind is darkened o'er,
 And human help can do no more;
 Then come, Lord Jesus, come with speed,
 And help me in my hour of need;
 Lead me from this dark vale beneath,
 And shorten then the pangs of death.
- 4 Joyful my Resurrection be;
 Thou in the Judgment plead for me,
 And hide my sins, Lord, from Thy face,
 And give me Life, of Thy dear grace.
 I trust in Thee, O blessed Lord,
 And claim the promise of Thy Word.
- 5 Dear Lord, forgive us all our guilt;
 Help us to wait until Thou wilt
 That we depart; and let our faith
 Be brave, and conquer e'en in death:
 Firm resting on Thy sacred Word,
 Until we sleep in Thee, our Lord.

Paul Eber. 1557.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.

In near prospect of Death.

550

Mein Gott, in Deine Hände.

C. M.

- M**Y God, to Thee I now commend
 My soul; for Thou, O Lord,
 Dost live and love me without end,
 And wilt perform Thy word.
- 2 To whom else should I make my plea,
 That heavenly life be mine?
 All souls, my God, belong to Thee;
 My soul is also Thine.
- 3 Thou gav'st my spirit at my birth;
 Take back what Thou hast given;
 And with the Lord I served on earth
 Grant me to live in heaven.

- 4 My soul is sprinkled with the Blood
 Thy Son hath shed for us,
 And in Thy sight is pure and good,
 Adorned and radiant thus.
- 5 Thou my Deliverer wast of yore ;
 From sin Thou mad'st me free :
 Now, faithful God, do Thou once more
 In death deliver me.
- 6 Thou liv'st and lovest without end,
 And dost perform Thy word :
 My parting soul I now commend .
 To Thee, my God and Lord !

*Philipp Friederich Hüller. 1765.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1855.*

551 *O Herre Gott, in meiner Not.* L. M. 6 lines.

- O** LORD my God, I cry to Thee !
 In my distress Thou helpest me.
 To Thee myself I all commend :
 O swiftly now Thine angel send
 To guide me home, and cheer my heart,
 Since Thou dost call me to depart.
- 2 O Jesus Christ, Thou Lamb of God,
 Once slain to take away our load ;
 Now let Thy Cross, Thine agony,
 Avail to save and solace me ;
 Thy death to open Heaven, and there
 Bid me the joy of angels share.
- 3 O Holy Spirit, at the end,
 Sweet Comforter, be Thou my Friend ;
 When death and hell assail me sore,
 Leave me, O leave me nevermore,
 But bear me safely through the strife,
 As Thou hast promised, into Life !

*Nikolaus Selnecker. 1587.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.*

BURIAL.

552

11s.

THE things of the earth in the earth let us lay,
 The ashes with ashes, the dust with the clay :
 But lift up the heart, and the eye, and the love,
 O lift up the soul to the regions above !

- 2 Since He, the Immortal, hath entered the gate,
 So too shall we mortals, or sooner or late :
 Then stand we on Christ ; let us mark Him ascend,
 For His is the glory and life without end.
- 3 On earth with His own ones, the Giver of good,
 Bestowing His blessing, a little while stood :
 Now nothing can part us, nor distance, nor foes,
 For lo ! He is with us, and who can oppose ?
- 4 So, Lord, we commit this our brother to Thee,
 Whose body is dead, but whose spirit is free :
 We know that thro' grace, when our life here is
 done,
 We live still in Thee, and for ever in one.
- 5 All glory to Thee, Father, Spirit, and Son,
 Who Three art in Person, in substance but One,
 In Whom we have victory over the grave,
 Who lovest Thy people to pardon and save.

*Joseph of the Studium. ab. 850.
 Tr. John Mason Neale. 1864. a.*

553

Ach, wie so sanft entschlafest du.

C. M.

AT length released from many woes,
 How sweetly dost thou sleep !
 How calm and peaceful thy repose,
 While Christ thy soul doth keep !

- 2 In earth's wide field thy body now
 We sow, which lifeless lies,
 In sure and certain hope that thou
 More glorious shalt arise.

- 3 Then rest thee in thy lowly bed,
Nor shall our hearts repine;
Thy toils and woes are finishèd:
A happy lot is thine.
- 4 The Bridegroom will not long delay;
The Shepherd soon will come,
And take His cherished lamb away
To His eternal home.
- 5 Blest, who have Jesus' love esteemed
O'er every earthly thing;
For none of all His flock redeemed
Will Jesus fail to bring.

Gottfried Neumann. 1736.

Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox. 1841. a.

554

Am Grabe steh'n wir stille.

7.6. D.

- T**HE precious seed of weeping
To-day we sow once more,
The form of one now sleeping,
Whose pilgrimage is o'er.
Ah, death but safely lands him
Where we too would attain;
Our Father's voice demands him,
And death to him is gain.
- 2 He has what we are wanting,
He sees what we believe;
The sins on earth so haunting
Have there no power to grieve;
Safe in his Saviour's keeping,
Who sent him calm release;
'Tis only we are weeping,
He dwells in perfect peace.
- 3 The crown of life he weareth,
He bears the shining palm,
The "holy, holy," shareth,
And joins the angels' psalm;

But we poor pilgrims wander
 Still through this land of woe,
 Till we shall meet him yonder,
 And all his joy shall know.

*Karl Johann Philipp Spitta. 1833.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1862.*

555

L. M.

A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep:
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet;
 With holy confidence to sing,
 That death has lost his venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest:
 No fear, nor woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.

Margaret Mackay. 1832.

556

C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to His arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
 To keep us from our Love.

- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 There hopes unfading bloom.
- 4 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
 And softened every bed:
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
 At the great rising-day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise;
 Awake, ye nations under ground;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

Isaac Watts. 1707. a.

557

REVELATION 14: 13.

7a.

- H**ARK! a voice divides the sky:
 Happy are the faithful dead,
 In the Lord who sweetly die;
 They from all their toils are freed.
- 2 Them the Spirit hath declared
 Blest, unutterably blest;
 Jesus is their great Reward,
 Jesus is their endless Rest.
- 3 Followed by their works, they go
 Where their Head had gone before;
 Reconciled by grace below,
 Grace hath opened mercy's door.
- 4 Justified through faith alone,
 Here they knew their sins forgiven;
 Here they lay their burden down,
 Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

- 5 When from flesh the spirit freed
 Hastens homeward to return,
 Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
 Angels sing, "A child is born!"

Charles Wesley. 1742.

558

7a.

- B**LESSING, honor, thanks, and praise,
 Pay we, gracious God, to Thee;
 Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
 Givest us the victory!
- 2 True and faithful to Thy word,
 Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
 Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
 He for us the fight hath won.
- 3 Lo, the prisoner is released,
 Lightened of his fleshly load:
 Where the weary are at rest,
 He is gathered into God!
- 4 Lo, the pain of life is past,
 All his warfare now is o'er:
 Death and hell behind are cast,
 Grief and suffering are no more.
- 5 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
 Ended is the glorious strife;
 Fought the fight, the work is done,
 Death is swallowed up of Life!

Charles Wesley. 1742.

559

Death of a Child.

7a. 8 lines.

WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
 Now the darling child is dead?
 He to early rest is gone,
 He to paradise is fled:
 I shall go to him, but he
 Never shall return to me.

- 2 God forbids his longer stay ;
 God recalls the precious loan ;
 God hath taken him away
 From my bosom to His own :
 Surely what He wills is best :
 Happy in His will I rest.
- 3 Faith cries out, It is the Lord,
 Let Him do as seems Him good !
 Be Thy holy Name adored ;
 Take the gift a while bestowed ;
 Take the child no longer mine ;
 Thine he is, for ever Thine.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

560 *Guter Hirt, Du hast gestillt.* 7.8.7.7.

- G**ENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
 Now Thy little lamb's long weeping :
 Ah how peaceful, pale, and mild,
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping !
 And no sigh of anguish sore
 Heaves that little bosom more.
- 2 In this world of care and pain,
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it :
 To the sunny heavenly plain
 Dost Thou now in joy receive it.
 Clothed in robes of spotless white,
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.
- 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
 Where it lives may soon be living,
 And the lovely pastures see
 That its heavenly food are giving,
 Then the gain of death we'll prove,
 Though Thou take what most we love.

*Johann Wilhelm Meinhold, d. 1851.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1835.*

RESURRECTION.

561

S. M.

AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying Love:
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.

5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

Isaac Watts. 1707.

562

H. M.

MY life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline:
My Lord is Life; He'll raise
My dust again, e'en mine.
Sweet truth to me! | And with these eyes
I shall arise, | My Saviour see.

2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My form till that sweet day;
I shall awake from sleep
And leave my bed of clay.

Sweet truth to me!		And with these eyes
I shall arise,		My Saviour see.

3 Then welcome, harmless grave!
 By thee to heaven I'll go:
 My Saviour's Death shall save
 Me from the flames below.

Sweet truth to me!		And with these eyes
I shall arise,		My Saviour see.

Samuel Crossman. 1863. a.

563

PSALM 17.

L. M.

WHAT sinners value I resign:
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine!
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere:
 When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

564

C. M.

'TIS sweet to rest in lively hope,
 That when my change shall come,
 Angels will hover round my bed,
 And waft my spirit home.

- 2 There shall my disimprisoned soui
Behold Him and adore :
Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more ;
- 3 Shall see Him wear that very flesh,
On which my guilt was lain ;
His Love intense ; His merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.
- 4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound ;
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At His right hand be found.
- 5 These eyes shall see Him in that day,
The Lord that died for me :
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to Thee ?
- 6 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the Church above
In Jesus' presence know !

Augustus M. Toplady. 1777. a.

JUDGMENT.

565

8.7.8.8.7. Iambic

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds : the graves restore
The dead which they contained before ;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 At the last trumpet's sounding,
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing,
 For they shall rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing;
 The day of grace is past and gone;
 Trembling they stand before the throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.
- 4 O Christ, Who diedst and yet dost live,
 To me impart Thy merit;
 My pardon seal, my sins forgive,
 And cleanse me by Thy Spirit.
 Beneath Thy Cross I view the day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Thee.

V. 1, Anon. 1802.

Vs. 2, 3, William Bango Collyer. 1812.

566

Dies Irae, Dies illa.

L. M.

THAT Day of wrath, that dreadful Day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet that dreadful Day?

- 2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:

- 3 Lord ! on that Day, that wrathful Day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Tr. Sir Walter Scott. 1806. a.

567

C. M.

THE angel comes, he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord !
O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,
Wide waves the flaming sword.

- 2 And who are they, in sheaves to bide
The fire of vengeance bound ?
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.

- 3 And who are they reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill ?
The wheat, a hundred-fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

- 4 O King of mercy ! grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee !
In Thy destroying angel's hour
O gather us to Thee !

Henry Hart Milman. 1827.

568

L. M.

THAT fearful Day, that Day of dread,
When Thou shalt judge the quick and dead,
O God ! I shudder to foresee
The awful things which then shall be !

- 2 When Thou shalt come, Thy angels round,
With legions, and with trumpet sound ;
O Saviour, grant me, in the air
With all Thy saints, to meet Thee there !

- 3 Weep, O my soul, ere that great Day,
When God shall shine in plain array ;
O weep thy sin that thou mayst be
In that severest judgment free !
- 4 O Christ, forgive, remit, protect,
And set Thy servant with th' elect ;
That I may hear the voice that calls
The righteous to Thy heavenly halls !
- 5 Sit not in judgment on each deed,
Nor each intent in strictness read ;
Forgive, accept, and save me then,
O Thou Who lovest the souls of men !

*Theodore of the Studium. ab. 820.
From John Mason Neale. Tr. 1862.*

569

Dies Iræ, Dies illa.

8s. Trochaic.

- D**AY of wrath, that Day of mourning !
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning !
- 2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth !
- 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking ;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo, the Book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded ;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!
- 9 Think, kind Jesus! my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!
- 10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace in vain be brought me?
- 11 Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day's dread execution.
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning!
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant, groaning!
- 13 Thou the woman gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition:
Hopeless else were my condition.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!
- 15 With Thy favored sheep, O place me!
Nor amid the goats abase me:
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

- 17 Bows my heart in meek submission,
 Strewn with ashes of contrition ;
 Succor Thou my lost condition !
- 18 Day of sorrows, Day of weeping,
 When, in dust no longer sleeping,
 Man awakes in Thy dread keeping !
- 19 To the Rest Thou didst prepare me
 On Thy Cross, O Christ, upbear me !
 Spare, O God, in mercy spare me !

*Thomas de Celano, ab. 1250.
 Tr. William Joseph Irons. 1848. a.*

570

C. P. M.

- W**HEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
 To call Thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand ?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 So sinful and unfit to die,
 Be found at Thy right hand ?
- 2 Blest Saviour, grant it by Thy grace ;
 Be Thou my soul's sure Hiding-place,
 In this my gracious day :
 Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall away !
- 3 Among Thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see Thy smiling face ;
 Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 The riches of Thy grace.

Countess of Huntington's Hymn Book. cir. 1774.

571

C. M.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 O how shall I appear ?

- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought :
- 3 When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear?
- 4 But Thou hast told the troubled mind,
 Who does her sins lament,
 Of Him Who suffered unto death,
 Her sufferings to prevent.
- 5 Then never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows Thine only Son has died
 To make her pardon sure.

Joseph Addison. 1712. a.

572

S. M. D.

- THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before Whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear ;
 Our cautioned souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray :
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
 That promised hour unknown,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
 The Immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all Thy glorious grace.

- 3 O may we all be found
 Obedient to Thy word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord !
 O may we thus insure
 A lot among the blest ;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley. 1749. a.

573 *Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit.* 8.7.8.8.7. Iambic.

WHEN all with awe shall stand around
 To hear their doom allotted,
 O may my worthless name be found
 In the Lamb's book unblotted !
 Grant me a firm, unshaken faith ;
 For Thou, my Saviour, by Thy Death,
 Hast purchased my salvation.

- 2 Before Thou shalt as Judge appear,
 Plead as my Intercessor ;
 And on that awful day declare
 That I am Thy confessor.
 Then bring me to that blessed place
 Where I may see, with open face,
 The glory of Thy kingdom.

- 3 O Jesus ! shorten the delay,
 And hasten Thy salvation,
 That we may see that glorious Day
 Produce a new creation ;
 Lord Jesus, come, our Judge and King !
 Come, change our mournful notes, to sing
 Thy praise for ever. Amen.

*Johann Magdeburg. 1565.
 Tr. John Christian Jacobi. 1722. a.*

HEAVEN.

574

C. M

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes !

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts. 1700.

575

L. M.

THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above :
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon!
- 4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Philip Doddridge. 1755. a.

576

8.7.7.7.

- W**HEN we pass through yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war for ever;
We shall see our foes no more:
All our conflicts then shall cease,
Followed by eternal peace.
- 2 O that hope, how bright, how glorious!
'Tis His people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
In His kingdom they shall rest,
In His love be fully blest.

Thomas Kelly. 1809.

577

S. M. D.

- W**E know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below
In ruinous decay;
We have a House above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as our Redeemer's Love
That heavenly fabric stands.

- 2 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure ;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure ;
O may we enter there,
To perfect heaven restored !
O may we be caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord !
- 3 O let us put on Thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared Thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face !
Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given ;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven !

Charles Wesley. 1744. a.

578 *Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt. 10.6.7.6.*

- J**ERUSALEM, thou city fair and high,
Would God I were in thee !
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly !
It will not stay with me ;
Far over vale and mountain,
Far over field and plain,
It hastes to seek its Fountain
And quit this world of pain.
- 2 O happy day, and yet far happier hour,
When wilt Thou come at last ?
When fearless to my Father's love and power,
Whose promise standeth fast,
My soul I gladly render ;
For surely will His hand
Lead her, with guidance tender,
To heaven her fatherland.

- 3 O Zion, hail! Bright city, now unfold
 The gates of grace to me!
 How many a time I longed for thee of old,
 Ere yet I was set free
 From yon dark life of sadness,
 Yon world of shadowy naught,
 And God had given the gladness,
 The heritage I sought.
- 4 O what the tribe, or what the glorious host,
 Comes sweeping swiftly down?
 The chosen ones on earth who wrought the most,
 The Church's brightest crown,
 Our Lord hath sent to meet me;
 As in the far-off years,
 Their words oft came to greet me
 In yonder land of tears.
- 5 Innumerable choirs before the shining throne
 Their joyful anthems raise,
 Till heaven's glad halls are echoing with the tone
 Of that great hymn of praise,
 And all its host rejoices,
 And all its blessed throng
 Unite their myriad voices
 In one eternal song.

*Johann Matthæus Meyfart. 1626.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.*

579 .

C. M.

- J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labors have an end
 In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold?
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold?

- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where evermore the angels sing,
 Where sabbaths have no end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

*Composite. 1801. a.
 From Francis Baker. 1628.*

580

Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.

P.

WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
 The watchmen on the heights are crying :
 Awake, Jerusalem, at last !
 Midnight hears the welcome voices,
 And at the thrilling cry rejoices :
 Come forth, ye virgins, night is past !
 The Bridegroom comes, awake,
 Your lamps with gladness take ;
 Hallelujah !
 And for His marriage feast prepare,
 For ye must go to meet Him there.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
 And all her heart with joy is springing,
 She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
 For her Lord comes down all glorious,
 The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
 Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
 Ah come, Thou blessèd Lord,
 O Jesus, Son of God,
 Hallelujah!
 We follow till the halls we see
 Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
 And men and angels sing before Thee,
 With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
 Of one pearl each shining portal,
 Where we are with the choir immortal,
 Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
 Hath yet attained to hear
 What there is ours;
 But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
 Our hymns of joy eternally.

*Philipp Nikolai. 1599.
 Tr. Catherine Winkworth. 1858.*

581

8 7. D.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
 O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you.
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways:
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All His bounty shall bestow.
 Still in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign:
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more, shall see;
 But, your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in Me.
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night:
 He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
 God your everlasting Light.

William Cowper. 1779.

582

7s. D.

- W**HAT are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day
 Hymning one triumphant song?
 "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod;
 These from great affliction came;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with His Almighty Name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead :
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.

James Montgomery. 1819.

583

6.6.8.4. D.

- THE goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest !
 A land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest.
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound,
 And trees of life for ever grow,
 With mercy crowned.
- 2 There dwells the Lord our King,
 The Lord our Righteousness,
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace ;
 On Zion's sacred height
 His kingdom still maintains ;
 And glorious, with His saints in light,
 For ever reigns.
- 3 He keeps His own secure ;
 He guards them by His side ;
 Arrays in garments white and pure
 His spotless Bride ;
 With streams of sacred bliss,
 With groves of living joys,
 With all the fruits of paradise,
 He still supplies.

- 4 Before the great Three-One
 They all exulting stand,
 And tell the wonders He hath done
 Through all their land :
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame ;
 And sing, in songs which never end,
 The wondrous Name.

Thomas Olivers. 1770.

584

6.6.8.4. D.

THE God Who reigns on high
 The great archangels sing,
 And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
 "Almighty King!
 Who was and is the same,
 And evermore shall be ;
 Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
 We worship Thee."

- 2 Before the Saviour's face
 The ransomed nations bow,
 O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
 For ever new :
 He shows His prints of love ;
 They kindle to a flame,
 And sound, through all the worlds above,
 The slaughtered Lamb.
- 3 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 "Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !"
 They ever cry :
 Hail, Abraham's God, and mine !
 I join the heavenly lays ;
 All might and majesty are Thine,
 And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers. 1770.

585

S. M.

- F**OREVER with the Lord!
 Amen! so let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer Home.
- 3 My Father's House on high,
 Home of my soul! how near
 At times, to faith's far-seeing eye,
 The golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above!
- 5 Forever with the Lord!
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfill.
- 6 Be Thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fail;
 Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
 Fight, and I must prevail.
- 7 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And Life eternal gain.
- 8 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery. 1835.

586

Hora Novissima.

7.6. D.

BRIEF life is here our portion :
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
 The Life that knows no ending,
 The tearless Life, is *there*.
 O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest,
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest !

2 That we should look, poor wanderers,
 To have our Home on high !
 That worms should seek for dwellings
 Beyond the starry sky !
 And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown.

3 For thee, O dear, dear Country !
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep :
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
 Thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away !
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower :
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

WORSHIP IN GENERAL.

589 *Monarche aller Ding.* L. M.

LORD of all worlds, Whom angels fear,
To Whom Heaven's hosts their voices raise!
As earth and dust Thy bounties share,
Let earth and dust attempt Thy praise.

- 2 Of all, Thou the Beginning art ;
Of all things, Thou alone the End ;
O fix on Thee my steadfast heart,
To Thee let all my being tend.
- 3 Lord, Thou art Light ; Thy smallest ray
No shade or variation knows ;
My inward darkness drive away,
As when Thy light on chaos rose.
- 4 Lord, Thou art Love ; forth from Thee flow
Exhaustless streams that glad the skies ;
Grant that I too Thy love may know,
And taste the bliss Thy grace supplies.
- 5 Lord, Thou art Life ; whatever lives
Hath had its life and spring from Thee ;
Life to the dead Thy Spirit gives,
Impart that blessed life to me.
- 6 Lord, Thou art good ; and Thou alone ;
No other good let me desire ;
Be Thou my portion, Thou mine own,
Nor let me dream of blessing higher.

- 7 So shall my every power to Thee
 In thankful praise for ever rise,
 And my whole soul and body be
 One, holy, living sacrifice.

*Johann A. Freylinghausen. 1714.
 Tr. Moravian Col. 1754.
 Revised, 1890.*

590

8.7.4.7.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven :
 To His feet thy tribute bring ;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who like thee His praise can-sing ?
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise the everlasting King.

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
 To our fathers in distress ;
 Praise Him, still the same as ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Glorious in His faithfulness.

- 3 Father-like He tends and spares us,
 Well our feeble frame He knows ;
 In His hand He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes :
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Widely as His mercy flows.

- 4 Angels in the height adore Him,
 Who behold Him face to face ;
 Sun and moon bow down before Him ;
 Dwellers in all time and space :
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

SUNDAY.

591

S. M.

- T**HIS is the day of light,
 Let there be light to-day ;
 O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away.
- 2 This is the day of rest,
 Our failing strength renew !
 On weary brain and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy fresh'ning dew.
- 3 This is the day of peace,
 Thy peace our spirits fill ;
 Bid Thou all ill and discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.
- 4 This is the day of prayer,
 Let earth to heaven draw near ;
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
 Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days,
 Send forth Thy quickening breath,
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,
 O Vanquisher of death !

John Ellerton, 1867.

592

Hallelujah schöner Morgen.

8.7.7.7.

- A**LLELUIA ! Fairest morning !
 Fairer than our words can say !
 Down we lay the heavy burden
 Of life's toil and care to-day :
 While this morn of joy and love
 Brings fresh vigor from above.
- 2 Sunday, full of holy glory !
 Sweetest rest-day of the soul !
 Light upon a world of darkness
 From thy blessed moments roll !

Holy, happy, heavenly day,
Thou canst charm our grief away.

- 3 In the gladness of His worship
I will seek my joy to-day :
It is then I learn the fullness
Of the grace for which I pray,
When the word of life is given,
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.
- 4 Let the day with Thee be ended,
As with Thee it has begun ;
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done :
That at last Thy servant may
Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

*Jonathan Krause. 1789.
Tr. Jane Borthwick. 1858. a*

593

Opening.

C. M.

- O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, Thou art !
Send down a coal of heavenly fire
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display ;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Show us some tokens of Thy love,
Our fainting hearts to raise ;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 May we in faith receive Thy Word,
 In faith present our prayers,
 And in the presence of our Lord
 Unbosom all our cares.

John Newton. 1779.

594

Closing.

10s.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
 Once more we bless Thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly bending, wait Thy word of peace.

- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton. 1866. a.

ADVENT, CHRISTMAS, EPIPHANY.

595

L. M.

JESUS, Thy Church with longing eyes
 For Thine expected coming waits:
 When will the promised light arise,
 And glory beam from Zion's gates?

- 2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
 And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
 Thy words with pleasure we recall,
 And deem that our redemption's nigh.

- 3 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
 Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
 Man's rooted enmity subdue,
 And crown Thy Gospel with success.
- 4 O come, and reign o'er every land ;
 Let Satan from his throne be hurled.
 All nations bow to Thy command,
 And grace revive a dying world.
- 5 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
 To wait for the appointed hour ;
 And fit us by Thy grace to share
 The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

William Hiley Bathhurst. 1831.

596

Det kimer nu til Julefest.

L. M.

- T**HE happy Christmas comes once more,
 The heavenly Guest is at the door,
 The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
 The joyous tidings: Peace, good-will.
- 2 The lowly Saviour meekly lies,
 Laid off the splendor of the skies ;
 No crown bedecks his forehead fair,
 No pearl, nor gem, nor silk is there.
- 3 O holy Child, Thy manger gleams
 Till earth and heaven glow with its beams,
 Till midnight noon's bright light has won,
 And Jacob's Star outshines the sun.
- 4 Thou Patriarch's joy, Thou Prophet's song,
 Thou heavenly Day-Spring, looked-for long,
 Thou Son of Man, Incarnate Word,
 Great David's Son, great David's Lord !
- 5 Come, Jesus, glorious heavenly Guest,
 Keep Thine own Christmas in our breast,

Then David's harpstrings, hushed so long,
Shall swell our Jubilee of song.

From the Danish. Ch. Porterfeld Krauth. 1868.

597

Gelobet seist Du, Jesu Christ.

L. M.

ALL praise, Lord Jesus Christ, to Thee,
Who condescendest man to be!
Of Virgin-mother born on earth,
The angels celebrate Thy Birth.

- 2 Th' Eternal Father's only Son
Accepts a manger for His throne;
Arrayed in our poor flesh and blood,
Now comes to us th' eternal Good.
- 3 The Lord Who fills all worlds, all space,
A virgin's arms do now embrace!
In infant form before us lies
He Who upholds both earth and skies!
- 4 The midnight brings th' eternal Light;
A newborn glory gilds the night;
It shines the darkness far away,
To make us children of the day.
- 5 The Father's Son, true God of God,
Now takes this world for His abode,
And in our human life appears,
To lift us from this vale of tears!
- 6 In mercy to our fallen race,
In poverty He takes His place,
That heavenly riches we may own,
And dwell as angels round His Throne!
- 7 All this for us, Thou, Lord, hast done,
And thus Thy matchless goodness shown;
For this all Christendom now sings,
And thanks eternal to Thee brings.

*Martin Luther. 1524.
Tr. Joseph A. Sciss. 1880.*

598

11.10.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber. 1811.

599

7s. D.

SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
 Jesus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
 Manifested by the star
 To the sages from afar ;
 Branch of Royal David's stem
 In Thy Birth at Bethlehem ;
 Anthems be to Thee addressd,
 God in Man made manifest.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
 Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
 And at Cana wedding-guest
 In Thy Godhead manifest;
 Manifest in power Divine,
 Changing water into wine;
 Anthems be to Thee address,
 God in Man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole
 Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
 Manifest in valiant fight,
 Quelling all the devil's might;
 Manifest in gracious will,
 Ever bringing good from ill;
 Anthems be to Thee address,
 God in Man made manifest.

4 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
 Present in Thy holy Word;
 May we imitate Thee now,
 And be pure, as pure art Thou;
 That we like to Thee may be,
 At Thy great Epiphany;
 And may praise Thee, ever blest,
 God in man made manifest.

Christopher Wordsworth. 1862.

THE LENTEN SEASON.

600

Summi largitor præmii..

C. M. P.

O THOU Who dost to man accord
 His highest prize, his best reward;
 Thou Hope of all our race;
 Jesus, to Thee we now draw near,
 Our earnest supplications hear,
 Who humbly seek Thy face.

- 2 With self-accusing voice within,
 Our conscience tells of many a sin
 In thought and word and deed:
 O cleanse that conscience from all stain,
 The penitent restore again,
 From every burden freed.
- 3 If Thou reject us, who shall give
 Our fainting spirits strength to live?
 'Tis Thine alone to spare;
 With cleansèd hearts to pray aright
 And find acceptance in Thy sight,
 Be this our lowly prayer.
- 4 O blessed Trinity, bestow
 Thy pardoning grace on us below,
 And shield us evermore;
 Until within Thy courts above,
 We see Thy face, and sing Thy love,
 And with Thy saints adore.

*Gregory I., d. 604.
 Tr. J. W. Hewett. 1859. a*

601

C. M.

- L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.
- 2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
 True penitence impart;
 Then let a kindling glance from Thee
 Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 May we our wills resign;
 And not a thought our bosom share,
 Which is not wholly Thine.

- 4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies,
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle. 1802

602

8.7.4.7.

FROM Thy habitation holy,
 Spirit of all truth, descend,
 While we sinners, poor and lowly,
 At Thy throne of mercy bend :
 Help our weakness,
 And a gracious answer send !

- 2 Come Thou, as the dew of Hermon
 Softly falls on Zion's hill :
 Let us in Thy strength determine
 Henceforth to obey Thy will.
 Dwell within us :
 Let Thy grace our bosoms fill.

- 3 Brooding o'er us, as on chaos,
 Cause our darkness to retreat ;
 Shine into our hearts, and lay us
 Humbled at Thy mercy-seat ;
 Guide us—use us
 As Thy sovereign love sees meet.

- 4 When we tread the waves of Jordan,
 O be near us, Sacred Guest !
 Seal to us our hope of pardon ;
 Dove-like o'er each billow's crest
 Do Thou hover,
 Guiding to eternal rest.

John Ross Macduff. 1853.

603

L. M.

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry ;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free ;
O God, be merciful to me !

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed,
Christ and His Cross my only plea ;
O God, be merciful to me !

3 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone ;
To Calvary alone I flee ;
O God, be merciful to me !

4 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me.

Cornelius Elven. 1852.

604

7s.

L ORD, to whom except to Thee
Shall our wandering spirits go—
Thee Whom it is light to see,
And eternal life to know ?

2 Lord, to whom except to Thee
Shall we go when ills betide ?
Who, except Thyself, can be
Hope, and help, and strength, and guide ?

3 Who can cleanse the soul from sin,
Hear the prayer, and seal the vow ?
Who can fill the void within,
Blessed Saviour, who but Thou ?

- 4 Therefore evermore I'll give
 Thanks and praise, my God, to Thee ;
 Evermore in Thee I live,
 Evermore live Thou in me.

John S. B. Monsell. 1862.

605

10a.

- W**EARY of earth, and laden with my sin,
 I look at heaven, and long to enter in :
 But there no evil thing may find a home ;
 And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
 In the pure glory of that holy land,
 Before the whiteness of that throne appear ?
 Yet, there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
 Seems evil ever with me day by day ;
 Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
 Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.
- 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear ;
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me near ;
 And His the Blood that can for all atone,
 And set me faultless there before the Throne.
- 5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
 And made me heir of Heaven, the Father's child,
 And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
 Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
 The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
 That in Thy Father's courts my glorious dress
 May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Samuel J. Stone. 1886.

THE PASSION SEASON.

606

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

L. M.

THE Royal Standard forward goes,
The Sacred Cross refulgent glows,
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 From His pierced hands and riven side
Flows forth the precious crimson tide,
To cleanse us in the mystic flood
Of Water mingled with His Blood.

3 Fulfilled is now what David told
In song prophetic, sung of old,
That God should King of nations be,
Ruling and reigning from the Tree.

4 O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,
Ordained those holy Limbs to bear!
Empurpled o'er and o'er it stood—
Empurpled by our Saviour's Blood.

5 How blest upon those Branches then
Hung the best gifts of God to men!
A Balance where the price was weighed—
The ransom-price for sinners paid!

6 O wondrous Cross!—Great Victim, hail!
Thy glorious Passion must avail;
The very Life hath Death endured,
And by that Death our life procured.

*Fortunatus, d. 569.
Tr. Composite, 1890.*

607

L. M.

WE sing the praise of Him Who died
Of Him Who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon that Cross we see,
 In shining letters, God is Love.
 He bears our sins upon the tree,
 He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross ! it takes our guilt away,
 It holds the fainting spirit up ;
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
 And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
 It takes the terror from the grave,
 And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
 The measure and the pledge of love,
 The sinner's refuge here below,
 The angels' theme in heaven above.

Thomas Kelly. 1815.

608

C. M. D.

- THEE, Jesus, suffering, crucified,
 Thee, dead and in the grave,
 Thee, ris'n, ascended, glorified,
 With power all flesh to save :
 O God Incarnate, Thee we pray,
 By Thine own Life divine,
 Wash Thou our many sins away
 In that dear Blood of Thine.
- 2 Blest Saviour, from all fleshly taint
 Our spirits purge within,
 Nor suffer our sad hearts to faint
 With unforgiven sin.
 O, by Thy tears so meekly poured
 For sorrows not Thine own,
 Forth from our breasts, Eternal Lord,
 Pluck out the heart of stone.

- 3 Our love from this world more and more
 By Thy sweet grace withdraw,
 To love Thee, praise Thee, and adore,
 And muse upon Thy law,
 So may we to Thy Holy Hill
 In Thy blest time ascend ;
 And do Thou here control our will,
 And guide us to the end.

Edward Caswall. 1858. a.

609

8.7. D.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the Cross I spend,
 Life, and health, and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying Friend.
 Here I'd rest, forever viewing
 Mercy poured in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 2 Truly blessèd is this station,
 Low before His Cross to lie,
 While I see Divine compassion
 Beaming in His gracious eye.
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
 Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
 I'm a miracle of grace.

- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears His feet I'd bathe ;
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving through His death.
 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
 Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
 Till I taste Thy full salvation,
 And Thine unveiled glory see.

*James Allen. 1757.
 Walter Shirley. 1770. a.*

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

610

H. M.

- THE happy morn is come!
 The Saviour leaves the grave!
 He triumphs o'er the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save.
 Captivity is captive led,
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 2 Who to our charge shall lay
 Iniquity and guilt;
 The curse is done away
 By Him Whose blood was spilt;
 Captivity is captive led,
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 3 Conquered is Death and Hell;
 Believers now are free;
 The glorious tidings tell,
 Bear them o'er land and sea:
 Captivity is captive led,
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 4 All hail, blest Saviour, hail!
 The Resurrection, Thou!
 Thy kingdom ne'er shall fail;
 To Thee shall nations bow.
 Captivity is captive led,
 Since Jesus liveth that was dead.

Thomas Haweis. 1792. a.

611

8.7. D.

- ALLELUIA! Alleluia!
 Hearts to heaven, and voices raise;
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
 Sing to God a hymn of praise.
 He Who on the Cross a Victim
 For the world's salvation bled,
 Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
 Now is risen from the dead!

- 2 Now the iron bars are broken ;
 Christ from death to life is born,—
 Glorious life, and life immortal,
 On this holy Easter morn.
 Christ hath triumphed, and we conquer
 By His mighty enterprise :
 We with Christ to life eternal
 By His Resurrection rise.
- 3 Christ is risen, we are risen :
 Shed on us Thy heavenly grace,
 Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory,
 From the brightness of Thy face ;
 That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven,
 Here on earth may fruitful be,
 And by angel-hands be gathered,
 And be ever safe with Thee.

Christopher Wordsworth. 1865.

612

Christus ist erstanden.

7s. 4.

- C**HRISt the Lord is risen again ;
 Christ hath broken every chain ;
 Hark, angelic voices cry,
 Singing evermore on high,
 Alleluia!
- 2 He Who gave for us His life,
 Who for us endured the strife,
 Is our Paschal Lamb to-day ;
 We, too, sing for joy, and say,
 Alleluia!
- 3 He Who bore all pain and loss
 Comfortless upon the Cross,
 Lives in glory now on high,
 Pleads for us and hears our cry :
 Alleluia!

615

S. M. D.

THOU art gone up on high
 To mansions in the skies,
 And round Thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.
 But we are lingering here,
 With sin and care oppressed ;
 Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to Thy rest !

2 Thou art gone up on high ;
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter misery
 To pass unto Thy crown ;
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be ;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee !

3 Thou art gone up on high :
 But Thou shalt come again,
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train.
 O by Thy saving power
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand in that dread hour,
 At Thy right hand on high !

Emma Leslie Toke. 1851.

JESUS GLORIFIED.

616

Schönster Herr Jesu.

10.7.10.8.

BEAUTIFUL Saviour! King of Creation!
 Son of God and Son of man!
 Truly I'd love Thee, truly I'd serve Thee,
 Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.

- 2 Fair are the meadows, fair are the woodlands,
 Robed in flowers of blooming Spring ;
 Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer ;
 He makes our sorrowing spirit sing.
- 3 Fair is the sunshine, fair is the moonlight,
 Bright the sparkling stars on high ;
 Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,
 Than all the angels in the sky.
- 4 Beautiful Saviour ! Lord of the nations !
 Son of God and Son of man !
 Glory and honor, praise, adoration,
 Now and for evermore be Thine !

*From Münster Ges. B. 1677.
 Tr. Joseph A. Seiss. 1873.*

617

8.8.6. D.

- T**O Him Who for our sins was slain,
 To Him, for all His dying pain,
 Sing we Hallelujah.
 To Him the Lamb our sacrifice,
 Who gave His soul our ransom price,
 Sing we Hallelujah !
- 2 To Him Who died that we might die
 To sin, and live with Him on high,
 Sing we Hallelujah !
 To Him Who rose that we might rise
 And reign with Him beyond the skies,
 Sing we Hallelujah !
- 3 To Him Who now for us doth plead
 And helpeth us in all our need,
 Sing we Hallelujah !
 To Him Who doth prepare on high
 Our home in immortality,
 Sing we Hallelujah !

- 4 To Him Whom Heaven's bright hosts adore,
And give all glory evermore,
Sing we Hallelujah !
While tongues can speak and ages run,
To God th' Eternal Three in One,
Sing we Hallelujah !

Arthur Tozer Russell. 1851. a.

618

7.6. D.

- J**ESUS, Thy love unbounded,
So full, so sweet, so free,
Leaves all our doubts confounded,
Whene'er we think of Thee.
For us Thou cam'st from heaven,
For us didst bleed and die,
That, ransomed and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.
- 2** We know that Thou hast bought us,
And washed us in Thy Blood :
We know Thy grace hath brought us
As kings and priests to God.
We know that the blest morning,
Long looked for draweth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.
- 3** O let Thy love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee;
Let nothing please or pain us,
Apart, O Lord, from Thee:
Our joy, our one endeavor,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy Name.

Bosworth's Ch. Hymns. 1865.

619

8.7. D.

LAMB of God, we fall before Thee,
 Humbly trusting in Thy Cross;
 That alone be all our glory,
 All things else are only dross.
 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
 Only Source of all that's good.
 Every grace and every favor,
 Comes to us through Jesus' Blood.

2 Jesus gives us true repentance
 By His Spirit sent from heaven;
 Whispers this transporting sentence,
 "Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
 Faith He grants us to believe it,
 Grateful hearts His love to prize;
 Want we wisdom? He must give it—
 Hearing ears and seeing eyes.

3 Jesus gives us pure affections,
 Wills to do what He requires,
 Makes us follow His directions,
 And what He commands inspires.
 All our prayers, and all our praises,
 Rightly offered in His Name,—
 He that dictates them is Jesus;
 He that answers is the same.

Joseph Hart. 1759

620

L. M. 6 lines.

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All,
 Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call!
 Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
 Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 So make me love Thee more and more.

- 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought ;
 How can I love Thee as I ought ?
 And how extol Thy matchless fame,
 The glorious beauty of Thy Name ?
 Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.
- 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,
 That Thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought !
 How far exceeding hope or thought !
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.
- 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song ;
 To Thee my heart and soul belong ;
 All that I am or have is Thine,
 And Thou, blest Saviour, 'Thou art mine.
 Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,
 O make me love Thee more and more.

Henry Collins. 1854.

621

Jesus nimmt die Sünder an.

7.8.7.8.7.7.

FIRST PART.

- JESUS sinners doth receive !
 Let the lost and sorrowing hear it ;
 Though in sin and shame they grieve,
 And Jehovah's anger merit :
 Here's what can their woe relieve :
 Jesus sinners doth receive.
- 2 No such mercy can we claim ;
 But our blessed Lord hath spoken ;
 He hath sworn by His great Name,
 And His Word cannot be broken.
 Heaven is open ! O believe,
 Jesus sinners doth receive.

- 3 As the shepherd seeks to find
 His lost sheep that from him strayeth,
 So hath Christ each soul in mind,
 And for its salvation prayeth ;
 Fain He'd have each wanderer live—
 Jesus sinners doth receive.
- 4 Come then, all by guilt oppressed,
 Jesus calls, and He would make you
 God's own children, pure and blest,
 And to glory He would take you ;
 Think on this, and well believe,
 Jesus sinners doth receive.

*Erdmann Neumeister. 1718.
 Tr. Composite. 1890.*

622

Jesus nimmt die Sünder an.

7.8.7.8.7.7.

SECOND PART.

- I**N my grief I now draw near,
 All my sinfulness confessing ;
 Saviour, my petition hear,
 Grant me pardon and Thy blessing ;
 Help, O help me to believe,
 Jesus sinners doth receive.
- 2 Cheered at thought of peace with God,
 Darkness yields to hopeful brightness ;
 Through the merit of Thy Blood
 Scarlet sins are turned to whiteness,
 As I say, and now believe,
 Jesus sinners doth receive.
- 3 Now my conscience is at peace ;
 From the law I stand acquitted ;
 Christ hath purchased my release,
 And my every sin remitted.
 Naught remains my soul to grieve,
 Jesus sinners doth receive !

- 4 Jesus sinners doth receive,
 Me hath taken to His favor,
 . Opened heaven that I may live
 With my Lord at home for ever;
 While in death this joy I have :
 Jesus sinners doth receive.

*Erdmann Neumeister. 1718.
 Tr. Composite. 1890.*

623

7a.

- CHIEF of sinners though I be,
 Jesus shed His blood for me ;
 Died, that I might live on high ;
 Lives, that I might never die.
- 2 O the height of Jesus' love!
 Higher than the heavens above,
 Deeper than the depths of sea,
 Lasting as eternity.
- 3 Jesus only can impart
 Balm to heal the smitten heart ;
 Peace that flows from sin forgiven,
 Joy that lifts the soul to heaven.
- 4 Chief of sinners though I be,
 Christ is all in all to me ;
 All my wants to Him are known,
 All my sorrows are His own.

William McComb. 1849. a.

WHITSUNTIDE AND TRINITY.

624

L. M.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
 O shed Thine influence from above,
 And still from age to age convey
 The wonders of this sacred Day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

Found. Hosp. Coll. 1774.

625

11.12.

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
sea.

Cherubim and Seraphim, falling down before Thee;
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not
see,

Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and
sky and sea;

Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber. 1827.

626

8.7.6 lines.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us.
For we have no help but Thee;

Yet possessing Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1820.

THE WORD AND CHURCH.

627

7.6. D.

O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

- 2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

- 3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled ;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world ;
 It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 Midst mists and rocks and quicksands,
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
- 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of burnished gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true Light as of old,
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.

William Walsham How, 1867

628

7.6. D.

- T**HE Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
 She is His new creation
 By water and the Word ;
 From heaven He came and sought her
 To be His holy Bride,
 With His own blood He bought her,
 And for her life He died.
- 2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;
 One holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy Food,
 And to one Hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

- 3 Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore opprest,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distrest ;
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, " How long ?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.
- 4 Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore ;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

Samuel J. Stone. 1866.

629

C. M.

- O** WHERE are kings and empires now,
 Of old that went and came ?
 But, Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
 A thousand years the same.
- 2 We mark her goodly battlements,
 And her foundations strong ;
 We hear within the solemn voice
 Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world
 Thy holy Church, O Lord !
 Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
 And tempests are abroad ;
- 4 Unshaken as th' eternal hills,
 Immovable she stands,
 A mountain that shall fill the earth,
 A house not made with hands.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe. 1889.

MISSIONS.

630

8.7.4.7.

MIGHTY Lord! extend Thine empire;
 Be the truth with triumph crowned;
 Let the lands that sit in darkness
 Hear the glorious Gospel sound,
 From our borders
 To the world's remotest bound.

2 By Thine arm, eternal Father,
 Scatter far the shades of night;
 Let the great Immanuel's Kingdom
 Open like the morning light:
 Let all barriers
 Yield before Thy heavenly might.

3 Come, in all Thy Spirit's power;
 Come, Thy reign on earth restore;
 In Thy strength, ride forth and conquer,
 Still advancing more and more,
 Till all people,
 Shall Thy holy Name adore.

Joseph Cottle. 1828. a.

631

Winter herrscht noch weit auf Erden. 8.7. D.

WINTER reigns o'er many a region
 Many a seed-field fallow lies;
 When, O Lord, shall come the spring-time,
 With its quickening energies?
 When shall this long night be ended?
 When the morning dawn appear?
 When shall drought give place to freshness?
 When these deserts bloom with cheer?

2 Lord, Thy Church is ever praying:
 Now her anxious yearnings hear;
 Speed the triumphs of Thy Kingdom;
 Spread its victories far and near.

Own the work, Thy grace attend it,
Which we undertake for Thee;
Let a holy love inflame us;
Kindle zeal and fervency.

- 3 That Thy fields be rightly cultured,
Send the laborers that we need,—
Men to light the heavy darkness,
Sow the wastes with precious seed.
Then send down the gentle showers,
Make Thy gracious sunlight shine,
That each field may joy with blessing,
Bringing forth the fruits divine.
- 4 By the breezes of Thy Spirit,
Fan all deadness into life;
Bless the seeds to Thee upspringing,
Keep each plant from blast and strife.
And, ye toilers in this seeding,
Know the promise God hath given;
Glorious crowns await the faithful,
And eternal gains in heaven.

*Leonhard Meissner. 1847.
Tr. Joseph A. Selss. 1890.*

632

S. M.

- O** LORD our God, arise
The cause of Truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy conquests cease:
Far spread the glory of Thy Name,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou, Holy Ghost, arise,
Exert Thy quickening power,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Thy light and peace outpour.

- 4 All on the earth, arise,
 To God the Saviour sing ;
 From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
 Let His high praises ring.

Ralph Wardlaw. 1800.

FOUNDING AND CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

633

6.5. D.

- C**HRIST is the foundation
 Of the house we raise ;
 Be its walls salvation,
 And its gateways praise.
 May its threshold lowly
 To the Lord be dear,
 May the hearts be holy
 That shall worship here.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages,
 Resting broad and deep,
 When life's tempest rages
 Here let passion sleep :
 Here may prayer and praises
 Never cease to rise,
 Till, through Christ, they raise us
 Nearer to the skies.
- 3 Here may faith attending
 Find fruition fair ;
 Here may spirits bending
 Breathe the breath of prayer :
 Here may holy gladness
 Fill the waiting heart,
 Until sin and sadness
 Evermore depart.
- 4 Here may every token
 Of Thy Presence be,

Here may chains be broken,
 Prisoners here set free :
 Here may light illumine
 Every soul of Thine,
 Lifting up the human
 Into the divine.

- 5 Here may God the Father,
 God the Saviour, Son,
 God the Holy Spirit,
 Be adored as One ;
 Till the whole creation
 At Thy footstool fall,
 And in adoration
 Own Thee Lord of all.

John S. B. Monsell. 1866.

634

L. M.

- H**ERE, in Thy Name, eternal God,
 We build this earthly house for Thee ;
 O choose it for Thy fixed abode,
 And guard it from all error free.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
 And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,
 Still, by the power of Thy great Name,
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 When children's voices raise the song,
 Hosanna to the heavenly King,
 Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong ;
 Hosanna let the angels sing.

- 5 Thy glory never hence depart ;
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
 Thy kingdom come to every heart ;
 In every bosom fix Thy throne.

James Montgomery. 1822.

635

C. M.

TO Thee this temple we devote,
 Our Father and our God ;
 Accept it Thine, and seal it now
 Thy Spirit's blest abode.

- 2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
 The voice of praise arise ;
 O may each lowly service prove
 Accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
 And weep before his Lord ;
 Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
 And here his vows record.
- 4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
 And learn to trust in God,
 Convinced it is a Father smites,
 And Love that guides the rod.
- 5 Peace be within these sacred walls ;
 Prosperity be here ;
 Still smile upon Thy people, Lord,
 And evermore be near.

Jacob R. Scott. 1843.

HOME AND FAMILY.

636

O selig Haus, wo man dich aufgenommen. 11, 10. D.

O BLESSÈD house, that cheerfully receiveth
 Thy visits, Jesus Christ, the soul's true Friend,
 That, far beyond all other guests, believeth
 It must to Thee its warmest cheer extend :

Where every heart to Thee is fondly turning,
Where every eye for Thee with pleasure speaks,
Where all to know Thy will are truly yearning,
And every one, to do it promptly seeks.

- 2 O blessèd house, where man and wife united
In Thy true love, have both one heart and mind,
Where both to Thy Salvation are invited,
And in Thy doctrine both contentment find,
Where both, to Thee, in truth, forever cleaving,
In joy, in grief, make Thee their only stay,
And fondly hope in Thee to be believing,
Both in the good and in the evil day.
- 3 O blessèd house, where little children, tender,
Are laid upon Thy heart, with hands of prayer,
Thou Friend of children, Who wilt freely render
To them more than a mother's loving care,
Where round Thy feet they gather, to Thee clinging,
And hear Thy loving voice most willingly,
And in their songs, Thy hearty praises ringing,
Rejoice in Thee, O blessèd Lord, in Thee.
- 4 O blessèd house, where faithful servants, knowing
That all their works are done within Thy sight,
In all their work with holy zeal are glowing
To do alone what Thou esteemest right ;
As Thy true servants, in whom Thou delightest,
In meekness willing, by that love constrained
Which shows, in all its works, the least, the brightest,
How in small things great faith may be maintained.
- 5 O blessèd house, the joys of which Thou sharest,
And never art forgot in scenes of joy ;
O blessèd house, for whose sad wounds Thou carest,
Where all the sick Thy healing power employ ;

Until, at last, the day's work fully ended,
 All, finally, in joyful rapture, fly
 To that blest House to which Thou hast ascended,
 Unto the blessèd Father's House on High.

*Karl Johann Philip Spitta. 1838.
 Tr. Charles W. Schaffter. 1890.*

MORNING.

637

L. M.

- A**RISE, my soul, with rapture rise,
 And, filled with love and fear, adore
 The gracious Sovereign of the skies,
 Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
 Not idly pass, nor fruitless be ;
 But may each swiftly-flying hour
 Still nearer bring my soul to Thee.
- 3 I fain would serve Thee all my days,
 And may my zeal with years increase ;
 For pleasant, Lord, are all Thy ways,
 And all Thy paths are paths of peace.

Samuel J. Smith. 1816

638

L. M.

- N**EW every morning is the love,
 Our wakening and uprising prove,
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves: a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble. 1827.

639

L. M.

FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 For Thee I ever would employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.

Charles Wesley. 1749. a.

EVENING.

640

C. M.

ALmighty Father, by Whose care
I've passed another day,
Let me this night Thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
 My guilt before Thy face ;
 Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
 And save me by Thy grace.
- 3 Let each returning night declare
 The tokens of Thy love ;
 And every hour Thy grace prepare
 My soul for joys above.
- 4 And when on earth I close my eyes
 To sleep in death's embrace,
 Let me to heaven and glory rise
 T' enjoy Thy smiling face.

*Anonymous.
 London Evang. Mag. a*

641

8.7.

- S SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing ;
 Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly.
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
 Thou art He Who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston. 1820.

642

O Lux, Beata Trinitas.

L. M.

O LIGHT, O Trinity most Blest !
 True God, Supreme and ever Best :
 As now the sun of day departs,
 Outpour Thy beams upon our hearts.

2 To Thee, at morn our hymns we raise,
 At evening offer prayer and praise ;
 And Thou our glorious theme shalt be,
 Now and through all eternity.

3 As darkness deepens, Lord, do Thou
 A night of quiet rest bestow ;
 From all our sins grant us release,
 And bless us with Thy perfect peace.

Ambrosian, V. Century.
Martin Luther. 1543.
Tr. Composite. 1890.

643

8.4.8.8.8.4.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light ;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night ;
 May Thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And when we die,
 May we in Thy mighty keeping
 All peaceful lie :
 When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not Thou our God forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us,
 With Thee on high.

Reginald Heber, 1827 ; 2d stanza, Richard Whately, 1880.

AFFLICTION, DEATH, ETERNITY.

644

8.8.8.4.

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott. 1834.

645

6s. D.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be !
 Lead me by Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be, or rough,
 It will be still the best ;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy Rest.

- 2 I dare not choose my lot ;
 I would not if I might ;
 Choose Thou for me, my God ;
 So shall I walk aright.
 The kingdom that I seek
 Is Thine ; so let the way
 That leads to it be Thine,
 Else I must surely stray.
- 3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health ;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
 My Wisdom, and my All.

Horatius Bonar. 1856.

646

L. M.

- O GOD, Thy grace and blessing give
 To us who on Thy Name attend.
 That we this mortal life may live
 Regardful of our journey's end.
- 2 Teach us to know that Jesus died,
 And rose again, our souls to save ;
 Teach us to take Him as our Guide,
 Our Help from childhood to the grave.

3 Then shall not death with terror come,
 But welcome as a bidden guest,
 The herald of a better home,
 The messenger of peace and rest.

4 And when the awful signs appear
 Of judgment and the Throne above,
 Our hearts still fixed, we shall not fear,
 God is our trust ; and God is Love.

Anonymous. 1853.

647

Non, ce n'est pas mourir.

S. M.

IT is not death to die—
 To leave this weary road,
 And, 'midst the brotherhood on high,
 To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
 The eye long dimmed with tears,
 And wake in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
 The wrench that sets us free
 From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
 Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise on strong exulting wing,
 To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,
 Thy chosen cannot die ;
 Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with Thee on high.

Cæsar Malan. 1832.

Tr. G. W. Bethune 1847.

648

C. P. M.

THERE is a dwelling-place above;
Thither, to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go;
There is a Paradise of rest,
For contrite hearts and souls distressed,
Where streams of comfort flow.

- 2 There is a goodly heritage,
Where earthly passions cease to rage;
The meek that haven gain:
There is a board, where they who pine,
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,
May feast, nor crave again.
- 3 There is a voice to mercy true;
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart;
There is a sight from man concealed;
That sight, the face of God revealed,
Shall bless the pure in heart.
- 4 There is a name in heaven bestowed;
That name, which hails them sons of God,
The friends of peace shall know:
There is a Kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high,
Who serve Him best below.
- 5 Lord, be it mine like them to choose
The better part, like them to use
The means Thy love hath given;
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcome as a birth
To life and bliss in heaven.

Richard Mant. 1881.

649

7s. 6 lines.

THOU, Whose never-failing arm
 Led me all my earthly way,
 Brought me out of every harm
 Safely to my closing day,—
 Thou, in Whom I now believe,
 Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

2 From this state of sin and pain,
 From this world of grief and strife,
 From this body's mortal chain,
 From this weak, imperfect life,—
 Thou, in Whom I now believe,
 Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

3 To the mansions of Thy love,
 To the spirits of the just,
 To the angel host above,
 To Thyself, my only trust,—
 Thou, in Whom I now believe,
 Jesus, Lord, my soul receive.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1833.

650

Wir warten Dein, O Gottes Sohn.

8.7.8.7.7.

SON of God, we wait for Thee,
 In love for Thine appearing,
 We know Thou sittest on the Throne,
 And we Thy Name are bearing.
 Who trusts in Thee, May joyful be,
 And see Thee, Lord, descending,
 To bring us bliss unending.

2 We wait for Thee, 'mid toil and pain,
 In weariness and sighing;
 But glad that Thou our guilt hast borne,
 And cancelled it by dying.

Hence, cheerfully, May we, with Thee
Take up our cross, and bear it,
Till we relief inherit.

3 We wait for Thee ; here Thou hast won
Our hearts to hope and duty ;
But while our spirits feel Thee near,
Our eyes would see Thy beauty ;
We fain would be At rest with Thee,
In peace and joy supernal,
In glorious life eternal.

4 We wait for Thee ; sure Thou wilt come ;
The time is swiftly nearing ;
In this we also now rejoice,
And long for Thine appearing.
O, bliss 'twill be When Thee we see,
Homeward Thy people bringing,
With transport and with singing !

Philipp Friederich Hüller. d. 1769
Tr. Joseph A. Seiss. 1890.

DOXOLOGIES.

¶ *The Amen should always be added to the end of the Doxology, and sung with it, as its proper conclusion.*

1

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

2

C. M. D.

TO praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.
Glory to Thee, Blest Trinity,
The God Whom we adore,
As was, is now, and e'er shall be
When time shall be no more.

3

C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heavens triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,—
While life, and thought, and being last,—
Glory for evermore.

4

S. M.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

5

S. M. D.

PRAISE, as in ages past,
 Praise, as is now in heaven,
 Praise, while eternity shall last,
 To Thee, O God, be given ;
 Whom all th' angelic host
 And saints on earth adore,
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be glory evermore.

6

L. M.

The highest honor done,
 Now and for aye.
 My song shall ever be,
 Glory, my God, to Thee,
 Glory to Thee.

7

L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

8

L. M. 6 lines.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be glory in the highest given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven,
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

9

L. M. Pec. Hymn 524.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
 And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
 Th' eternal Supreme Three in One,
 Be now and forever addressed.

10

H. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal Three in One,
 All glory be addressed,
 As heretofore It was, is now,
 And so shall be For evermore.

11

5.5.8.8.5.5. Hymn 447.

GLORY be to Thee,
 Endless One in Three,
The God Whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

2

C. M. D.

TO praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit all Glorious, Son,
T And Spirit ever blest,
 Th' eternal Three in One,
 Be endless praise addressed.

13

6s. D.

TO Father, and to Son,
 And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
 Eternal Three in One,
 Eternal glory be.
 As from beginning was,
 And ne'er shall cease to be,
 So be Thy glorious praise,
 O glorious Trinity.

14

6s. Trochaic, Hymn 313.

NOW to God the Father,
 Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Glory be for ever,
 Jesus, through Thy merit.

15 6s. 6 lines, Trochaic. Hymn 121.

TO the Three in heaven
 Let all praise be given,
 Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Through our Saviour's merit,—
 Praise that ceaseth never,
 Now, henceforth, forever.

16 6.4.6.6.4. Hymn 536.

TO God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit be
 The highest honor done,
 Now and for aye.
 My song shall ever be,
 Glory, my God, to Thee,
 Glory to Thee.

17 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

TO God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, Three in One,
 All praise be given :
 Crown Him in every song,
 To Him our hearts belong,
 Let all His praise prolong,
 On earth, in heaven.

18 6.5.6.5. Hymn 163.

NOW, henceforth, forever,
 Glory be to Thee,
 Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Blessed One in Three.

19 7a.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Glory, as of old, to Thee,
 Now and evermore shall be.

20

7s. 6 lines.

PRAISE the Name of God most high;
 Praise Him, all below the sky;
 Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore His praise shall last.

21

7s. D.

HOLY Father, Fount of light,
 God of Wisdom, Goodness, Might;
 Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,
 God with us, Emmanuel;
 Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 God of Comfort, Peace, and Love;
 Evermore be Thou adored,
 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.

22

7.6.

THO Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Eternal One in Three,
 As was, and is for ever,
 All praise and glory be.

23

7.6. D.

TO God the ever-glorious,
 The Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit all-victorious,
 Thrice Holy Three in One;
 The God of our salvation,
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
 Praise, glory, adoration,
 Be now and evermore.

24

7.6. Trochaic.

GLORY be to God Most High,
 Glory to the Saviour,
 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 Now, henceforth, forever.

25

7.6.7.7.7.6. Hymn 452.

GOD the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, praise,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 The God of endless days ;
 Worship Him and Him adore,
 Him all holy reverence give ;
 Praise Him, praise Him evermore,
 Yea, praise Him, all that live.

26

7.8.7.8.7.7. Trochaic.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, we adore Thee,
 Everlasting Three in One ;
 Let all creatures bow before Thee,
 Saints and angels bless Thy Name,
 Earth and heaven Thy praise proclaim.

27

8.7.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given,
 Glory through eternal days.

28

8.7. 6 lines.

PRAISE and honor to the Father ;
 Praise and honor to the Son ;
 Praise and honor to the Spirit :
 Ever Three, and ever One,
 Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
 While unending ages run.

29

8.7. D.

PRAISE the God of all creation ;
 Praise the Father's boundless Love ;
 Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
 Priest and King enthroned above ;

Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by Whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

30 8.7. D. Iambic.

NOW to the Holy Three in One,
Who o'er creation reigneth,
Be everlasting honor done,
To Whom all praise pertaineth;
To Him in Whom we live and move,
To Him in glory seated,
By saints on earth, by saints above,
Be praise for aye repeated.

31 8.7.4.7.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

32 8.7.5.5.5.6.7. Hymn 274.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God of our salvation,
The everlasting Three in One,
Be endless adoration!
Loud His praise proclaim;
Bless His holy Name;
Let all Majesty,
And highest Glory be,
To God, our Strength eternal.

33 8.7.7.7.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Everlasting Three in One:

Him let heaven and earth adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

34

8.7.8.8.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
Praise the Spirit, throned above;
Praise the God of our salvation;
His be endless adoration.

35

8.7.8.8.7. Iambic.

NOW to the holy Three in One,
Who o'er creation reigneth,
Be everlasting honor done,
To Whom all praise pertaineth.
All blessing be to God Most High,
All glory to His Majesty,
Who all the world sustaineth.

36

8.8.7.7. Hymn 334.

BLESS the Lord of all creation,
Praise, with songs of adoration,
Saints on earth and heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

37

10s. .

AND now to God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, ever Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

38

11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, One God ever
blest,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

39

8.7.4.7.

GLORY be to God the Father !
Glory be to God the Son !
Glory be to God the Spirit !
Great Jehovah, Three in One !
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

Glory be to Him Who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain !
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign !
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain.

Glory to the King of angels !
Glory to the Church's King !
Glory to the King of nations !
Heaven and earth, your praises bring ;—
Glory, glory,
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Glory, blessing, praise eternal !
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Horatius Bonar. 1868

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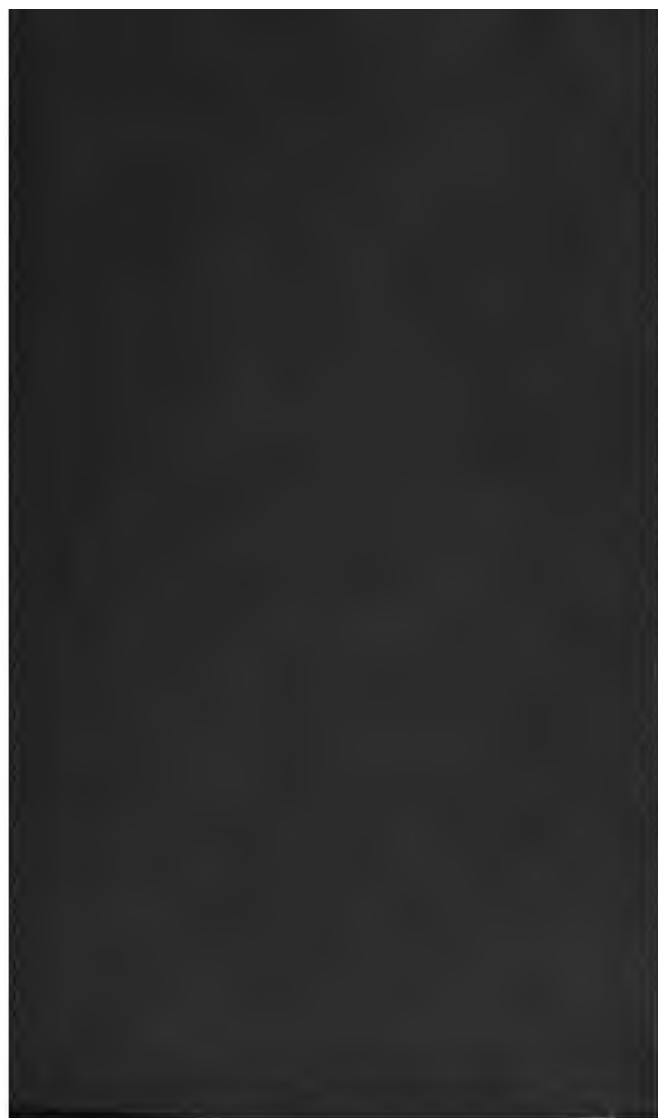
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